

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXXVI. — SEPTEMBER, 1900. — No. DXV.

THE AMERICAN BOSS.

THE American boss is a creature much talked about, and generally from the moral standpoint. Americans spend much ink in affirming with great earnestness that he ought not to be; we exhort one another to get rid of him, and exhibit our several panaceas for his extermination. All this, doubtless, is well, but once in a while it may also be well to limit ourselves to a consideration of his nature and of the causes of his existence. In investigating and describing the bacillus of cholera, the scientific man spends little time in denouncing the bacillus as the enemy of man, or in proving that man's moral duty is to destroy it. Sometimes, at least, he confines himself almost altogether to a description of the bacillus, and to an investigation of the causes of its appearance. Abominable as a boss must be to right-thinking men, just for once we may be content to treat him as the bacteriologist treats his bugs. Cultivate him we need not, indeed, but in order to isolate the object of our research we may examine the cultures made for us by others.

In studying the politics of one country, a comparison of them with the politics of another country is always instructive, and so, in investigating the American boss, a comparison of English political conditions with American will explain some things otherwise hard to understand. Before discussing the causes of bossism, however, let us try to define our terms. The word "boss" is used so

loosely in common speech that it has no very definite meaning.

The boss is a man who concerns himself with politics and with partisan politics; so much is clear. That there are many partisan politicians who are not bosses is equally clear. Again, a boss is not the same thing as a bad or unprincipled politician. Though it were admitted that Mr. Bryan, for example, is as bad and unprincipled a politician as his worst enemies habitually represent him, yet he would not be constituted a boss.

A boss is not only a partisan politician, that is, one concerned with partisan politics, but he is a political machinist, that is, one concerned with the machinery of political parties. Many politicians are not political machinists. In England, indeed, while nearly every public man is a partisan politician, few of the leading public men are political machinists. Mr. Chamberlain is, or is supposed to be, a rare exception to the general rule. In this country, Messrs. Reed, Edmunds, Blaine, Bayard, and Thurman, all partisan politicians, and none of them wholly ignorant of partisan political machinery, were not political machinists, as was Mr. Tilden, for instance. None of them could have properly managed his own campaign in an important popular election as Tilden could and did manage his. No one of the men first mentioned was a boss, or could have been; their lack of training as political machinists forbade it; but

Tilden, though a most accomplished machinist, was no boss. It follows, therefore, that the term boss is not synonymous with political machinist. The relation of the boss to partisan political machinery is so close, however, that if we are to investigate the boss, our political machinery also must be examined at some length rather than taken for granted.

Let us suppose two great national parties contending for a majority at a popular election. Each party represents, or is supposed to represent, certain political principles; that is to say, each party in its corporate capacity seeks to obtain, or to prevent, certain action by the nation or general body politic. In this attempt it is opposed by the other party. Even if no political principle be seriously involved in the election supposed, there are candidates for political office whom the parties severally seek to elect. To secure the triumph of its partisan political principles by the election of its partisan candidates, or to secure the election of those candidates without much regard to principles, each party needs elaborate organization and expensive political machinery. Any party or other body of men, whatever its character or principles, which should seek political success without organization and machinery would meet the same fate that would befall, let us say, a religious denomination which depended entirely upon spasmodic individual effort. The individual members of the denomination supposed might combine character and ability in rare perfection. Its doctrine might be the purest truth, but in the attempt to convert the public to its doctrines the unorganized denomination would be surpassed by a well-organized religious body whose members were inferior persons and whose doctrine contained some error. The like is true of political parties, probably in a greater degree. Effective unorganized political movements do occur, generally in small communities, but they

are the exceptions which prove the rule, and their effect is usually both temporary and uncertain. To have extended and lasting effect, political movements ordinarily require political machinery.

The requirements of partisan machinery have been partially stated in an interesting and convincing manner by the late Mr. John M. Forbes, whose relation to the Republican national political machine was unique. Perhaps no man in this country who did not make politics a profession ever had so intimate a knowledge of political machinery, or operated it on so large a scale.

"The legitimate expenses of the national campaign can only be indicated in a very general way, extending from barbecues at the South to clambakes and public meetings at the North. Some, however, can be specified. The New York headquarters bill, with its Fifth Avenue or other rooms for four months, its staff of correspondents and traveling agents for canvasses, is always a heavy item. Public speakers sent over the country by the national committee are often paid for their speeches, but their expenses are usually paid out of the fund and are apt to be large, — traveling, as they do, in palace cars and living in first-class hotels; and they cannot well be scrutinized carefully, through vouchers or by auditors. Flag-raising, torchlight processions, and bands of music swallow the fund fast. The nominating conventions are costly, but paid in part by the cities where the convention sits. Other states have usually called largely upon the commercial ones, and especially upon the cities, for their expenses. . . . Newspaper advertisements are sometimes very costly indeed; extra copies of papers foot up a heavy bill, as does the distribution of campaign matter from headquarters; the newspaper supplement, or broadside, often going in the same wrapper without additional postage, is a very

valuable method, and in proportion to its value is not a costly one; but there is abundant room to spend money legitimately in this way. The most costly part of the last Republican campaign [1880] was the picketing of the Indiana border for the legitimate purpose of preventing Kentucky from colonizing its spare voters into Indiana, where the requirement as to prior residence was short and loose. Men were brought from Kentucky also to attend the Indiana polling places and identify, or scare away, Kentucky residents who illegally offered to vote. This was right while fairly conducted, but, of course, very liable to abuse and to the charge of illegality and fraud; similar scrutiny at the polls is necessary in large cities, and very expensive.

"In all these methods of using money, high pay for workers and great waste of money are almost inevitable. There is, of course, much room for abuse, and the only real check upon it is to avoid trusting money with the Dorsey class, but they are for such purposes the smart ones, and there is great temptation for both parties to employ them. . . . Printing and distributing votes and bringing voters to the polls on election day are all right and will easily absorb very large sums. In Massachusetts it is generally done by local contribution, but money is almost always asked of us for this sort of work in other states where (especially in the country) ready money is really scarce."

The absolute necessity of elaborate and expensive partisan machinery is felt in England quite as much as in the United States. During the long interval, sometimes of six years, between one general election and another, the machinery of each party in each constituency must be kept ready for instant use, and it is thus maintained at the expense of much money and much unpaid devotion. There are considerable differences, however, between the workings of English and American political machinery. In

England the machinist has a subordinate influence in determining the policy of his party. An English party leader is chosen by natural selection after the severest competition in one of the houses of Parliament. To lead his party he must perforce be able to lead it in the national legislature. In the United States, the national legislature is of vastly less relative importance. Here the leader of a party may be a governor or mayor, or he may, without holding any office, be potent in procuring the election of others. Doubtless English party leaders both seek and regard the opinion of election agents, but still, generally speaking, it is Salisbury, and not Middleton, who determines the policy of the Conservative party. Some great American party leaders, also, do not concern themselves much with election machinery, though upon the whole the machinist has here a more important place than in England. The difference is caused partly, as has been said, by the English parliamentary system, but it is caused also by the fact that the English candidate for office is usually a rich man, who pays directly and as a matter of course most or the whole of his own large election expenses. By paying directly and personally the men who operate the machinery used to secure his election, he becomes accustomed to treat the machinists as his paid employees. In the United States the machinist is not so well paid directly; often, perhaps generally, he receives no direct payment, but he expects that his influence and pay indirectly received will be greater than in England.

A most important cause of the difference between English and American political machinery is found in the federal form of our government. This form has consequences not obvious at the first glance. The function of Republican political machinery, for example, and the duty of those who operate it are to procure the realization of Republican

principles, chiefly by the success of Republican candidates. So far as federal elections are concerned, whether presidential or congressional, these functions and duties are quite evident. The relation of this machinery and its machinists to the state or local election is another matter. Let us suppose a state election in which the principles of the national Republican party are not directly at issue. This happens frequently. The questions which divide national parties often, perhaps usually, are not actually at issue in a state election. The regulation of the liquor traffic, the proper use of the Erie Canal, the centralization of responsibility in municipal government, public parks, and the best means of obtaining good water and gas have no natural connection with the tariff, the currency, or with foreign policy. How shall the political machinists conduct themselves and their machinery in a state election where national political issues are not directly involved? Theoretically, they may refrain from taking any part in the state election supposed, but practically there are great obstacles in the way of this quiescence. In the first place, the election may be, and very commonly is, both national and local. President, congressman, governor, legislature, mayor, and city council are often voted for on the same ballot. Let us suppose that A and B prefer X for president, and that C and D prefer Y. A and D prefer U for governor, B and C prefer Z. It is difficult, at the least, for A, after spending his morning with B in planning how to defeat Y, D's candidate for the presidency, to spend the afternoon with D in planning the defeat of Z, B's candidate for governor. The difficulty is greatly increased, indeed it becomes insuperable, if A and D agree in considering the presidential election so much more important than the gubernatorial that each of them would, in case of necessity, sacrifice his gubernatorial to realize his presidential preferences.

Even if the national, state, and municipal elections occur at different times, the trouble just suggested exists, though in a less degree. Political machinery is not created at a week's notice, or in a month's. In truth, the difficulty is fundamental in human nature. Men do not vote for Republican candidates altogether because of a reasoned preference for these candidates as individuals, or for the principles which Republican candidates are supposed to represent. Most voters are largely influenced by habit, tradition, and sentiment. That a man is a consistent Democrat often means little more than that he is attached to the Democratic name, and always votes for Democratic candidates because they are labeled with it. Such a Democrat naturally prefers a Democratic governor to a Republican governor, a Democratic alderman to a Republican alderman, although the principles of the Democratic national party have little or nothing to do with the action of governors and aldermen. This disposition of the voters makes it almost impossible to separate local from state politics, or to keep the machinery primarily devised for national purposes from use in local elections. Municipal elections outside the large cities, indeed, when they occur apart from state and national elections, are not infrequently conducted with little regard for national politics; so sometimes is the election in a single legislative district. But these important and interesting exceptions cannot hide the rule or the conditions of human nature upon which the rule is based. To expect those who manage the local machinery of a national party to keep that machinery idle in a state election, or in the municipal election of a large city, is to expect the impossible under existing conditions. The introduction of national politics into local elections is caused not so much by the intrigues of political machinists as by the workings of ordinary human nature.

If, then, the parties and their machinery are to be the same in national and state elections, and commonly the same in national and municipal elections, how will the operative machinist, who is thoroughly and unselfishly devoted to the national triumph of his party's principles and candidates, regard the local election in which he and his machine are to take part? After examining the standpoint of an ideal machinist, we can lower our view to that of the machinist of less exalted character. Plainly, a state or municipal election is not unlikely to disturb the working of political machinery which has been created to affect national elections. If there is a real issue in local politics, even if the personality of a candidate for local office is marked, some voters who are Republicans on national issues will vote the Democratic local ticket. Though this loss will be made good more or less by the votes of some who are Democrats on national issues, yet the change will disarrange the Republican machine and may endanger the success of its party's national principles. A machinist seeks to bring out the full Republican or Democratic vote, and to increase that vote within certain limits, by improved machinery. He dreads great changes, even though they are in his own favor, for he knows that they bring their reaction. If the state branch of the national party adopts an important state issue, he knows that some of his men will stray, and, worse than all, that carefully formed habits of partisan discipline will be weakened; hence, so far as state politics are concerned, he tends to caution. The voters of his party may believe in prohibition, high license, low license, or unrestricted sale of liquor, so long as the working of his machinery is not disturbed. The Republican machine in Massachusetts, for instance, once procured the submission to the people of a prohibitory amendment to the state constitution, but declined to take sides upon the amendment's adoption. The ma-

chine wished to get the question out of its way without losing support by taking sides. The faithful national machinist will also dread the disturbance caused by an exciting municipal election, and here the man whose chief interest is in state politics will agree with him. If the machinist is honest and well-intentioned, he will desire honest and efficient administration by his party in city and state, as well as in the nation, knowing that this will commend his machinery and the principles it exists to promote; but he will hesitate to disarrange the machinery by violent interference with a particular piece of maladministration, especially if it concerns the state or municipality rather than the nation.

Having observed the attitude toward local elections of a patriotic, single-minded, and unselfish machinist, we are ready to consider the attitude of a machinist whose qualities are less ideal. The importance given in the United States to political machinists, and the opportunity afforded by a federal system for carrying local elections without much regard for local considerations, are the conditions which produce the boss. A boss is a political machinist who uses the local machinery of the national party to which he belongs, for his own personal advantage in the local elections of the state or city of which he is boss. The word boss connotes a territory, as much as the word king. A boss must be boss of some place, and an unattached boss is as inconceivable as an unattached king.

Now that we have determined what a boss is, we have next to consider what is his relation to his party in the nation, the state, and the municipality. Theoretically, a boss is faithful to his party and to his party's principles so far as national elections are concerned. The party's triumph in national elections is, in theory, the end for which exist both the political machinery and the machinist who operates it. As the boss is a political machinist, the party's national

triumph is the avowed end of his political existence. In fact he may, and often does, prefer his local personal unprincipled triumph to the national partisan principled triumph which he is pledged to secure, and so he often, though not always, betrays his party more or less completely. As his attention is given to political machinery rather than to political principles, and as he is laboring secondarily or primarily for his own personal triumph, he is apt to underrate the importance of political principles, and to overrate the importance of political machinery. Unlike the English political machinist, he expects to have an important voice in the establishment of his party's national policy. Unlike the English politician generally, he expects to control the national patronage in the locality of which he is boss. This patronage he is supposed to use for the advancement of his party's interests. The local machinery of the national party is avowedly worked, in large part, by national employees, whose salary, paid by the national government, is deemed to recompense their political as well as their official labor. In England, a very few officials, like the whips, are openly paid for their partisan political services out of the public treasury, but there the number of these partisan employees is insignificant.

The federal patronage is used by the boss to establish his personal control over the local politics of his city or state. It is hard to draw a sharp line between the labor of a national employee given to operate the political machinery of his party for the party's national success, and his labor given to help the boss in controlling that machinery for the boss's personal ends in local matters. Both these sorts of labor are commonly deemed to be recompensed by the employee's official salary. The relations between bosses and their subordinates differ greatly. In cities the political machine sometimes becomes social in its operations, and even its humblest operatives, men

who can do little more than shout at a caucus and vote for the candidate at the polls, are fed in sickness, amused in health, and protected by the boss from an impartial administration of the law. Probably Tammany has developed its machinery in this direction more perfectly than any other political organization. In the country, and with a more intelligent population, the boss's methods are less minute and paternal. In all cases he is a political machinist operating the national political machinery for his own personal triumph in the politics of the state and the city. To the national party the machinist may give honest and faithful support. If so, the faithful machinist deems himself under obligation to manipulate local politics with a single eye to the national interests of his party, while the boss deems himself at liberty to deal with local politics as he pleases.

A boss is often an unsavory person whose connection with the national political party and with its representatives in the national administration is damaging to the latter, and causes the loss of elections, congressional and even presidential. A national party and its leaders are often blamed for not getting rid of bosses like Quay and Gorman. To say that a national party should rid itself of a boss is much easier than the act of riddance. Suppose the national Republican party desires to get rid of Quay, how is the result to be accomplished? A solemn reading out of the party is difficult, if not impossible, for this reason, if for no other, that no man and no body of men, except perhaps the national convention, has authority to read any man out of the party. The national convention meets but once in four years. Moreover, by the theory of national conventions, they are composed of delegates freely elected by the supporters of the party in each state. If Pennsylvania Republicans freely elect delegates favorable to Quay, the Repub-

lican convention can hardly refuse to admit them. It may be said that the convention can at least determine if Quay's delegates are really the choice of the majority of Republican voters in Pennsylvania; but a national convention has very poor machinery for determining contested elections. It cannot well go far behind the face of the returns, at any rate in the absence of a strong contesting delegation.

The only practical method by which the national leaders of a party can rid that party of a boss like Quay or Gorman is to deprive the boss of the national patronage in his locality. If the president is of the other political party, there is practically no national patronage of which the boss can be deprived, and so this means of getting rid of him does not always exist. Even if the president belongs to the party of the boss in question, the difficulty of using the national patronage to get rid of him is still very great. If the situation of the boss be precarious, patronage given to his rival may turn the scale; but the rival may be no better than the boss. Ordinarily, this course, even when successful, does but change one boss for another. The attempt to get rid of a boss by using the national patronage against him not infrequently is resented by the people at large, and strengthens the boss. When the administration of President Garfield sought to read Senator Conkling out of the Republican party in New York, the result of the attempt was not precisely satisfactory. There is no boss so bad but that he has the support of some good man. There are good men who believe even in Tammany.

Again, if the Republican leaders were by any means to rid the Republican party of Quay, it would be their first duty thereafter to see that the Republican party in Pennsylvania did not want for political machinery in place of that which Quay has hitherto operated. Machinery to subserve the national pur-

poses of the Republican party is an absolute necessity, and, in the overthrow of Quay, the machine which he has hitherto operated would not improbably be so broken up as to be practically worthless for the future. Now the difficulty in establishing new political machinery is great. Free trade or protection may be hazarded by the exchange, and as the local Republicans have under our present system the final selection of the local machinery of the national party, it follows that if Quay could maintain his discarded machinery in face of the new machinery which the Republican party leaders should set up in its place, they would have had their labor for nothing. No wonder that these leaders shrink from the attempt of deposing the boss of a state, however much they wish he had never been. Their difficulties may not be insurmountable, but we must admit that they are great.

We come next to the relation of the boss to his party in the locality of which he is boss, the state or the municipality. It has been shown how the ideal honest and unselfish political machinist regards a state or city election; how timid he tends to become; how he dreads an important state or municipal issue, or even a strong-willed candidate for state or municipal office. The selfish political machinist uses his machine in local affairs for his own personal ends. Even if faithful to the national principles and candidates of his party, he finds in local elections and in local politics opportunity for doing as he will, regardless of any principle save that of personal advancement. One boss may be less bad than another, but the rule of a boss can never be desirable. The proper function of a political machinist is not the wise administration of his particular locality, any more than the proper function of a spinner is the creation of beautiful designs for the cloth to be woven elsewhere. The operator of national political machinery should do his best ser-

vice to local government by letting it alone, and yet so dependent are national and local politics upon each other that the national machinist is often compelled to take a hand in local administration. Sometimes his interference is harmful, but not very infrequently he is called on to clear up the confusion into which a state legislature has fallen for want of other leadership.

Having considered the relation of the boss to national politics on the one hand, and to state and municipal elections on the other, we have next to consider his relation to the people, to the ordinary voter. If the people have bosses, this is because the people want bosses, it is often said. To determine if this is true, we must examine the steps which the people of Pennsylvania, for example, must take if they wish to depose Quay from his boss-ship. Quay does not offer himself for election by the people. Nor does Croker or Platt. When it comes to defeating Quay's nominee, the matter is not so simple. Quay is a Republican, and his nominees are called by that name. It is mainly by Republican votes that these nominees are chosen; the Democrats who vote for them are commonly of the worst sort, and while they may sometimes turn the scale, they are not expected to accomplish anything by themselves. Now a Republican who wishes to get rid of Quay must, in order to do so, procure the defeat of Quay's nominees either at the caucus or at the polls. To beat them in caucus or convention is almost impossible, since the machinery of caucus and convention is commonly in Quay's hands. To defeat them at the polls means the election of Democrats. If these Democrats are congressmen, it may mean free trade or the free coinage of silver. If the Democrats are state officers, their election may not do much harm, although Republican traditions, as has been said, make a Republican dread a man who has the Democratic label, even in state or municipal office. The

mere election of Democratic local officers is not, however, the evil most dreaded. To elect them, there must be a campaign, an organization. This campaign and organization may hazard the choice of a Republican president, and so of protection, the gold standard, a vigorous foreign policy, or something else which is deemed by the voter of supreme importance. Tradition and prejudice come to the support of reasoning; the nominee of the boss may personally be a pretty good man; he may be better, or at all events no worse, than his opponent; he is elected, and Quay remains boss.

An interesting example of this condition, unusual in some of its details, occurred in New York in 1898. The Republicans nominated for governor Theodore Roosevelt, the Democrats, Judge Van Wyck. That the former was the better qualified personally for the office few thoughtful persons doubted; moreover, Van Wyck was the chosen candidate of Tammany, his brother being the Tammany mayor of New York, while Roosevelt, though accepted by Platt, the Republican boss, had evidently been accepted as the only escape from Democratic success. Roosevelt was a strong supporter of an expansive foreign policy, and expressed his convictions with his usual vigor in his gubernatorial campaign. Under these circumstances, Carl Schurz announced that he would not support Roosevelt, but Bacon, the nominee of a small group of Independents. As Bacon had no chance of election whatsoever, this action showed Mr. Schurz's willingness, if not his wish, that Roosevelt should be defeated by Van Wyck. Mr. Schurz gave his reasons in a published letter. After expressing his dislike of Platt, and his fear that Roosevelt would yield too much to Platt's influence, he set out the weightier cause of his opposition to Roosevelt, namely, the views and speeches of Roosevelt concerning imperialism and national expansion. Mr. Schurz continued: "It may

be said that as governor of New York he would not have the power to carry such ideas into effect. This is true enough, but we have to consider that, since these things have been by him injected into this campaign in so prominent, I might say so ostentatious a way, we cannot elect him without seemingly countenancing this sort of imperialism; at any rate, we cannot elect him without approving and encouraging the annexation policy as far as it may go at present, — for that is what he has emphatically told us his election is to mean. We cannot elect him without making him in a large sense the spokesman of the state of New York as to these things, and we may count upon it that he would not be silent.

“I may be asked whether the defeat of Colonel Roosevelt might not benefit the silver movement and Tammany. . . . But as a veteran in the fight against unsound money and against Tammany, whose sincerity and zeal nobody has a right to question, I do not hesitate to express the solemn conviction that there are worse things even than free silver and Tammany, and that one of them is the imperialism which in its effects upon the character of the Republic I consider as pernicious as slavery itself was, and which we are now asked to countenance and encourage.”

For the purposes of this article it is not important to determine if Mr. Schurz's estimate of the influence of Mr. Roosevelt's election upon our foreign policy was exaggerated. I think it was; but his letter is quoted to show that a trained public man, unusually free from the trammels of party, may deem national issues so important that he prefers the election of a Tammany governor of no special personal fitness to that of a governor of admittedly greater personal fitness. If this be Mr. Schurz's deliberate choice, who can wonder that the ordinary party voter, untrained, prejudiced, often ignorant, votes for the boss's can-

didate rather than risk his party's overthrow? If Van Wyck had been elected governor, as Mr. Schurz probably preferred, it would be unjust to say that he was the sort of governor that Mr. Schurz liked; Mr. Schurz merely preferred his election as the less of two admitted evils. If Quay's candidate be elected governor of Pennsylvania by the mass of Republican voters, it is unjust to say that these voters desire Quay for their boss. Like Mr. Schurz, they merely consider national issues of supreme importance. Like Mr. Schurz, they consider national issues involved in a particular state election. In a given case, they may be right or wrong. Cases may be imagined in which national politics ought to determine the vote cast for a local office, cases in which, on national grounds, the candidate of less personal fitness should be voted for, but these occasions are much rarer than the ordinary partisan voter supposes. Upon the belief that these occasions are common, that practically every local election is such an occasion, rests the power of the boss.

The difficulties of dealing with a boss have lately been exemplified by the relations of Governor Roosevelt and Senator Platt. Many good men have complained that these appear to be friendly. Let us see what might have been done. That the governor ought not to do wrong because Mr. Platt asks him to is obvious, and it would seem equally obvious that he ought not to abstain from doing right because Mr. Platt advises its doing. He ought not, it is urged, to recognize Mr. Platt, that is to say, he ought not to ask or receive Mr. Platt's advice; he ought to seek to destroy Mr. Platt's influence with the Republican party. As that influence is exercised through Mr. Platt's control of the Republican machinery in New York, this means that the governor ought to seek to get the control of the machinery away from Mr. Platt, or to destroy that machinery and establish other in its place. Now, the captured or the

substituted machinery would need machinists; the governor has never been a machinist himself, and may not care to learn the trade. If he will not learn it, he must find some one to take Platt's place who is better than Platt, and this, it must be assumed, in the face of Platt's strongest opposition. In doing this, he must give up all hope of every governmental reform except the overthrow of Platt, for it is tolerably clear that Platt, if thoroughly opposed to the governor, could, by alliance with the Democrats or otherwise, defeat all reforms. Moreover, the disarrangement of the Republican machine under the circumstances supposed would almost certainly produce a Democratic victory in New York, and this would be especially probable if Platt's assailant were not a trained machinist. A Republican defeat in New York might mean a severe blow to sound money and to imperialism, and if Mr. Schurz conscientiously prefers anti-imperialism with Tammany to imperialism without Tammany, it would not be surprising if the governor should conscientiously prefer imperialism and sound money with Platt to anti-imperialism and free silver without him. Under the circumstances, a man both honest and sensible, like the governor, will keep the peace with Platt as long as he can honestly do so, that is to say, until Platt definitely opposes some action which the governor deems to be both right and important.

We find, then, that the principal causes of the existence of the American boss are the universal need of elaborate and expensive political machinery, the undue importance given by the American system to those who operate it, and the confusion caused by conducting local elections upon national party lines. The causes of bossism often assigned are quite different, to wit: the timidity, indifference, ignorance, prejudice, stupidity, laziness, total or partial worthlessness of the citizen; these also are weighty causes,

but they are causes of another sort. If every human being were courageous, wise, impartial, intelligent, industrious, generally and particularly good in all respects, there would probably be little practical difference between one form of government and another; but this proposition does not justify us in telling a people who wish to substitute a republic for a monarchy, or *vice versa*, that the true remedy for their political condition is virtue. It would be as much to the purpose to tell a man with a broken leg that he ought to look after his general health. Specific as well as general treatment is needed. No honest attempt to improve the moral character of our citizenship ought to be spoken of lightly, but, inasmuch as a citizenship of ideal morality is not likely soon to be created, we should accompany these attempts with remedies for the specific evils of our political system.

Two kinds of reform, indeed, are always necessary. One is concerned with the improvement of the moral and intellectual character of the citizen, the other with the improvement of the frame of government. Which kind of reform is the more important need not here be determined. Each reacts upon the other. A more intelligent electorate will naturally procure to itself a better form of government, and on the other hand improved governmental methods will educate the electorate. For reforms of the first sort we look especially to the clergyman, the moralist, and the schoolmaster; for reforms of the second sort, to the statesman, the politician (in the better sense of that much abused word), and to the student of institutions.

The object of this article, already long enough, is to investigate the causes of the boss rather than to suggest means for his extirpation, and so only the briefest mention can be made of reforms even of the second class. The most effective political remedy for bossism is what we call civil service reform, the appoint-

ment of all minor employees of the government without regard to politics. If this is done, the boss can no longer pay his great body of political agents out of the public purse. Elaborate, expensive political machinery, however, must still be provided and maintained. An imaginable improvement in the intelligence of the electorate doubtless would lessen the necessary elaboration of political machinery, but to accomplish this result, the improvement must be that of generations, and perhaps of centuries. In England, for example, where the civil service is now pretty well out of politics, there is little reason to believe that the cost of political machinery has been diminished, and if that cost is not defrayed by the government, it must be provided for by the assessment of candidates or by voluntary contributions. It must be remembered also that England has in peerages, baronetcies, knighthoods, orders, and the like, an elaborate system of rewarding voluntary contributions to the party's chest and other kinds of partisan service which we lack. Our lack of these gewgaws, as sensible men are sometimes tempted to call them, is a matter of considerable political importance.

After civil service reform, the most effective method of weakening the boss is to separate as far as possible local elections from national. This will encourage independent voting in its best

sense, that is, local voting independent of really irrelevant national issues. The partisanship truly reprehensible does not consist in voting for the party's candidate in elections where partisan principles are involved, but in voting for a candidate labeled with the party name in an election wholly unconcerned with partisan principles. Again, we should not only separate local from national elections, but should simplify elections of all kinds. The choice of a multitude of officers by direct popular vote may be practically democratic in a small community, where all the candidates are individually known to every one; but in a large constituency the long ballot confuses the ordinary voter and so unduly strengthens the partisan machinery and helps the boss. At the last state election in Massachusetts each voter had from nine to twelve officers to choose, and at the last municipal election in Boston about twenty. The simplification of our elections is a reform whose importance has been much underestimated, for the boss thrives on an election so complicated that the voter must of necessity be guided in his choice by the machine.

Other changes might be suggested tending to the elimination of the boss, but to discuss them would be a discussion of the whole American political system, and not specifically of that part of it which the boss plays.

Francis C. Lowell.

THE PRODIGAL.

"Let him commute his eternal fear with a temporal suffering, preventing God's judgment by choosing one of his own." — JEREMY TAYLOR.

I.

AN August fog was drifting inland from the bay. In thin places the blue Contra Costa hills showed through, and

the general grayness was tinged with pearl. San Francisco dripped and steamed along her bristling water front; derricks loomed black, and yards and topmasts reddened, as a fringe of winter woodland colors up at the turn of the year.

Morton Day, a young New Englander

who filled the place of "outside man" for Bradshaw and Company, was working over some cargo lists in the general office on Sansome Street. The firm of Bradshaw was a shipping and commission house in the South Sea and Oriental trade, the time being nearly twenty years ago, before the decay of the great clipper lines, when the "moral sense" of the laboring man of California had not yet rebelled against the importation of coolies.

Young Day looked up. A tall figure had come between him and the light, bringing the smell of the docks, and advertising its owner's condition in scare heads of shabbiness.

"What can I do for *you*?" asked Day. Neither his time nor sympathies were on draught that morning.

The answer came coolly, with the accent of an English gentleman.

It is not always safe to place an American by his speech: there are so many variations of us, geographical and racial, and we are so hospitable to slang and the dialects; but an Englishman's class accent is bred in the bone. He cannot pawn it like his watch, or stake and lose it like his money. Such, at least, had been Day's experience on the water front of the City of Strangers.

When that rich chest register was heard, emanating from the disguise of a common seaman the night before he ships, Day said to himself, "Here's another of them; another gentleman-wool-gatherer, come back shorn."

He had asked — with his hands in the pockets of his greasy overalls — to speak with "one of the heads of the firm."

An ironical pause followed. Day had the advantage of his vis-à-vis, for in himself one could see but an every-day type of the well-equipped young business man, while the other was the sort of quarry a romancer or a reporter would hunt down. White he appeared to be, by his features and his bold, blue, roving eye; Apache, by his murky skin, over which a recent

shave had spread a bloom like a light hoarfrost. His utter destitution, verging on nakedness, in a feeble frame would have been pitiful, but in such a stalwart suppliant, so splendidly set up, it gave him rather an outrageous and truculent air.

"Very sorry," said the shipping clerk dryly. "Mr. Bradshaw is not down yet."

"Mr. Felix Bradshaw?"

"Neither of them. Better try again later."

The other did not move. "I've an appetite for breakfast," he remarked, "that is cutting me in two. Could you manage to push my little interview with your chiefs? Sorry I have n't a card about me." He laughed, with a flash of big white teeth lighting his extraordinary mask of tan; and, to point the jest, he stripped open his one upper garment and showed a forty-four-inch chest as bare as the breast of Hermes and the color of manzanita wood in sunshine.

"Jove! what a swell he'd be in an outrigger," thought Day. "He must have peeled a dozen times before he got that lacquer on him!" Aloud, he said, "Trees were scarce where you came from, I take it?"

The stranger did not dally with conversation. He clapped both hands upon his empty epigastrium and doubled himself over them expressively. "I shall turn turtle here in the shop unless somebody fills me up with something!"

"We will see about that!" said Day, and was wiping his pen when Mr. Bradshaw, senior, came in. Now the firm had had a long-suffering acquaintance with interesting dead beats, foreign and domestic. Fathers of wild boys, who knew not else what to do with them, sent them out to their San Francisco agents with firm instructions to put them through the mill; and blamed the miller when their rotten grain made worthless flour, and was thrown upon the heap. Every young remittance man who had

overdrawn his home allowance came to them for a temporary loan on the strength of his connections, which the connections seldom made good.

The chief's welcome, therefore, to this sturdy child of calamity was not effusive.

"That young man will attend to your business," he said, indicating Day, and he walked toward his private office.

The stranger stood in his path. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Bradshaw; my business is with you. I am starving, — Andrew Robert's son, here in your counting-room, where you have made your thousands out of him!"

The chief smiled grimly. "I have no remembrance of making any thousands out of 'Andrew Robert's son.' Where do you come from?"

"I shipped from Sydney, last February, in the bark Woolahrá, that foundered off Cape St. Lucas. Don't you answer letters up here? I think I have written you by every steamer."

Mr. Bradshaw looked the youngster over from head to foot, — from the grimy yachting cap on the back of his head to the sickly brogans bulging on his sockless feet, — and he spoke slowly, as to one possibly deficient of understanding.

"Mr. Robert of Auckland is one of our oldest correspondents," he said, giving the name of the New Zealand banker and capitalist its fullest value. "Some months ago he advised us to look out for his son, Clunie" —

"Clunie is my name," the boy broke in. "I'm the only, original" —

"To look out for his son, by the Woolahrá, consigned to us from Sydney," Mr. Bradshaw pursued. "There were some special instructions which may or may not concern your case. The Woolahrá was wrecked, as you say, and the survivors, as they found their way up the coast, reported to us. Clunie Robert was not among them."

"Naturally, — when he was writing you all the while from the Cape!"

"One moment, please! I was going

to say that a person, signing himself Clunie Robert, has been claiming our assistance from the Cape. Granting you may be that person, you must be aware that no business house can honor an unknown signature. Mr. Robert has an account with us, but we cannot permit a stranger, however unfortunate, to draw on it, in the name of his son, unless he were able to give us some proof of his identity."

"Great God above! Did you ever try to prove your own identity, stark naked, sir, on a strip of sand, six thousand miles from home? I was in the boat that was smashed on Los Tres Hermanos, — the only man of us who ever breathed again. That was my introduction to your blessed continent. And I haven't acquired much" — he surveyed the rags he stood in — "by way of identity since."

Mr. Bradshaw felt of his legal side whisker and appeared to consider.

"May I ask," inquired the castaway, "why my signature was not submitted to my father? Does he know by chance that I'm alive?"

"The Cape letters have *all* been forwarded," said Mr. Bradshaw distinctly, "including a requisition for certain articles in the nature of a lady's wardrobe, to be procured by us, charged to account of Mr. Robert. The order footed up to some hundreds of dollars, and professed to have reference to an approaching wedding at the Cape."

"Mine," said the scapegrace. "The bride was the light keeper's daughter. I'd been living on the old man, wearing his clothes and smoking his cigars and drinking his mescál, — had to square accounts somehow. The proposition pleased him as long as he thought I had credit up here. But when you gave me the black eye, things were not so pleasant. Did you forward that list to the pater?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Bradshaw.

A long, low whistle was the comment

of its author. "Well! it was a blazing bluff," he sighed. "I was trying for a stay of proceedings. Had to keep the band playing. The curtain would n't rise. 'They were howlin' for their money at the door'!"

Day felt inclined to laugh at these mixed metaphors; but in a moment the situation changed. "D' you mean to say you have n't *heard* from my father, — not since he got that list!"

"Sit down," said Mr. Bradshaw not unkindly. "There is no possible way of verifying your claim at present, — and if it were established, we have no authority to assist you to the extent you probably expect. Quite otherwise, in fact. Mr. Robert, the gentleman you refer to as your father, will not be heard from in a long time, I fear. He has gone on a journey, of indefinite duration — with no fixed" —

"What are you getting at! Is my father dead?" The youngster struck his hands together passionately. Mr. Bradshaw blinked. He disliked all violence, gesturing, and sudden noises, being in his habits not unlike an elderly and well-bred house cat.

"Did I say he was dead?" he retorted irritably. "He is traveling, — for his health, I presume. You would better get something to eat, sir. It might help you to compose yourself. Go with him, Day," he turned to the outside man. "See that he has what he needs. Get him some clothes," he added in an undertone. "He's — really!"

Clunie had promptly risen at the first allusion to a breakfast. He faced Mr. Bradshaw with an ugly laugh. "If this is my official reception — well and good. But I am Clunie Robert, and I'll swear to it, on the hide of a black man and the blood of an Englishman;" the last-named witness burned in his mahogany-colored face as he spoke. "And you know I am not lying, even if I don't carry a house flag and can't show my papers. Papers, by thunder!" (Thun-

der was not the word he used.) He shrugged his shoulders and went out.

In the street, with a man of his own age, he recovered his nonchalance quickly. "Would he own me in private d' you suppose? A pocket-handkerchief with my name on it, — a birthmark — would be handy. But my kit is at the bottom of the sea, and personally I'm made like any other man's son. There's no patent on me! No; thanks!" he pleasantly demurred when Day invited him to step into a clothing store in passing. "Breakfast first! I'll eat it off the curbstone, but I can't wait."

They walked down Sansome Street to Market, — every man and woman they met staring after them, — the blue-eyed Apache with his head in the air, his collarless throat exposed, sniffing the bakeshop odors and the scent of violets which street hawkers humorously thrust upon him.

"Buy a bunch for your lady? Put 'em in your buttonhole!" they grinned.

At Winteringham's, Day had the pleasure of watching him storm his way through a four-course breakfast, casting expressive looks across the cloth at his host. On the last course he began to pick and play a little; almost he seemed ready to talk. They brought him a finger bowl, and he lay back and gazed at it, and then at his hands. Day had been looking at those hands and marveling greatly.

"What a pair of flippers, eh! Pretty things to dabble in a finger glass! Gad, what would n't I have given for *that* — not so long ago as the fruit was on the tree!" He fished out the slice of lemon awkwardly, for his hands were cramped inward like claws, and held it up between a horny thumb and finger. "Here's to the thirst I had in the whale boats off St. Lucas!" and he popped it into his mouth, — to the scandal of the waiter, and the open amusement of the neighboring tables.

"You were in that, were you?" Day

interposed, trying to tone him down to a conversational level. "Rattling good sport, they say it is, — offshore whaling?"

"Oh, ripping — for the boat-steerer. But the man at the oars" — He gazed at his hands commiseratingly. "That is work they give their peons. Feel of those things!" They felt like the foot of an ostrich, and they looked as if he had dug wells with them, or come up from the Cape on all fours.

"Where did you get them — *how* did you get them?" Day inquired.

The stranger lighted a cigar and crossed his long legs, regardless that he showed a yard of naked tibia, as dark and coarse as a plantation negro's.

"I got them — in the tide rip off St. Lucas," he said, between glorious puffs. "Seven days a week, and thirteen hours a day, at the business end of an eighteen-foot sweep. It would have put calluses on a shark's fin!"

"By George!" said Day, "they used you pretty hard. I thought they would treat a man white, down there."

"As long as he *is* 'white.' But when he begins to turn a little shady — figuratively speaking, you know. See, what was the last you had from me, up here?" By the narrator's manner, one might have supposed the entire business of the firm had been hanging on his dispatches from the Cape.

"I think you were ordering the — a — trousseau for your bride," Day reminded him.

"Quite so," he assented affably. "Well, the shadows were falling then. Happen to know anything about those good Samaritans down there? They would split their last *frijol* for you or give it you whole, but when you've worn out your welcome you had better go, — if you can go. For a month or so, at first, it was 'Don Pépe' and 'Don Clunio,' and 'I kiss your hands, señor,' and 'The same to your feet, señorita!' You know how they go on! And not a pair of

Christian trousers in the whole shebang. Bags, cotton bags, that flap around your shins, — mine were halfway up my calves, — or goatskin chaps with the hair outside, — make you look like a blooming satyr. Then your governors sweetly ignored me, and that took the wind out of my sails, as I was saying.

"The Pacific Mail captains swore they delivered my letters; 't was no go. It was *stay*, all the time! My name to a piece of paper was worth no more than a bird track in the sand; and for all my father's connections I had talked of — maybe I talked a bit too much, at first — I was obviously without a friend on earth. Then my stock went very low indeed. They thought if there was a Father of Lies, I was his true and only son. It was then I wrote for the trousseau. They had to pause and consider that. I flourished it before the old man's horns; he was a covetous old brute. He did n't half believe it would come; still, it might. So he pawed up the ground, and waited over another steamer.

"Poor little Concha, with her bare feet, running like a plover on the beach, and her chemise slipping off her shoulder! It was a sin. But she had a month of pure felicity expecting that lace parasol, and the slippers with French heels.

"How should I know your governors had no bowels! They might have come down for something to save a poor devil's credit on a foreign shore.

"Think where I was, Great Scott! In a place where a man will do anything, leave him there long enough. It's the very doormat and scraper of the continent, where the sea is forever wiping its feet. And not a sign that any soul on earth cared a tuppenny post stamp whether I lived or died!"

By this time the young men were largely occupying the attention of the room. Busy clerks were prolonging their luncheons to stare at the Prince of Tramps, with his case-hardened features

and drawing-room accent and engaging manner of the family black sheep. Day expected that a reporter would be down upon them shortly. It was a fit interruption when the head waiter—he had been restless for some time—proposed that he move their seats to a side window, intimating that they were obstructing trade at the busiest hour.

The young men took the hint, and went out. Robert, as Day did not scruple to call him, fell into step, with a long, joyful stride, declaring there was no music to compare with the beat of civilized shoe leather on the pavements of the cities of the world. Sick to death he was of treading beach sand, of the pad, pad of bare feet, and the sluff, sluff of sandals. White men for a white man forever! As for the ladies! He pretended to require Day's instant support, overcome by the sight of a pretty girl tacking across street in one of the triced-back overskirts which were the fashion then. He had kissed his hand to her, Day surmised, by the way she looked. In front of Scheiffers', he stopped and admired his full-length reflection in their plate-glass windows, humming an appropriate verse from "Poor old Robinson Crusoe!"

Day dragged him inside, where he condescendingly pulled over their ready-made stock. The needful articles were selected, and the pair boarded a cable car and sailed up the windy sandhills to Day's lodgings. Here the castaway dressed himself, grumbling like a lord at the fit of his clothes, which made him look, he said, like a discharged convict in a suit presented him by the state.

Whether this was pure animal spirits—the intoxication of a good meal—or a sort of heartsick bravado, or was put on merely to bother Day (who had a certain New England starchiness), cannot be said. He roamed about Day's room, oppressively big for the place, till his host persuaded him to sit down and finish his story. He then pulled off his coat, which

cut him in the armholes, he said, so that he could n't talk, and sitting in his shirt sleeves by the open window he lighted a pipe and resumed:—

"Well, the Don, you see, had got tired of feeding me. And it was like sand under his eyelids to lose the rich son-in-law he had promised himself. I was ready to do my part. I'd have married anything for three meals a day—for two! But he did n't want me as another cipher in the greatest common divisor, if it was on him to furnish the dividend. It was your Dutch uncles up here who stopped the proceedings. If they had sent the cash, or the clothes, or recognized me in any way, there would have been a wedding at the Cape, and I should have had to furnish the bridegroom. Just as well for me; but it's a rum thing when you think of it,—my father's son, all the heir he has got, refused by an old beggar of a Mexican light keeper. Refused with scorn and contumely, and worse! He took back the precious wardrobe he had loaned me, to the very last stitch. He turned me out in a breechclout, so help me! Talk of Indian politeness! For a hat he gave me a rag to tie round my head, and the sun hits hard down there. He sold my time to the whalers: convict labor, or the galleys,—call it what you will,—it's their little way of foreclosing on an insolvent debtor. If you can't put up the *dinero* you pays in the sweat of your brow. I paid in the sweat of my whole person, and the aches of my entire bones. I was baked alive and basted; my lips were like a piece of pork crackling; my eyelids were puffed out even with my forehead; my back was a running sore. I paid that debt, by ——! if I never pay another."

"And how about the lady?" Day inquired. "How did you stand on her books?"

If young Theseus had ever had a conscience about his Ariadne of the Cape, he had compounded with it, like the

child of nature he was, for the price of his physical suffering. His moral sense went no deeper than his skin; hence his pride in a few blisters.

"Bless you, a woman *is* a woman, down there! It is He that made them, not they themselves. (This was the use he made of his prayer book.) I might have opened a fresh account with Don Pépe through Conchita's pity for me. But I'm not vindictive," said he, reaching for a match, "and" — pausing to relight — "what would I have done with the girl, footing it up to Ensenada! It's a good bit of a walk, y' know."

"So, you did not get your discharge?" asked Day.

"Not in due form. But they were easy on me toward the last. They kept a slack watch. I believe the beggars were honest. They took no more out of me than they thought was their due. It was a good few miles between meal stations, but I fetched it through. And I shipped on the brig Noyo for my grub and passage. Those slops I had on belong to a big Finlander, one of my late shipmates. I mustn't forget to return them."

He folded up those foul and gritty lendings as if they had been his evening clothes, and expressed them tenderly, at Day's expense, to one of the worst water-side dens in the city.

"And now," said he, "we will arise and go to — our Elder Brother. This is the Prodigal who came home when the Old Man was away." But for all his high jocosity Day could see that he was nervous, that he dreaded the interview on which his status in the city would depend.

"What is *this* for?" he inquired, when Mr. Bradshaw gravely presented him with a fifty-cent piece. It was explained that he might apply each day and receive the same amount, until he should have found work, which the firm would help him to procure if he could give them some idea of his general qualification.

He listened with amusement and contempt. "I've been at work for the past eight months," said he. "Not a man you know has worked harder. I feel qualified now for a bit of recreation."

"Recreate, then!" laughed Mr. Felix, "if you know how to do it on fifty cents a day."

"We are acting," Mr. Bradshaw interposed, "in obedience to Mr. Robert's latest instructions concerning his son, — whom we understand you claim to be. We will humor your claim, under the conditions prescribed, until we hear what Mr. Robert himself has to say further in the matter."

"You will humor it to the extent of fifty cents a day!"

It was pointed out to him how easily he might be an impostor, how difficult it would be to prove he was not, and, incidentally, that his record at the Cape had not helped him much. That he passed over as beside the mark.

"So this is not my father's money?" He weighed the silver lightly in his hand. "This is your personal half dollar, which you risk on grounds of humanity? Well; thanks, gentlemen — thanks awfully! I need it very much," — he laid the money down, — "and I shall need it more to-morrow, but I think I'll make shift to get on without it." And, perfectly good-humored, he walked to the door.

"He could n't resist getting even with us on a technical scruple," laughed Mr. Felix; but he was nettled. Mr. Bradshaw looked grave. "Go after him," he said, laying some gold on Morton's desk. "Pilot him to a decent lodging, and keep him off a lee shore if you can."

New England overtook New Zealand (both were of unmitigated British descent) on the corner by Lotta's Fountain, which the queen of opéra bouffe presented to an appreciative city. A row of flower peddlers' handcarts banked the slippery sidewalk. A heavy fog with twilight was darkening in.

"Go away, child!" Day heard him exclaim to a girl who was pestering him with her unsold stock. "I've no one to take flowers to!"

"Get some one, then," she laughed and threw a piece of myrtle at him, and a hard-voiced woman called her back to her place.

Day proposed that they go somewhere and dine together.

"Not to-night," said Clunie. "You've had enough of me for one sitting." But he found no difficulty in accepting a small loan from Day, not knowing its source, or not caring. He was given some advice as to lodgings and eating places, but he made straight for the wharves, and the sea fog took him home.

At the last, he had said, half defensively, as to a friend:—

"I should n't mind going to work on any decent invitation; but hanged if I'll be scourged to it, like the 'galley slave at night.' I've been galley slave too long!"

Day did not press on him his own opinion that he was one still, — and so the young men parted.

On Day's return, Mr. Felix laid a letter before him. "This is in your bailiwick," said he. "I see you've taken a liking to the young scamp. I have myself, rather; but it won't do to show it. Not at present."

"Then you think he is young Robert?"

"Oh, by Jove! every inch of him! The old man right over again. He was a high-roller himself, in early colony days. He's no cause to complain. But they are the very worst, when they get it back in their sons. And the mother, you know," Mr. Felix added, with his free, tolerant smile, "she cut her cables years ago. Roaming the high seas now, a 'derelict,' as somebody says, of the divorce courts. It broke the old man up terribly. You'd take that for the handwriting of an octogenarian. He's in fact not sixty-five!"

Day was glancing over the letter of paternal instructions to which Mr. Felix had alluded.

"Was n't the Woolahra rather cheap transportation for a millionaire's only son?" he asked.

"Part of the scheme of redemption," Mr. Felix replied. "He had shut down on the boy all at once, — after giving him his head since he was a kid. Moreover, the old gentleman is canny. Observe how he figures on the penitential allowance. He does n't propose to butter the bread of idleness. If Clunie wants to eat it, he'll eat it dry."

"It's disgusting to make him come for it, in person," said Day, still reading. "It seems he's not to have the cash for two days' rations in hand at once!"

"Oh, it takes an old boy who has *been* there to reckon with the deceitfulness of youth."

"That was why, I suppose, he did not write direct to his father?"

"Exactly. But you see, by that letter, we are forbidden to give him any assistance at long range. The old gentleman is sound on that head. You can't lead a wild colt with a long halter. So you will just keep track of the festive Clunie as well as you can, but don't meddle with him. It's his own fight, now. It would be a pity to interfere when Mother Nature takes him across her knee. She gave him a foretaste down at the Cape, but it's nothing to what she has in soak for him, if I know this city." Day listened, and fed his youthful cynicism with thinking on what Mr. Felix was, and had been, and how well he did know the city! In his case Mother Nature had shown thus far the partiality of the weakest human parent. He had had the luck of a prize scholar, and, except for a tendency to obesity — which he shared with many of the godly, — he appeared to have a constitution to match his theory of life.

A few days later the outside man came across young Robert's course over

in Brooklyn Basin, where a race was on between the ships' boats of some British vessels anchored there. He promptly borrowed every cent that Day had about him, and staked it on the Rathdown's boat. The Rathdowns were plunging tremendously, taking any odds that offered; they seemed to regard the race as already theirs. Clunie explained that the Rathdown had been rough-handled in a hurricane in the south latitudes, had lost one of her port boats, and put into Auckland to replace it. The boat they were entering was the Maorilander. She was a shrewd little crack-a-jack. Clunie's eyes sparkled as he studied her.

"She's of kauri pine," said he. "She's out of an Auckland yard, and they are betting against her on their thundering old British plank! Man, it's a walk-over!"

It was a great little race: Day left their mutual winnings with Clunie, and dined with him and the British shipmasters that evening at the Poodle Dog. Business called him away before the songs and toasts began, but when he left them they were talking of Auckland, — Clunie's mother Auckland, — and raking all the latitudes for mutual acquaintances.

Thereafter, for a time, he seemed to have friends and money enough. He came to the office, inquiring for letters, in a suit of Dean and Cramseys', which showed his beautiful, clean build. His hands were gloved. His bleached hair had recovered its life and lustre. The hollows were gone from around his eyes, and the high, hard burnish from his cheek bones. He looked his age, or his youth, once more. Mr. Felix frankly delighted in him: like King Hal, he loved a man. But Morton the wise warned Clunie that neither of them could sit up nights with Mr. Felix. He was one generation nearer than they to that tough old stock whose Plimsoll's mark was the third bottle; who bequeathed their nerves and appetites without their sledge-hammer wills and ironclad stomachs.

Clunie laughed, and said, "Sour grapes!" And, indeed, he had quite cut out Morton with his former patron. The grim old chief, meanwhile, was faithfully urging his friends to give the boy a trial; but business men who saw the company he kept smiled and had no use for him.

Mr. Felix then went to London, and the face of the city changed for Clunie. His sky-rocket life of pleasure, founded on the fancy of an idle man, had gone up like a spark, and he was left with the stick in his hand. There was nothing then in San Francisco that could have been called society: Mr. Felix lived with the notorious set, and laughed at them in certain inner circles, professional and family cliques, to which he presumably belonged. And a few persons in quiet homes were building up the sort of lives that can save any city. But of these Clunie could have known nothing and probably deserved to know nothing.

The firm noticed a growing anxiety and constraint in his manner when he made his periodical inquiries for letters, or news of his father. After awhile he ceased to inquire by name; he would drop in casually, and hearing nothing to his advantage, would feign a rather careworn interest in general topics and depart, carrying the House's sympathy with him. For there was no longer any reasonable, comforting explanation of his father's silence. There was no relenting, to the effect of, "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

Then, out of the pitiless region of the Unexpected, came a staggering blow. An uncle of Clunie's in England, his father's brother whom he had never seen, wrote to the firm, stating that Mr. Robert had arrived among his relatives in a most deplorable condition, mental and physical. He had since improved in health, but his mind had failed to such a degree that medical experts pronounced him unfit for the management of his own affairs; and

the undersigned, together with another brother, had been appointed his guardians and the administrators of his estate. As to the presumptive heir in America, it seemed better not to act in haste. Steps were being taken toward his identification. Large property interests were at stake; and it would require time to sift his claim. Meanwhile, as his conduct appeared to have been not in all ways satisfactory, it might be well, in any case, to continue the policy which Mr. Robert had marked out for his son. In other words, to throw him as far as possible on his own resources, that he might learn the value of money through the need of earning it, and of friends by endeavoring to deserve them.

The chief made this communication as gently as he could, forbearing altogether to rub it in; but his attitude of sympathy was not well received; possibly it had come too late.

From this time forth Clunie made no further scruple about accepting the despised allowance. He took it carelessly, asking no questions as to its source. He came for it every day, like a dog to the kitchen door for his bone, with far less shame than Morton had in doling it out to him, — the great, strapping fellow with his homesick eyes! He was the true Islander, of all provincials the most self-centred and haughty. Their world was not his world; he loved them too little to mind accepting their help, or care what might be their opinion of him.

San Francisco is a city where good food is amazingly cheap; but fifty cents a day, including a night's lodging, does not leave much margin for incidentals. A man living at that figure, and gambling on his income, as Clunie probably did, cannot keep himself at the level of the polite occupations; the mark of the slums is on him. To the slums he must go for employment. But Morton, seeing that the chiefs had done what they could for the prodigal and failed in their sphere of influence, thought that he might

try an elder-brotherly experiment of his own.

In a cold-blooded way he informed him that the firm, through their outside man, was paying from sixty to seventy-five dollars per month in boat hire, and proposed that Clunie should rent a boat, till he could afford to buy one, and set up as a harbor boatman.

Day would prefer him to the patronage of the House.

"Have n't the capital, y' know, to start me in business," was the answer. "I could n't rent the dingiest dory in the slips, on tick."

That obstacle being removed, he fell in with the plan listlessly, with the air of anything-to-oblige-a-friend. But hard and regular exercise and the spell of life on the water soon began to tone him up. His eye brightened, his skin cleared. He picked up his self-respect, the more that his place, humble as it was, by no means wanted him as he needed it. His rivals of the water front put him through a stiff competitive examination. They saw no room for an interloper with what appeared to be a "pull."

He fought them between whiles, and raced them, man to man, and captured the reluctant admiration of even those swells in port, the men-o'-wars' men.

"You pulls a narsty scull, sir!" said one of the gig's crew of H. M. S. The Royal Arthur, lying out in the bay, on her way to join the Northwest Squadron.

"Now, why does he give you 'sir'?" asked Day. "How does he know you are not a professional?"

"It's easy to know things," Clunie answered sulkily. "He could n't hide the cut of *his* jib if he was carrying home the wash. It is n't knowing things, it's knowing when to keep 'em to yourself — eh, Missus? Better let sleeping dogs lie?"

The "Missus" was one of many brevet titles bestowed at random by Clunie on a nameless pup of the undesirable sex which he had lately acquired. She was the butt of his practical jokes, the suf-

fering medium of his high spirits, the text of his errant philosophy. She was a buffer when the two young men in their now almost daily intercourse drifted too close to each other's moorings. Above all, she was a proof that he was putting out roots on foreign soil. When an Englishman takes a dog to bring up, it is equivalent to a Frenchman's planting a salad bed.

By the following spring, Clunie, in partnership with Day (who represented the capital invested), was the respected and generally respectable owner of a Whitehall boat, which he christened the *Salvation Lassie*, in mock deference to the regenerative influence of hard work.

"This is the Way I long have sought,
And wept because I found it not,"

he would shout, at the top of his brazen head tones, in imitation of a Salvationers' chorus, and drum with his oars in the oarlocks.

But there were deviations from the Way. When Morton found the boat dirty and neglected, and Clunie in a similar condition, the worse for his chief weakness, broaching acquaintance with every species of water-side vagabond, he would ignore his partner and go out with another man. And Clunie would have to submit to the jeers of his rivals in consequence.

But this was business.

Mary Hallock Foote.

RUSSIA'S INTEREST IN CHINA.

ALTHOUGH Americans at last seem to realize that the economic centre of the world is moving westward, and has already, probably, entered the United States, they incline to dismiss the subject as an abstraction; yet nothing can be more certain than that no such migration of empire has ever yet taken place without prolonged convulsions. Already this generation has had a foretaste of what such a movement may portend. The old social equilibrium reached at Waterloo passed away in 1870 when Germany consolidated after Sedan; that consolidation led to a reform of the coinage, which in its turn caused an universal derangement of values culminating in the panic of 1893. One of the effects of that panic was a decline in the price of sugar, which ruined the Cuban planters, disorganized labor, and thus brought on the insurrection which ended in the Spanish war.

But the Spanish war is relatively insignificant compared with the fruits of the catastrophe of 1893 which are now becoming visible. That catastrophe

took, in the main, the form of a forced liquidation of America's foreign indebtedness, a liquidation which could not be conducted on the basis of the exportation of farm products at the prices then ruling. This necessity of providing something to meet the claims of creditors ended by stimulating cheap manufacturing, mining, and transportation, until we commanded the European market. Thus we succeeded in creating an enormous balance of trade in our favor, but in so doing we shook the civilization of the eastern continent to its centre. As a result of our economies Europe is steadily sinking into economic inferiority, an inferiority especially marked in minerals, which are the core of modern industry. For the first time in human experience a single nation this year leads in the production of the precious metals, copper, iron, and coal; and this year also, for the first time, the world has done its banking to the west and not to the east of the Atlantic.

Necessarily, as America gains in mo-

mentum Europe relatively loses. The precious metals failed her long ago, copper followed, and now iron and coal have reached a price which threatens to hamper competition. Under such circumstances the people of Europe stand at bay, since ruin, more or less complete and immediate, impends over them if they fail to provide themselves with new resources as cheap and abundant as those of America.

Such resources do actually exist in eastern and central China, and it is the attraction of this mass of undeveloped wealth which has incited Western nations to wring successive concessions from the Chinese until the pressure culminated in the present revolt against foreigners, which is only one inevitable step in the reconstruction of the dying empire. Cost what it may, sooner or later the mineral deposits of Shansi and Honan will be seized by Europeans, and he who can successfully develop these immense beds of iron and coal, by means of Chinese labor, may well hope to defy all rivals. Nevertheless, so rich a prize is not to be lightly won; too many great interests are involved; and on the decision of the fate of China may, perhaps, hinge the economic supremacy of the next century.

Not only from her geographical position, but from the magnitude of the stake she has at issue, Russia must play a leading part in the future of Asia, and during the past year her movement has been accelerated by the weakening of England. From Waterloo down to 1899 Great Britain acted as a sort of balance wheel to human society; she operated as the containing force of civilization. With the Boer war this period appears to have terminated, for the United Kingdom is held by many to be unequal to assume heavier burdens than those she now bears. Having failed to display either the military or the financial energy anticipated of her, either by herself or her enemies, England has stood aside, and as she has effaced herself Russia has dilated. The

Russians have overflowed Persia, laid hands on Corea, and all signs pointed to their design to occupy Peking, thus commanding Shansi and Honan, provinces to the west and south of the capital, distant only some two or three hundred miles from ports, and containing the richest mines in the world. The Germans have been equally exacting, and there is some reason to infer that the rapid growth of this influence over the Chinese administration may have been the proximate cause of the outbreak which began in May.

Assuming that Russia, or Russia and Germany, can successfully occupy this region, and that England will not risk a war to stop their progress, unless supported by redoubtable allies, a serious responsibility is cast on the United States. Apparently America must more or less completely assume the place once held by England, for the United States could hardly contemplate with equanimity the successful organization of a hostile industrial system on the shores of the Pacific, based on Chinese labor, nourished by European capital, and supplied by the inexhaustible resources of the valley of the Ho-hang-ho.

In the present juncture, therefore, no problem can be more pressing than to estimate the real energy and capacity of Russia; to attempt to measure the task she can accomplish alone; to ascertain the point at which she may have to seek aid abroad; and lastly, to determine whether the United States can afford to allow that aid to be drawn exclusively from Europe.

Americans are apt to picture Russia as a country somewhat resembling their own; that is to say, as young and imperfectly developed, but with indefinite resources, and inhabited by a race adapted to the exigencies of modern industrial competition. To be sure, this view is held by many well-informed persons, and yet there is ground for doubting whether Russia, as now organized, ever

has held or ever can hold her own against the West.

Far from being young Russia is venerable even judged by Asiatic standards. The Czar traces the source of his semi-divine authority back to the traditions of Byzantium; his descent from the Greek emperors; and when London and Paris were clumps of hovels clustered on the banks of the Thames and Seine, Kiev was a rich and splendid city, frequented by merchants from many lands, endowed with famous schools, and adorned with churches whose mosaics rivaled those of Constantinople. In the first half of the eleventh century Russia lay in the line of commerce, and stood, probably, more fully abreast of the movement of the age than she has at any other epoch. When the Eastern trade centred on the Bosphorus, the portion which sought the Baltic ascended the Dnieper to Kiev, then passed to the Lovat, and so by Lake Ladoga to the Gulf of Finland, building up Novgorod the Great upon the way. But wealth, intellectual activity, and art, all withered under the competition of Italy, when Italy awoke to life through the stimulus of the crusades.

During the twelfth century the focus of commercial activity moved toward Lombardy, the routes of travel changed, and as Russia became isolated, her vitality ebbed. By 1150 Venice had begun to supplant Constantinople; in 1169 Kiev suffered its first sack; while in 1224, only twenty years after the overthrow of the Greek Empire by the Franks, the Tartar domination in Russia began with the victory of the Kalka. That domination lasted three hundred years, and when it closed Russia had grown Asiatic. During the interval the country had been severed from the West, the capital had moved to Moscow, egress to the Baltic had been barred by Germans, Poles, and Swedes, and only in 1556 did Ivan the Terrible succeed in opening the Volga as far as Astrakhan, and in navi-

gating the Caspian. Until the eighteenth century no outlet existed on the Black Sea.

Nothing, however, remains stationary, and when the economic capital of Europe, pursuing its migrations, reached Flanders, an unparalleled activity set in upon the shore of the North Sea. Even before Ivan reached Astrakhan, English adventurers had penetrated to Moscow by way of Archangel and the Dwina, Archangel being the only port in the Czar's dominions.

From this moment date the difficulties of modern Russia, for an archaic and secluded community then fell into the vortex of competition with races more active and highly organized than itself.

To speak plainly Russia relapsed into barbarism, but as a barbarous state she could only survive while completely separated from more advanced enemies, since communication meant equality of armament, with all the cost implied thereby, or subjugation. Therefore Russia armed, organized, and went into insolvency; but previously, while isolated, her finances had been sound, and her population relatively prosperous.

Even as late as the time of the Czar Alexis, who died in 1676, the monarch lived in splendor, maintained a sufficient army, and amassed a treasure with a revenue of 6,000,000 roubles. Under Peter the Great the tide of competition flowed with resistless force. The Russians were drawn down to the Baltic, and from the hour that Western economic standards were imposed upon them, they recognized their position as hopeless unless they could reach some sort of industrial equality with their rivals.

Hence Peter surrounded himself with Dutchmen, Germans, and English; hence Catherine II. sought to people the valley of the Volga with emigrants from the Palatinate; and hence those efforts of the last ten years, to convert the southern steppes into a sort of Pennsylvania, which have astonished the world.

The task attempted has been prodigious; the sacrifices exacted from the people have reached the limit of human endurance; but there is reason to believe that hitherto the effort has failed. Probably the weight of Russia as a factor in modern competition tends at this moment rather to decline than to increase.

To appreciate the crisis which Russia is facing, neither her geographical position nor her past should be forgotten. Russia is expensive to develop, for she is cursed with costly outlets. To the south she is shut in upon an inland sea; to the north her harbors are few, distant from the richest portions of the country, and icebound. Siberia is but a narrow strip between two deserts, a strip so narrow that transportation in bulk, such as is the basis of the American system, seems impossible. For these reasons Russia remains relatively now much what she was in Peter's time, — an isolated mass with a highly eccentric capital, wretchedly poor, with unsatisfactory communications, schools, and administration. Lastly, to make head against these disadvantages, Russia is peopled by an archaic race; that is to say, a race which operates more slowly, and therefore more wastefully, than its Western rivals. A race, moreover, essentially Asiatic. The Russians have patience, tenacity of life, and, possibly, adaptability to foreign guidance; but they are ignorant, uninventive, indolent, and improvident. As a result the resources of the empire have proved inadequate to the demands made upon them; the revenue has always shown a deficit since Peter the Great's time, and when the finances have been subjected to a severe strain they have collapsed.

Not only does Russia suffer from her geographical position, but her improvidence makes her even in prosperous times accumulate debt faster than capital. As one of her best financial writers has remarked: "We administer our

public fortune with the same heedlessness as our private fortune. However rapidly the resources of the state augment, the expenses augment more rapidly still. In comparison with the revenues, which have quadrupled, our public debt has quintupled," and this was written before the advent of De Witte, the most lavish of ministers.¹

The Russians have never known the solvency indicated by a sound currency and an annual surplus. The present nominal gold standard is only a repetition of former expedients, and consists in the repudiation of one third of preëxisting forced loans. The new gold rouble has been issued in the ratio of two roubles of gold to three of paper, the third paper rouble being canceled. Up to 1768 the government used a debased copper coinage and resorted to a series of desperate expedients to raise funds, but in 1768 Catherine II. believed she had found an exhaustless source of wealth in paper money, which she substituted for the preëxisting tokens. It was then the germs of the subsequent bankruptcy of 1839 were laid. This paper, called assignats, always tended to increase and to depreciate. During the Napoleonic wars, in spite of English subsidies and a share of the French indemnity, it reached 839,000,000 roubles² and had fallen in value to less than four to one in relation to silver. By 1839 the burden had grown too heavy, and Count Cancrin issued a new "credit rouble" on the basis of one to three and one half, which constituted a repudiation of about seventy-five per cent. Yet these new roubles within ten years had fallen to ten per cent discount.

Probably a complete repudiation of all debts would have supervened had not the Russians about this time discovered that they could borrow abroad, and Gouriev availed himself so liberally of this expedient that, when he retired in

¹ Les Ministres des Finances de la Russie, Skalkovsky, page 307.

² The rouble may be calculated at eighty cents.

1823, he was accused of "bringing the state to bankruptcy" through the instrumentality of the Rothschilds.

The Russians are not a commercial people; consequently their finances have never been administered by men of business, and have always borne an amateurish stamp. Little serious attempt at economy has ever been made, and though the people may be starving, and the currency in confusion, the court and the administration have always been the most lavish in Europe. Nevertheless, by means of the repudiation of 1839, some semblance of order was restored. That is to say, the deficit was reduced to about 30,000,000 roubles in good years, and through foreign loans a treasure was amassed large enough to lure the Czar Nicholas into attempting the Crimean war. Two campaigns sufficed to exhaust the economic endurance of the empire. In 1855 the deficit reached 262,000,000 roubles, and at the peace the paper currency amounted to 735,000,000, while 321,000,000 roubles had been extorted as a loan from such institutions as had funds. In precisely the same way Russia broke down twenty-two years later under the walls of Constantinople, and surrendered the fruits of victory, because her paper issues had attained the enormous volume of 1,200,000,000 roubles, and her five per cent bonds could hardly be sold in small amounts in Berlin at twenty-six per cent discount.

Whether in peace or war, no minister of finance during this century has ever kept the cost of government within the limits of the revenue. The bonded debt has grown under every administration, but under none so fast as under the last. The list is curious, and even startling.

In 1810 Alexander I. appointed Gourev, who held office thirteen years; beside enormous emissions of assignats, he incurred an interest-bearing debt of 185,688,000 roubles. Cancrin, his successor, struggled with hopeless deficits, resorted

to the most desperate expedients to raise funds, even selling exemptions from military service, emitted much paper, added 115,000,000 roubles to the debt, and finally, in 1839, wiped out three quarters of the assignats by issuing a new credit rouble at a ratio of one to three and one half. Yet nevertheless, in spite of such sharp contraction, the new rouble fell to three per cent discount in 1843, and to ten per cent in 1848. Cancrin died in 1845, and each of his three successors borrowed, more or less freely, to fill deficits, until Reutern became minister in 1862. In his first six years his loans reached 451,000,000 roubles, and in 1864-66 he emitted 63,000,000 treasury notes. Reutern retired in 1878, and Grieg, who followed, had to provide funds to pay for the Turkish war; he, Abaza, and Bunge borrowed money abroad when they could, and, when they could not, issued paper at home. Thus, about the time when Vychnégradsky, De Witte's predecessor, took office, in 1887, affairs reached a crisis. The deficit continuing, severer taxation was resorted to, a panic broke out in 1888, the rouble depreciated fifty per cent, and had it not been for an exceptionally abundant harvest, the ruin might have been more widespread. A change, however, was at hand. The moment had arrived when Russia became mistress of fabulous wealth.

Previous to 1888 Russia had been mainly dependent on Germany for her capital, and this dependence had amounted to a species of subjection, for the German bankers had not scrupled to use their power as creditors to the utmost to impose a policy on the Russian government. In 1888 the full magnitude of the change of social equilibrium wrought in 1870 manifested itself. As central Europe had consolidated, France had been isolated, and her isolation placed her in mortal peril. This peril stimulated her people to strengthen Russia at any cost, since without an ally the republic feared dismemberment. Conse-

quently for several years the savings of France stood at the disposal of Russia, and the results which followed are, perhaps, without a precedent. In time of peace, between 1888 and 1897, Vychnégradsky and De Witte borrowed upwards of \$863,000,000, of which vast sum perhaps one half represented investments in railways, or a possibly productive outlay. In the first four years of De Witte's administration the annual disbursement rose from 900,000,000 to 1,413,000,000 roubles, and for the year 1900 the budget shows a deficit of 160,600,000 roubles, or \$128,480,000.

It is true that the recent budgets have been made to indicate a surplus, but this surplus is delusive. De Cyon years ago demonstrated that the apparent surpluses exhibited by M. de Witte are in reality caused by the application of the unexpended balance of old borrowings to the payment of current expenses. For example, the budget for the year 1900 shows an application of 160,000,000 roubles drawn "from the free balance of the treasury." Now this "free balance" is, in the language of De Cyon, only "the avails of unemployed loans."¹ That an actual deficit exists is proved by the advance of the debt.

Nor is the state debt the only, or even, perhaps, the heaviest burden which the Russians have assumed in their struggle for industrial development. Not being by nature inventive or mechanical, the community has striven for two centuries to domesticate foreign industries, by importing foreign labor and foreign capital. To provide the necessary inducement the Russians have enacted a nearly prohibitive tariff, and attracted by the great gains which may be realized under this tariff, Germans, Belgians, and French have established plants whose profits are remitted abroad. Thus not only is the price of all the necessities of life raised for the peasant, but the cost of internal

improvement is increased. For example, the government, instead of buying its railway material in the cheapest market, buys it at home at fifty per cent advance; to pay this price to the foreigners who control the iron works, money is borrowed abroad, which money returns whence it came, and then a new loan must be negotiated in Paris or Berlin to pay the interest on the funds thus drained away.

In 1891 a French syndicate offered the Russian government to build the Siberian railway within six years, at an average cost of 40,000 roubles the verst,² offering a guarantee that the cost should not exceed the sum indicated. The government declined the offer and undertook the task itself, and this is a sample of what happened. The division from Cheliabinsk offered no particular difficulty, and the syndicate estimated it at 20,000 roubles the verst. It has already cost 53,000 roubles the verst, and the rails which have been laid are generally so light that they will have to be replaced before the road will carry heavy traffic.

Some of this vast excess of outlay may be attributed to the price paid for domestic material, but not all. The chief leakage is due to a weakness in Russian civilization, which vitiates all financial and administrative methods. Russian society is archaic; the system of agriculture may serve as an illustration. The basis of Russian agriculture is still communal ownership, which represents an intellectual condition perhaps equivalent to that of Europe three centuries ago. Moreover, the Russians are Asiatic, and therefore less vigorous, energetic, and inventive than Western races. Accordingly, Russian peasants are miserably poor.

Estimating by aid of the figures of M. de Witte's reports, the average annual production per person approximates twenty-nine roubles; of these twenty-nine

¹ Oh la Dictature de M. Witte conduit la Russie, F. de Cyon, XVIII.

² The verst is seven tenths of a mile.

roubles upwards of twelve are absorbed in taxes, leaving about thirteen dollars as the income of the individual. Such estimates are vague, but they serve to give an idea of the impossibility of a population nearly starving, unable to buy machinery, crippled by infamous roads and insufficient railway transportation, and enervated by the rotating tenure of land incident to communal ownership, competing with the capitalistic methods of the Dakotas. Obviously the value of the Russian agricultural exports must tend to decline.

For precisely similar reasons the Russian railway must be a costly and an inferior railway, because it is the product of a primitive society which generates a defective civil service. The archaic idea is to pay the official by fees; for it requires an advanced economic intelligence to comprehend that it is cheaper for each citizen to be taxed for fixed salaries than for the individual to pay for the service he needs, as he might pay a doctor or a lawyer. Verres, for example, administered Sicily for what he could make out of it, and Verres and his like engendered the empire, under which the salary system prevailed. Colbert undertook to uproot the fee system in France, and failed. The Revolution accomplished his work.

Russian officials are expected to supplement insufficient salaries by fees; hence fees, though not necessarily implying dishonesty, are universal, and entail waste and delay. The most important work, even of a routine character, may be stopped for months because some obscure official has been overlooked who has quietly waited until the sufferer should find and pay him. Hence railways are costly, ill-organized, ill-equipped, and slackly run, and though freight rates may be nominally low, they become high through maladministration. From the palace of the Czar to the hut of the peasant, the same waste, the same inertness, and the same incapacity prevail. The

result is that the harder Russia is pressed by Western competition, and the more capital she is driven to borrow to invest in industrial expansion, the heavier is the burden of the nation in proportion to its resources, and the more hopeless its financial outlook.

For example, in 1887, before the negotiation of the French loans, the annual charge on the public debt reached, in round numbers, 186,000,000 gold roubles; in 1899 this charge had swollen to 270,000,000 gold roubles, in spite of conversions which lowered the rate of interest at least two per cent, and in spite of the suppression of the sinking fund. Now this charge represents mainly a debt due abroad, which must be paid either by exports or by new loans. If the national balance of trade in favor of Russia has grown proportionately to the debt, the empire is paying its way; if it has shrunk, the empire must be losing ground.

Between 1886 and 1890 the exports of Russian merchandise exceeded the imports, on the average, by 173,000,000 gold roubles, a sum doubtless sufficient to meet the foreign disbursements and leave a handsome margin, since at that time a larger portion of the loan was held at home than at present. Between 1891 and 1894 this balance fell to 111,700,000 gold roubles, and in the three years 1896-98 to 98,500,000 gold roubles, and this in spite of the high price of grain in 1897. Therefore since the French inflow of capital began, the interest account has risen forty per cent, while the balance from sales of merchandise has decreased forty per cent, leaving the country with a deficit on its fixed charges. Nor is this the worst. The enormous foreign investments in industries have to obtain a profit from sales at high prices to the peasantry, and the money thus taken from the country is sent abroad as regularly as government interest. Therefore, when M. de Witte fails, as he has failed this year,

to negotiate new loans, the specie accumulated in St. Petersburg, which is the result of old borrowing, has to be exported to Paris in default of exchange. It was in all probability a recognition of this fact which led the Czar to call the Peace Conference, in the hope of limiting armaments.

The inference is that Russia, as now organized, is not upon a paying basis, and that Russians are ill adapted to the exigencies of modern competition. This inference is also strengthened by the fact that the commercial interests of the empire, in the chief cities of European Russia, are passing under the control of Germans and Jews, and that German is the language of Russian finance.

Conversely, it seems to be generally conceded, that the condition of the peasantry is deplorable. As the price of grain has fallen, taxes have risen until the margin of profit upon the average crop has dwindled to a bare subsistence, and a bad season means famine, — famine not because bread is dear, but because the population lacks money wherewith to purchase. Hence starvation has become chronic in the empire, and there is seldom a time when people are not dying either from hunger, or from the effects of hunger. Last winter Bessarabia was immolated, a province which had never before known scarcity, and the bitterness of the situation lies in this, that when all has been sold and the cattle have been killed, and nothing is left to seize, the taxes accumulate, and these arrears sweep away any surplus which might remain after the next era of plenty. For this reason the inhabitants of the valley of the Volga are abandoning their farms and wandering toward the wastes of Siberia, where too often an equally miserable fate awaits them.

Such phenomena point to the conclusion that Russia must either undergo a social reorganization which will put her upon a cheaper administrative basis, or she must obtain fresh property which she

can mortgage; that is to say, she must expand.

What a social revolution in Russia would portend transcends human foresight, but probably its effects would be felt throughout the world. The conservative instincts of the race are, however, very strong, and it is likely that they will prevail until the last extremity. Assuming, therefore, that the existing status of society will remain unchanged, an alternative appears to be presented to the people.

Foreign borrowing has, apparently, been carried to something like its limit, unless new securities can be pledged, but such securities are usually the fruit of war. The most brilliant would be the Shansi minerals. The development of those deposits offers the best, and, perhaps, the only chance for that industrial development for which the Russians have striven for two centuries, and hitherto failed. War is costly, but the Russians have a large treasure in gold which they can spend in expansion. If they succeed they will have won the richest prize of modern times. If they fail they will only arrive a few years earlier at the issue of more paper money, a measure which appears inevitable on the present basis; for, with the balance of trade going against them, and the interest account growing, if the reserve of specie is not used in war, it seems destined to be exhausted in paying the charges on the debt.

Should the military and agrarian party gain the upper hand, as some think it has the upper hand already, an attempt would probably be made to absorb the northern provinces of China. The question is how this would affect the United States. Evidently the United States has nothing to gain by the opening up of Asia. The United States is now mistress of the situation; the United States is fast attaining a commercial supremacy heretofore unrivaled. An industrial movement in the valleys of the Ho-hang-ho and Yang-tsze could only tend to her

embarrassment. The best thing that could happen for her would be for China to remain as she is. But the very success and energy of America make it unlikely that China can stay stationary; an effort at development is inevitable, and it behooves Americans to consider whether they can safely allow that development to be wholly controlled by others. If Russia should absorb Shansi she cannot organize it alone. She has neither the genius nor the capital. She must mortgage her property, in the future as in the past, and there is a likelihood that the mortgagee will ultimately come into possession. Even supposing a conflict between Japan and Russia, in which Japan should prevail, the situation would remain substantially unchanged, for the Japanese are both from a financial and an administrative standpoint as unequal as Russia to handle such a task. They would have to resort to the same expedients as their adversary.

There remain the English, the Germans, and ourselves. The English may, probably, be dismissed from consideration; their energies are already over-

taxed, and of late, except in South Africa, British capital has shown a tendency rather to contract than to expand its sphere of activity. The Germans, on the contrary, are aggressive, and are taking the present opportunity to extend their influence. Were the Russians and the Germans to coalesce to dominate northern China, and were the country to be administered by Germans with German funds, a strain of a very serious nature might be put upon America.

Evidently this community cannot be excluded from the East; our geographical position, our wealth, and our energy make such an event, unless through coercion, impossible. Laws of nature are immutable; money will flow where it earns most return, and investments once made will be protected.

Hence Americans must accept the Chinese question as the great problem of the future, a problem from which there is no escape; and as the solution of these great struggles for supremacy often involves an appeal to force, safety lies in being armed and organized against all emergencies.

Brooks Adams.

NOTE. — I wish to rectify an oversight in my article on Russia which, unfortunately, I noticed too late to correct in the text. The oversight consists in taking the totals given in gold roubles in the Russian reports of different years, and comparing them directly with each other, forgetting, for the moment, the effect of M. de Witte's currency reform. When M. de Witte reformed the currency he scaled down the old gold rouble thirty-three per cent, to bring it to parity with the depreciated paper rouble. Therefore calculations to-day must be made on the basis of the modern gold and the old paper rouble. This vitiates the estimate of the increase of the charge on the public debt made on page 315. The adverse balance remains, but not on so great a scale. — BROOKS ADAMS.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

It would be difficult to find an example of the human type in which all its possibilities are presented in more rounded completeness than they attained in James Martineau. If we begin with the physical substratum of life, we find in him a very unusual degree of health and vigor. It is not merely that he lived to the advanced age of nearly ninety-five, but that almost to the end of this long life he was master of himself, and of his powers of body and mind. We have interesting glimpses of this hale and

hearty age. Rev. O. B. Frothingham, for instance, was fond of telling about a Sunday that he passed with him when his host was some seventy-five years old. In laying out the plans for the afternoon, Mr. Martineau asked his guest whether he would prefer a little walk or a drive. The walk proved to be a stroll of some ten miles with a mountain climb in addition. Mr. Frothingham said that he chose the drive. His mental powers endured at least as long as his physical. As Rev. A. W. Jackson has said,

"Hardly any decade of his toilsome life was fuller than the ninth one." It was this basis of physical health and strength that enabled him to perform so easily the vast work of his life. Of course we are not to understand that he felt none of the infirmities of age. To a man who had lived so large and free a life, these must have been especially irksome.

In an unpublished letter¹ to Dr. J. H. Allen of Cambridge, written shortly after his eighty-ninth birthday, he makes this charming allusion to birthdays, and to the comfort that he derived from the greetings of friends. He writes: "Three hundred and sixty-four days of the year I wonder at the old Hebrew yearning for length of life and glorification of old age; but the remaining day converts me for twenty-four hours, by mere force of congratulation and the charm of the gracious and friendly letters that lie in heaps on my table, so that I think nothing more delightful than my first step into my ninetieth year." Rev. P. R. Frothingham, who called upon him when he was ninety years old, tells me that at that time his sons and their wives were in the habit of joining his daughters and himself every Saturday evening. They passed the evening in reading aloud. At that time they were reading Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. We could hardly have a more beautiful picture of patriarchal peace, for the sons must have been fast approaching, if they had not yet reached, the period at which, to the surprise of the man himself, the word "old" begins to be applied to him.

Not merely did he fulfill the extreme possibility of the human life so far as bodily vigor was concerned. He came nearer than most to fulfilling it æstheti-

cally as well. The familiar words fail us when we try to describe a personal appearance so unique and fascinating as that of Martineau. I prefer to quote from another an account of the impression made upon him. One writer, speaking of the entrance of Martineau upon his ministry in Liverpool, thus describes his appearance in this time of his youth: "Well does the writer remember how the circular staircase of the somewhat conspicuous pulpit was quietly ascended by a tall young man, thin, but of vigorous and muscular frame, with dark hair, pale, but not delicate complexion, a countenance full in repose of thought and in animation of intelligence and enthusiasm, features belonging to no regular type or order of beauty, and yet leaving the impression of a very high kind of beauty, and a voice so sweet and clear and strong, without being in the least degree loud, that it conveyed all the inspiration of music without any of its art or intention."² In most respects I think that this description would have held good at any time of his active life.

To this should be added the impression received from his personal appearance of what, perhaps, in the lack of a better word, we may call culture. I do not mean by this physical and mental training, but culture in a more mundane sense. Here was a man obviously fitted to meet any exigency of the worldly life. Evidently there was no circle, even in England, so exalted that he might not feel at home in it, and be recognized as being in his rightful place. There was an air of mingled graciousness and dignity which at once attracted, while it would evidently repel familiarity on too easy terms. The repulsion would be exerted, not by any specific word or "memorial number" which contains a brief sketch of the life of Martineau, and reminiscences and impressions from former students and friends. It is extremely interesting and valuable. The above description is taken from it, and I shall be frequently indebted to it in this article.

¹ A series of interesting letters from Dr. Martineau to Dr. Allen was presented to the Massachusetts Colonial Society by Mr. H. H. Edes at the meeting of March last; and they will appear among the proceedings of the Society.

² The *Inquirer* of London has published a

look, but simply by the calm presence of the man. When I saw him in his crimson doctor's robe, I confess that this, which seems in so many cases such an absurd drapery, appeared to me to be his proper garb. At the same time he evidently needed such robes of dignity less than most others.

The mind of Dr. Martineau was as lithe and strong as his body. As his body delighted in feats of strength, especially as these were connected with the climbing of his favorite hills, so did his mind rejoice in the pleasure of the athlete. He loved to climb the heights of thought. He gloried in the measurement of strength with strength, in the encounter of mind with mind. Here, too, he was fitted by nature and training to mingle with the best. He took his place with the great thinkers of the world, as one who could at least comprehend them and converse with them on an equal plane, even if he had not their power of original constructive thought.

To the development of body and mind was added the graces of the spirit. His religious nature was tender and devout. His spiritual life was as humble as his intellectual was exalted. More to him than his theology was his religion. His earliest and his latest utterances to the world were of this.

We no longer say, with Pope,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God,"

but an honest man is at least the material out of which the noblest work of God is fashioned, as the purest bit of marble is selected by the sculptor for his best achievement. It might seem strange, at first sight, to draw special attention to the honesty of a theologian and preacher. But we know that the theologian has his temptations no less alluring than those which lurk in the way of the politician and the business man. When we think how Martineau, with his poetic temperament, would have rejoiced in the splendid architecture of the

English Church; when we think how he was fitted by personality, by genius, and by learning to fill the highest place which the church could offer; when we think, on the other hand, of all the annoyances which the dissenter in England, especially a dissenter so heretical as a Unitarian, has to undergo, we may well note the unreasoning integrity, the straightforward simplicity, with which Martineau uttered in the most direct form his own thought. We will not criticise those who, agreeing with Martineau in his belief, have found it easy to use forms of speech which seem foreign to it, and who thereby have enjoyed the fullness of the large and rich life of the English Church. We will not admire in Martineau the directness and simplicity of thought and speech which made it impossible for him to do this. To admire it would seem to imply that he might have taken a different course. We simply take it for granted, as we take for granted the solidity of the granite ledge. We recognize it as a part of the character of Martineau, by which he became to the world what he actually was.

His honesty was not merely negative, it was aggressive. He not only did not say what he did not think; he always said what he did think. On all occasions he was perfectly frank. It was my good fortune to observe an instance of this frankness that seemed to me interesting. When Manchester College was established at Oxford, it was received with unexpected cordiality by many of the foremost Oxford theologians. At a lunch given by the college, a number of them were present. One of them said that he welcomed the college, not because it brought anything that Oxford did not have before, but because it brought more of that which it already possessed. In the face of all this kindness it seemed a difficult thing to protest against this assumption; yet Martineau did it. In a speech perfectly frank and perfectly courteous he stated

what Oxford had not possessed before of that which the new college had brought. The friends of the college did not know whether to be more pleased because Martineau said this, or because no one else undertook to do it. He had done easily what no one else could have ventured to attempt.

We cannot complete the catalogue of the characteristics which made of Martineau so perfect a specimen of manhood without referring more directly to the poetic imagination and that mastery of words through which the discussion of the driest or most abstruse theme was made to glow with life and beauty. To all this must be added that vague and illusive something which cannot be described, but which is one of the great ruling forces of the world;—I mean personality. It is this which brings to a focus all the elements that enter into a man's life. It is this which makes a man a leader among his fellows, or gives to his presence a nameless charm. This was present with Martineau in a marked degree.

I once heard Dr. Bartol say in a semi-public address, "I think that I am better worth studying than a bug." The good doctor was right. In Martineau, as I have tried to point out, we have a wonderfully perfect specimen of the *genus homo*. As such he deserves, even from the point of view of science, careful study.

James Martineau was of Huguenot descent. His ancestors established themselves in England in the year 1685, having been driven from their home by the persecution that followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His father was a business man, a descendant of three generations of surgeons. Doubtless this Huguenot ancestry was the source of some of the elements in Martineau's character to which I have referred, which blending with the qualities of the English race contributed to his personal charm. He was born in Norwich, April 21, 1805.

While it is the ancestry of his father that is the more interesting, it seems to have been his mother that personally influenced him most. She was a woman of clear understanding and strong will, and with a strong sense of duty. Behind these lay a great wealth of affection.

As a boy he was sent to the Norwich Grammar School, where we are told that he laid the basis of a sound classical education. At the age of fourteen he was sent to the school of Rev. Lant Carpenter at Bristol. We often speak of being born again. In the case of Martineau his life at this school constituted what he could not help regarding as a new birth. He says in a letter referring to this experience, "So forcibly, indeed, did that period act upon me, so visibly did it determine the subsequent direction of my mind and lot, that it always stands before me as the commencement of my present life, making me feel like a man without a childhood; and though a multitude of earlier scenes are still in view, they seem to be spread around a different being, and to belong, like the incidents of a dream, to some foreign self that became extinct when the morning light of reality broke upon the sight." He recognizes the illusory nature of this feeling. He sees "that in no one's case can there really occur such an abrupt termination of one series of causes, and sudden replacement of another." The feeling, however, remained, and it shows what a wonderful influence this teacher must have had upon him.¹

The special influence of Dr. Carpenter upon Martineau seems to have been in the direction of the moral and the religious life. While absolute thoroughness of work was insisted upon at every point, the ethical character and implication of the study were brought out. There was, however, another side to the

¹ Memoir of the late Rev. Dr. Carpenter, page 146.

teaching of Dr. Carpenter which was less commendable, and it is a striking illustration of the absolute frankness of Martineau that though the letter from which I have just quoted was written to the son of his old teacher, and designed to have a place in the memoir which the son was preparing of his father, he did not hesitate to emphasize the deficiencies of the teaching which he had received as strongly as he did its admirable features. After picturing the school in terms that would seem to imply absolute perfection, he recognizes the fact that his old teacher was lacking in the æsthetic sense. "His classical knowledge was superior to his classical taste; and while in the reading of a Greek drama he would note with admiration every fine noble sentiment of Sophocles, and pause upon the general maxims of Euripides, the simple and severe grandeur of the work as a whole, the perfection and symmetry of its form, and its interest as the most genuine expression of Grecian ideal life, escaped apparently unobserved." "He seemed to regard the imagination with a suspicious eye, considering it as a mere embellishment of human nature — a luxury to be sparingly allowed; or even as a positive seduction to be placed under the vigilant police of the other faculties." This certainly was a strange influence to be brought to bear upon a mind so radiant with imagination as that of the young Martineau. It could not repress this element of his buoyant life; but it could hardly have failed to affect him profoundly. Under this influence was his awakening to some sense of the meaning of life. It was, as we have seen, a new birth from which he dated all his subsequent experiences. The fact that this new birth took place under the guidance of this severe and prosaic ethical inspiration must have influenced the development of his mind, if not of his general spiritual nature. I have little doubt that this had much to do with giving the

special form to the theology which Martineau afterwards taught.

In 1821 Martineau began to prepare himself for the career of a civil engineer. It was a moment which, as we look back upon it, may well cause us to tremble at the thought of the peril involved in this start in life of the youth whom such a noble future awaited. If he had thus turned aside from his appointed way, what loss would not he and the world have sustained! His destiny, or his nature, or Providence, was however too strong for him, and the study of the profession to which he had been devoted failed to satisfy him. At the moment there came a new influence into his life. A young minister, a relation by marriage, died. Martineau was deeply moved, both by the loss and by the general sorrow that this death caused. He was affected by the evidence of the profound spiritual influence which this young man had exerted.¹ He felt that there was but one calling to which his nature was really drawn, and that was the profession of a minister.

As he turned to enter upon the preparation for this his chosen and appointed work, he came into contact with that exclusiveness by which the best opportunities that England offered to her youth were then defended. He could not enter one of the great universities, because he could not subscribe to the articles of faith. Happily there was an institution ready to receive him, which furnished him the help and the inspiration that he needed. This was Manchester College which has done such splendid work for the liberal church in England, and with which Martineau was to be so long identified. When he entered this institution he was eighteen years old.

Lest any may fancy that because Martineau was shut out from university teaching his education was in any way incomplete, I will here introduce some

¹ The memorial number of *The Inquirer*.

Latin verses which he composed late in life. To be able to write Latin verse has long seemed to be the test of a complete education in England, a test before which I fear most Americans would fail. Martineau stands it well. At his eightieth birthday, a friend, who was in the habit of sending him such annual greetings, addressed to him a quatrain of Latin verses, in which he spoke of his mountain climbing, and referred to the heights which his spirit also could ascend. Martineau replied with a similar quatrain, intimating that his friend, the poet, might well look down upon the climber, since he had wings and could soar : —

"Nec tibi restinxit, vates, matura senectus
Feryorem ingenii Pieridumque faces ;
Parnassum superans, facilis tu victor abibis
Alis despiciens tædia longa pedis."¹

He spent five years in the college, one other year as an assistant to his old teacher, and in 1828, at the age of twenty-three, was ordained as a minister in Dublin, and entered upon his first professional work. The church into which he was ordained was called Presbyterian, though the name had nothing of the significance which we associate with the term. He remained in Dublin only three years. From Dublin he went to Liverpool, where he had a ministry of twenty-five years. During these years the mind of Martineau underwent a very marked development. He had been educated in the school of Mill. By a growth, at first unconscious, he passed wholly out of this influence. In the preface to his *Types of Ethical Theory* he gives a most interesting account of this transformation. "It was," he tells us, "the irresistible pleading of the moral consciousness which first drove me to rebel against the limits of the merely scientific conception." He gave up the doctrine of determinism, and recalled "the outlawed causes from their banishment and degradation to the rank of antecedents." This mental and spir-

itual development was greatly helped by a residence of fifteen months in Germany, where he studied with Professor Trendelenburg. The result of this study would seem to have been almost as marked as the new birth which came to him in his school days. He came, he tells us, "into the same plight in respect to the cognitive and æsthetic side of life that had already befallen me in regard to the moral." We thus find him at last fully master of himself. I have already spoken of the way in which he fulfilled the ideal type of manhood. We have now seen the manner in which this type gradually unfolded itself, pressing on by an inward necessity, until, in spite of repressing influences, it stood forth in its full beauty.

The spiritual and religious life of Martineau underwent a development as important as that through which his intellectual life was passing. His first utterance as a minister was, in accordance with the spirit of the times, of a somewhat narrow type. In his work, *The Rationale of Religious Inquiry*, he insisted upon a belief in the New Testament miracles as essential to Christianity. At the same time, however, he showed his broader outlook by insisting that no miracle could prove spiritual truth. The influence of Channing was very great in his spiritual development, and Martineau spoke of him as the inspirer of his youth. Later came the writings of Theodore Parker, which received also a warm welcome from him. He became recognized as a leader in the liberal movement which was taking place in the Unitarian Church.

The life of Martineau in Liverpool was as important for the world as it was for himself. It was with him a period of great activity. It was while living in Liverpool that he published his *Endeavours after the Christian Life*, a work which brought spiritual inspiration to many on both sides of the Atlantic, and at once made the name of Martineau familiar and dear to many. Here, too,

¹ The memorial number of *The Inquirer*.

he showed his power as a controversialist. The thirteen ministers of the so-called orthodox churches in Liverpool made a combined attack upon the teaching of the three Unitarian churches. The responses called forth from these latter, especially as they were represented by Martineau, formed an epoch in the history of liberal religion. He became one of the editors of a theological quarterly, *The Prospective Review*, which was later succeeded by *The National Review*. It was during this period also he began to teach in the college in which he was educated.

Manchester College was removed to London, and it was necessary that Martineau should live in London in order that he might continue his teaching with the least strain upon himself. It seems strange, as we look back upon it, though it was perfectly natural at the time, that there should have been great opposition to the connection of Martineau with the school. This was based upon what were regarded as his extremely liberal views. The opposition was happily overcome, and Martineau continued to carry on what was one of the most important occupations of his life.

It goes without saying that the influence of Martineau upon the students of the college was immense. Language almost fails the graduates of the school when they speak of their indebtedness to him. At the same time it is not quite easy to explain how this influence was exerted. His lectures were read slowly, so that it was possible for them to be taken down verbally by at least some of the hearers. The students seemed to have had little intercourse with him outside the lecture room, and in this not often to have approached him with questions. There was, however, their reverence for the man; there was the power of his personality which made itself felt through the routine of the lecture room; there were the clearness and strength of the thought which the hearers had time to appreciate and to digest. Then, too,

it would seem that he must have introduced into his delivery a power of expression, however difficult the slowness of the utterance might seem to make this. The students were brought nearer to him, we are told, when they sat down with him to read Plato or some other Greek author. When he took part in the instruction in the preparation of sermons, the students also were brought into a close touch with him. His criticisms were often pointed and epigrammatic. Professor Carpenter, in the memorial number of *The Inquirer*, recalls two or three of these criticisms. In regard to one sermon which had dealt largely with Jewish antiquities, Martineau remarked, "Excellent, but I was waiting for the sermon." Another of these sermons he compared to a "diorama which moved very fast, and had nobody to explain it." Whether we can account for it or not, the fact remains that his students were bound to him by the closest ties of affectionate reverence, and that they felt the power not only of his intellect but of his sympathetic interest.

If it is difficult to explain precisely the manner in which his great influence upon his students was exerted, they themselves found it no less difficult to understand his comprehension of them. One of the most prominent graduates of the school writes to me that at the graduation of the students, Martineau was in the habit of making to each a short personal address; and that in this he showed a perception of the character of the man, and an insight into his real life, that no previous intercourse seemed sufficient to explain.

In 1869 Martineau became the Principal of Manchester College. In all, his connection with it as a teacher continued over forty-five years. During all this time he was extending his influence far beyond the limits of the college in which he taught, and of the church in which he preached. His essays and other pub-

lished works were recognized as among the most important contributions to theological thought. Many who differed with him most widely, in many of his views, learned to look upon him as the defender upon whom they could most rely in the great battle which religious thought was waging with unbelief. This recognition reached its fullest expression when on his eighty-third birthday he received a communication signed by the most prominent theologians of Europe and America, representing the most diverse theological views, but all united in expressions of reverence and gratitude. Nothing could better show the greatness of his work than that he, the arch-heretic, should receive such a testimonial. At the same time nothing could illustrate better the larger and more liberal spirit of the times than that such a testimonial could be sent him.

After his resignation as Principal of Manchester College in 1885, he devoted himself to the arrangement and publication of his thought in a systematic and permanent form. When the first of the works which represented this undertaking, his *Types of Ethical Theory*, appeared, it was received with some disappointment. There was regret that there was in the work so much that was historical and so little that represented the original thought of the author. Its real importance was thus at first underestimated. The public did not realize that this was only the first of the heavily loaded wains that were bringing home the ample fruitage of his harvest fields. In 1887 followed his *Study of Religion*, which received the warmest welcome from every side. It was recognized as one of the strongest presentations of the basis of religious faith. The most orthodox found in it little trace of heresy. The most heretical found it broad enough for their faith. In 1890 followed *The Seat of Authority in Religion*. In this he showed that the universal applause with which his former work had been

received by religious minds of every type had not intoxicated him. In it he expressed, in the frankest way, all the heresies which he had cherished; and many who had rejoiced over his former work were repelled by this. This book is in some ways less perfect than the others. The writing of the last part was separated by a long interval from that of the first. It is by its nature more arbitrary, not to say capricious, in some of its judgments. Yet perhaps no one of his books bears more clearly the impress of the master or has more real value. A collection of his miscellaneous works appeared later.

I am here reminded of an incident related to me by Rev. W. R. Alger. He called upon Martineau when the latter was somewhat over seventy years old. He found him ill, with no hope of recovery. Mr. Martineau said that he was perfectly willing to go, except for one thing. It grieved him to think that he must leave his work unfinished. He had collected his material, but must go before he could use it. Mr. Alger seized his hand, and by a prophetic impulse that he did not fully understand assured him that he had before him many years of life and labor. When we recall the longing of Martineau not to leave till his work was done, we take special pleasure in the thought that, before the final call came, his ripened harvest was so thoroughly gathered in and so carefully stored.

It remains to attempt some appreciation of the nature and the worth of the work thus accomplished.

In the first place we must recognize him as a religious teacher, and still more as a religious inspirer. His first important work, *Endeavours after the Christian Life*, retains the supremacy that was at first accorded to it. It is the utterance of a pure and warm religious faith, unhampered by any narrowness or timidity of thought. The form is perfect; the expression is rich with the beauty

of the imagination. Earlier in this article I expressed a certain regret that Martineau could not have had his place in the historic church, and taken part in a service enriched by the magnificent architecture which is its inheritance. After all, in reading this book we feel that he did not need this.

"There is no architect
Can build as the Muse can."

The lofty thought, the glowing imagination, the mastery of the English speech, the tender religious feeling, the soaring faith—in the presence of these we do not need the magnificence of cathedrals or the pomp of service.

Next to the importance of his work as a preacher I should place his accomplishment as a defender of religious faith against the attacks which the temper and thought of the time made upon it. He was a splendid critic, a debater whose skill it was a joy to see, even if one had no interest in the result of the contest. He evidently rejoiced in the strife. He rejoiced in the trial of strength, in finding the weak point in his opponent's armor, in parrying his deadliest thrusts. He could not help enjoying this, he was so thoroughly at home in it, so thoroughly the master of himself and of the situation. With all, he was as courteous as the most chivalrous of the olden times. Only one case do I remember in which this courtesy was forgotten. This was in his criticism of Spinoza. This discourtesy was not, however, merely because he differed with his antagonist; it was because he believed that Spinoza had made a dishonest use of the word God. It beautifully illustrates the relation of Martineau toward his sharpest antagonists, that in the famous Metaphysical Club, in which the magnates of the church and such men, if there were other such, as Tennyson and Browning, and the first thinkers of the time met to discuss the loftiest themes of human thought, it was Martineau who insisted that Huxley should be drawn into the

gathering. It is a little remarkable that the one permanent contribution of this club of great men to the world should be the word "agnostic," which Huxley introduced in order that he might have some motto on his shield, as the others had on theirs.

In spite of the joy which Martineau took in criticism and debate, it would be a mistake to assume that his natural bent was that of the critic. Strife came rather as an accident into his life. It was forced upon him from without. We can see the temper of the man as he stood a young Unitarian preacher in that pulpit in Liverpool, which his presence has made famous, as well as in his later preaching. Miss Frances Power Cobbe, in that memorial number of *The Inquirer*, gives us some account of this ministry. She tells us that many were disappointed that there was so little of the critical and the dogmatic in the sermons. She missed "Theodore Parker's flat denials on one hand and faith-strong positive assertion on the other." It was the attack of the opposing clergymen of Liverpool that first summoned to debate and made him show his power as a fighter, as he had before shown it as a teacher of religion. So, too, it was the attacks upon religious faith, insidious or open, which came from the attitude and temper of the times, that roused Martineau to the necessity of defense. As a teacher of men in training for the ministry, it was his business to guide them through the labyrinths of speculation, pointing out the snares and pitfalls by the way. But when we would think of him as he was by nature and original tendency, we must go back to those earlier days in Liverpool, before these outward demands had been made upon him.

In what has been here said of his skill as a critic, it was not intended to imply that his criticisms were in every case correct, but that he carried a fair and remarkably acute mind and courteous bearing

into the fray, and that he accomplished more than any other in the exposure of the false claims of those whose attacks upon religion gained force from the fact that they seemed to speak in the name of science.

It must be admitted that Martineau was less successful as a constructive philosopher and theologian than as a preacher, teacher, and critic. In philosophy he was a dualist. He urged the doctrine of philosophic dualism in an article published in 1860; and in an unpublished letter addressed to Dr. J. H. Allen, in 1890, he wrote: "To me, monism in any form, idealistic or materialistic, is tantamount to a denial of religion. I mean, of course, in its logical results, not in the conscious thought of those who hold it." Why he should have made so much account of the form of dualism that he held, it is difficult to see. He did not use, so far as I remember, his "datum objective to God" to explain the existence of evil or sin. It simply helped him to recognize the fact that there are some things which we cannot conceive to have been determined by a creative will. Indeed, in his *Study of Religion*,¹ he seemed half inclined to throw his dualism away, so far as all practical purposes were concerned. Of the theory which recognizes space as the only principle over against God—space to be filled with force by the divine will, Martineau says, "On the side of psychology there are difficulties attending this theory; but if they can be overcome, its metaphysical neatness and its effectual discharge of the perplexities of dualism strongly recommend it to acceptance." After this I think that we may leave his dualism out of the account in our estimate of his theological position.

Much more important in our estimate of his thought is his identification of force or cause with will. He insisted that the only form under which we know

anything about force or causation is as it is manifested through the will, or as he expresses it in one place, "the sense of effort." From this he argues that all force must be recognized as will force, and thus all force, as we find it in the world about us, must be regarded as a manifestation of the divine will. In order to save the freedom of the human will, he maintained that a certain amount of this divine force had been intrusted to each individual to use as he pleased. The highest life consists in the returning of this delegated power to God, and making it act in the line of his will. As causation thus reveals the reality of God and his presence in the world, the moral law reveals to us his holiness. This general reasoning was completed by a recognition of the part played by teleology in the world about us.

We have here what may be called a theology of will, and a system of the universe that is absolutely luminous. It is easy to understand how congenial this must have been to the keen intellect and the virile nature of Martineau.

It might be of interest to discuss the question whether the basis thus laid is sufficient for the vast superstructure that was reared upon it. Our later psychology has, however, made such discussion useless by taking away the basis itself. We now know that the "sense of effort" is an illusion. The feeling to which we give the name results from the rigidity of the muscles occasioned by reaction against outside resistance. It is carried to the brain by the nerves of sensation, and the motor nerves have absolutely nothing to do with it. We know that thought tends to transform itself into deed. If we had in the mind only a single idea, and this represented some act, the act would at once be performed. The same would be true if the idea of the act were sufficiently intense to overpower all inhibiting ideas that might be present. The will addresses itself not to acts but to thoughts. It

¹ Vol. i. pp. 407, 408.

holds an idea before the mind until this idea becomes intense enough to carry itself into activity.

It is not the place here to raise the question as to the value of this important psychological discovery to theology. We have only to recognize the fact that so far as Martineau's position is concerned, an entire reworking of the material is made necessary by it.

One of the most important of the contributions to the memorial number of *The Inquirer* is that of Rev. Richard A. Armstrong. In this he first states briefly his own view, which is that in addition to the two forms of divine manifestation recognized by Martineau there is a third which is found in the sense of beauty. In this man recognizes God, "not through any dialectic, but by immediate intuition as love." He stated this view to Martineau, and asked for his judgment in regard to it. Martineau accepted the thought as one apparently familiar to him; and granted it equal importance with the two elements of religious faith — the will and the moral sense — upon which he had insisted. Here we find that Martineau's system did not do justice to his own religious thought, at least one third of this — a third that must have had a great modifying influence upon the other two thirds — being unrecognized in his formal presentation. From all this it would appear that Martineau's work as a constructive theologian is of less value than his achievements in other directions. It may be remarked in passing that Marti-

neau's theology of will, and the exclusion from it of the æsthetic element which filled so large a place in his own religious life, may very probably have resulted from the fact that his "new birth" took place under teaching as stern as that of Dr. Carpenter.

If Martineau did not succeed in constructing a permanent system of the universe, he simply failed where many had failed before him.

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be."

His power consists in the fact that he dwelt among the realities which systems so imperfectly represent. To some who love and admire him most, the Endeavours after the Christian Life is still regarded as his best contribution to the world. Others find most inspiration in his splendid personality, all aglow as it was with religious faith. He had fairly faced doubt and denial. He had explored the gloomiest stretches of world-weary speculation, and he could still stand in all the joy of his first faith, and proclaim that

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

Whatever we may think of his system as a whole, his works will long remain a storehouse of important thoughts in regard to the matters with which philosophy and theology have to do. It is pleasant to remember that the first collection of his miscellaneous works was made and published in this country, and that Harvard was the first university to give him official recognition.

Charles C. Everett.

OKLAHOMA.

THE traveler returning to Oklahoma after two or three years' absence is made aware of a great change that has come over the territory long before the confines of the territory are reached. While still hundreds of miles away, the mere fact of carrying a ticket to Guthrie or Oklahoma City makes one an object of interest and speculation, but in a different way from formerly.

There is nothing to absorb the eye outside the car window on the long ride south from Topeka, so fellow passengers fall to observing one another and guessing as to the purpose which takes this one and that abroad. The conductor's cry of "Tickets!" is always an event, and a very interesting event if he reads aloud, as he frequently does, from a passenger's slip the name of a town in the territory. A curious silence is sure to follow, and later the holder of the ticket realizes why. One and another of his fellow travelers will speak to him, probably about the ventilation of the car, or the probability of quail on the supper table at Arkansas City, or other topic of common interest; but no matter what the talk, or how it begins, it leads quickly to Oklahoma, — so quickly, that sometimes almost before the time of day is passed comes the inevitable and tentative, "I notice you're going to Oklahoma."

Four or five years ago such a suggestion would have been resented, as in those days it was better to suppress the inquirer and imply that, although your way lay southward, your destination was nothing short of a Texas or Gulf town. Why was this? Because in those early experimental days the territory was in ill repute, and some evasion of the law was a frequent motive in seeking its hospitality. To enter as a transient during the five years succeeding the Run was to invite suspicion as to motives, un-

less a drummer's sample trunk or a valise obviously technical advertised a different sort of sinister intent.

"No questions asked," was the unwritten law of society in the earlier days, and this inducement attracted many who had a past to forget; therefore those who entered were looked at speculatively, but silently, by fellow travelers. But now it is different. "Oklahoma? I have a brother there who has the finest wheat farm in the Southwest." "I'm getting out at the next station, but I wish I had the chance to go to the territory and try my luck. Everything is booming there; they say you can't help making money." "If you are going to Perry, you must know a friend of mine who took two hundred dollars down there and has turned it over and over in loans until now he's actually rich." This is the sort of thing that is now said on the trains that glide along through the prairies and over deep-cut streams to what was the promised, but is now the possessed land. Prairies I mention from old-time habit, but they are a thing of the past, except in the Western grazing districts, and the long Cherokee strip which caps the Texas Panhandle.

It is disconcerting, perhaps even annoying, to be called upon to make over ideas concerning a place, but that is what every one must do about Oklahoma. The blossoming prairies of spring, the waving prairies of summer, and the rich mahogany-red prairies of autumn and winter are metamorphosed, turned to profitable wheatfields. Long cross-country rides with the sun as clock and compass, and shaded ravines as resting places, are an impossibility, for every farm is "wired up," and the rider must perforce regulate his goings and comings by the uncompromising directness of the section line. "Where do you live?" asks one

of another. "Three miles south, two west, and ten south." "How shall I get to Kingfisher?" asks one in the saddle. "Take the next section line west, and straight on for twenty-eight miles." This truly utilitarian system is liked by purely practical folk not seeking diversion and desiring to go by the most direct line from place to place, but the transplanted Easterner sighs for a curve or two, or an angle, even, that is not a right angle.

Another reason why Oklahoma piques the interest is, that almost every one remembers the unique way in which it sprang into being as a land for civilized men, and yet only those who actually took part in the Run remember its excitement and its injustices. First the land was bought from the Indians and surveyed in a plaid of mile-square sections with stones or blazed trees to mark the corners. Then the militia swept the country of every unofficial being, and, the government having duly advertised the date of this grand gift distribution, somebody fired a pistol into the air at the time selected, and nearly one hundred thousand desperate, greedy folk burst through the boundaries and ran for prizes. They had come from distances near and far, and had camped for days near the border with a saddle horse, a buggy, or a farm wagon and team, and for hours before the signal, had stood in line restrained by the militia. In that mad race brute strength, selfishness, and blind disregard of others were what won. If a racer's horse fell, others rode over him; if a neighbor lost a wheel, so much the better; if women or the aged were not strong enough to keep the pace, then there were fewer in the race.

But a modern Cadmus must have been about directly before the opening, for where no men had been the night before, men appeared as if by magic. None knows how long they had lain concealed in the wooded cracks of the earth, locally known as draws, for those who know will never tell. "No man sleepin' in the

draws dare stretch his foot out the night before the Run," explained one with knowledge of those early days, "for fear he'd touch another feller." These were the fraudulent "sooners," some of whom were ousted, while others quietly acquired possessions with smiles of self-congratulation.

Of course it was not the intention of a beneficent government to set its people quarreling and to involve them in years of litigation, but could any other condition result? Not one man alone, but two, three, and sometimes as many as seven, claimed ownership of a quarter-section, the precious one hundred and sixty acres that was apportioned as a claim. Each man declared his right, and so the notices of claim contest were filed almost simultaneously with homestead entry. The bitter meaning of this was that very often a man's nearest neighbor was his hated enemy, for as neither contestant would acknowledge his error and move on, and as there were no longer any desirable claims unoccupied, both or all the contestants erected dwellings and lived on the land.

What happened? For a year or two it was a common thing to hear that a farmer living "three miles west and one mile south," had been shot at twilight or dark by a person unknown. If the man was a bachelor, or lived a bachelor's life alone on a claim, and the murderer was undiscovered, the other contestants had a fair chance of securing the claim. If the dead man left relatives, sometimes the family tired of the slow way of courts, and there was another twilight shooting. The very lightest trouble was years of expensive litigation as the contestants knocked at the door of one court after another until they reached the ear of the Secretary of the Interior at Washington.

All this made rough tales of the early days, as the times of ten years ago are now called, but those things are past, for claim contests are for the most part

settled, and prosperity has warmed men's hearts and turned their thoughts from the two-edged sword of revenge. Blood has been spilled in private internal wars at Oklahoma, but the territory of to-day is a tame place for those whose appetite demands border ruffianism. In the East, preconceived notions of the district prevail, and these all have to do with rough characters who clank their spurs and inordinately indulge in "tin-roof cocktails," when not "holding up" trains, and all of them are known by terror-inspiring names. Slaughter Kid, Zip Wyatt, the Dalton boys who claimed kin with the James brothers and rived them in lawlessness, are all veritable characters, and are greatly beloved by those who warm up to reminiscent tales when the chair is tilted back, the hat brim tilted forward, and duty can be postponed until to-morrow. But marshals and deputy marshals were as reckless of life as the desperadoes, and fled after them toward the Indian country, where the rogues usually found safe asylum. Until prosperity brought higher ideals of amusing diversion, the public appetite for pleasure fed on the escapades of the desperado.

It was not more than four years ago that one of the bravest of deputy marshals captured a well-known outlaw while he was innocently "having a shave" at a barber's. The capture was tame, but an amusement-starved public rose to magnify it. The territory, to a man, felt the thrill of brotherhood with the outlaw, and, kicking the world of moral conventionality like a ball before their feet, they greeted and fêted the captured outlaw with public rejoicing, regretting deeply the necessity of taking him at the last to a hotel which harbors only guests of evil reputation at the territory's expense. A year or two later, this noted outlaw was brought to town in the piteous garb of death, run down after an escape, and again the spirit of diverting excitement claimed its own,

and demanded a public exhibition of the man's body. The feeling prevailed that with the passing of Bill Dalton the territory had lost its own peculiar and legitimate diversion which made small boys thrill and men "swap yarns."

As well look for the typical desperado within sound of the happy village chime as to look for him in the latter-day civilization of Oklahoma. He simply does not exist. When he flourished, there was also that other band of men, more reckless than he, and braver, because backed by right, the deputy marshals, to whom is due the honor of having rid that country from as dangerous a class of men as ever preyed on others. When Theodore Roosevelt organized the Rough Riders, some of his earliest volunteers were from among these same deputy marshals, who were full tired of lounging about in a country of peace and plenty. They languished for excitement, and there being none at home, went abroad for it, still with the right behind them. Bill Tighman of Chandler, who has made famous captures, but who is modest and shy to self-extinction in company, was among the first to go, and by some error of the press was reported killed at San Juan.

Another invincible was Heck Thomas, whose life has been made of danger bravely faced. "Our day is gone; there's no more work for the deputy marshal," he says, with the sweet and melancholy lingering on vowel sounds that characterizes the Southern speech. Equipped for the pursuit, he was a thrilling sight, two yards of supple strength furnished like an armory, and swaying easily on a swift-footed mount. Now he lives in urban ease in a comfortable cottage, on the interest of various ransoms. But alas for picturesqueness, he is more absorbed in his garden than in border life, and like all men to whom danger seems the normal state is too modest to tell the story of his life, a tale that would make a writer famous for three generations.

The very young, the repeatedly unsuccessful, and the incompetent, these are the three classes to which crowded centres show no mercy; and these are the three classes which fled to Oklahoma for a last chance at Fortune's favors. It is America's peculiar talent to convert European peasants into intelligent citizens. It is Oklahoma's peculiar talent and special pride to make self-respecting, prosperous men of almost desperate ne'er-do-weels.

The territory is now a garden of quarter-sections, each farm containing a farmhouse of the modern pattern, that is, like a suburban cottage, large barns for storing grain and hay and sheltering cattle, with enough windmills to shadow Holland. The hundred and sixty acres which at first was more than a man could handle is now too small for his ambitions, and we hear of farms of four quarters where others' claims have been bought and added, sales of claims being allowable after five years' residence and "proving up." Claims make farms, not cities, and the homesteader of every class was obliged to turn farmer; therefore, the life blood of Oklahoma is the farm. It is perforce an agricultural territory. Its cities are made by the necessities of the farm folk, and will be until large enough to become manufacturing centres. The prosperity of towns and cities bears directly on the prosperity of the farm, and reflects it. If a storm rages to the entire obliteration of a street fair, which a town has been weeks in preparing, the people say cheerfully, "Never mind, it will help the farmers and save the fall wheat," for without crops there would be no money, and that condition would be a painful reminder of the early days. There were very hard times for four or five years after the opening.

It could not very well be otherwise, with all this horde of moneyless people trying to coax fortunes out of the ground and to convert their produce into horses,

clothing, and groceries. In those days, the apothecary accepted a fowl for his table in place of a bottle of cough syrup, and the dealer in hardware took feed for his horses in exchange for cook stoves. Many farmers who staked claims had never been on a farm before, — had been clerks, mechanics, city workers. Besides this, they were unacquainted with soil and climate, and every crop, save Indian corn, was experimental. Pretty nearly every claim had the misery and expense of a contest, and there followed several seasons of discouraging drought. This brought terrible reminder of the defeat in western Kansas whence so many of Oklahoma's settlers had come. They wondered if this too was to be a graveyard of dead hopes. In those dark days of struggle there were many who would have given up, had such a course been possible, but they were held to their bargain for want of means to escape, and out of their desperation grew one of the most phenomenal successes of our country. In ten years this people, who started with nothing, showed \$43,000,000 of taxable property. This, as every taxpayer knows, represents only one half or two thirds the actual amount, for who is going to tell all to the assessor?

Four years ago the brave settlers of the territory began to smile. Rain then appeared with sufficient frequency to suit every sort of crop, and the results were even beyond the dreams of farmers. The experiments of the government agricultural station at Stillwater had helped the farmers in deciding what to plant, and new crops are assured and strong. Those who like to discover springs of human action can see here other influences that lead to decisions. The climate is temperate, suitable for the crops of both North and South. How is each farmer's crop determined? Mainly by the locality from which he came. If he migrated from the North, he plants wheat; from the West, he plants corn; and from the South, he plants cotton,

alfalfa, and castor beans. And all these things, and many more, grow luxuriantly side by side.

Why does the cotton crop of '99 fall below that of the preceding year? For one of those human reasons that lighten the numerical dullness of statistics. The difference between 140,000 bales in '98 and 90,000 bales in '99 is attributable entirely to the indifference of the picker. The despised and humble "fiel' han'" of slavery days is responsible for this enormous falling off. The negro, who abounds in Oklahoma, is the natural cotton picker, for he loves the work and declares with an opulence of tone, "Hit's des' de putties' plant dey is," as he plucks the foamy white from the horny boll. But here is where racial peculiarities come in; the negro laborer is an individual of short and optimistic views; he picks the first yield of the cotton fields with a light heart and a light purse, but directly the purse is filled, he tosses his cap over a windmill and lives with inconsequent joy on the money he has amassed. Neither prudence nor wisdom can conspire to make him work again until the last cent has been two days spent, and actual hunger has him in its clutches. Meantime, the next yield of cotton has matured, wide fields of green bolls have burst like mammoth pop corn, and the beautiful fruit lies chaste and lovely under the smiling sky. Then comes a drenching, devastating storm of three days or a week, when the red mud splashes up to the highest bolls, and the farmer endures the agony of seeing his profit cut short by the destruction of his crop, — all because the negro will only work on an empty stomach. Another reason for the diminished cotton crop is that laborers are paid seventy cents a hundredweight for picking, and the payment of this wage diminishes the farmer's profit. The lucky cotton planter is he whose house is full of children, and who turns them loose in the cotton patch with their mother as overseer. Then

the cotton picking wage is conserved within the family, and the labor becomes a domestic diversion, like dish-washing or sewing.

Cotton will not, however, continue a decreasing crop, for it is of too great value to the territory. The trustworthy laborer is sure to appear in course of time. The bales are all shipped to outside ports, so the money they bring adds that much to the territory's wealth. Five million dollars was received for the crop of 1898, all of which poured into Oklahoma for its enrichment, some of the cotton being sent to Liverpool and Japan by way of the Gulf ports. The residuum of cotton gins is of great local value. From the seeds oil is made, and this has caused the erection of large mills. The refuse is good fodder for cattle, and thus cotton helps the cattle-fattening industry. Cotton is bound to be a large and permanent crop in Oklahoma, notwithstanding the improvidence of the negro field hand.

There are no tramps, no unemployed, in this land which overflows with prosperity. There is more work to do than people to do it, and farmers are clamorous for help. Four families to each square mile is not a large allowance for agriculture. In the wheat districts the Eastern eye notes the result of this at once in the mammoth slovenly stacks of straw which stand like uneven yellow mountains all through the fields of young green wheat, and in the massive machines for threshing which are left in the open for need of hands to build a shelter. "Shiftless," is the first impatient comment; but think a moment if this is just. There are not enough laborers to keep things prudently tidy. Wheat is not grown in Oklahoma as in other districts. The soil is fresh and unexhausted, and is used year after year with no preparation except rather crude tillage. Fertilizers? They laugh down there at the idea that farmers try to live in countries where such an expense is necessary. And so, when the wheat waxes

yellow over their hundred and sixty acres, they attack it with reapers and binders, and feed it to the mammoth thrasher which stands in the open to save labor. And so grows a mountain of straw, and the thrasher moves on a few hundred feet and piles another mountain, and again and again, until the vast plain is metamorphosed. Then, before the straw can be moved or the machinery housed, tillage begins again and the fields are replanted, so that October will smile like spring in its diaphanous green mantle of sprouting wheat. Thus the process goes on year after year, and even though labor is scarce, Oklahoma is becoming one of the most important wheat-raising districts, twenty million bushels being the yield at the last harvest, and thirty-five million bushels prophesied for this season.

Kingfisher has the honor of being the largest primary wheat market in the United States, one million bushels having been shipped from there this year. Dollar wheat started prosperity in Oklahoma, is the declaration of those who claim to know. It certainly was responsible for many individual changes, especially among farmers. When they first built shelters to live in — they could not be called houses — they used whatever was at hand; logs, sod, or even a hole in the ground, called a dugout. But the year succeeding dollar wheat was followed by a crop of fine houses, and now one never gets too far out on the prairies to see lace curtains fluttering from the farmer's windows, or to hear the sound of a piano on the breeze. As recently as three years ago, the farmers still used as their only vehicle the big springless box wagons which agriculture demands, and in which many of them had made the Run. They are cumbersome affairs, and require a stout team to draw them, and if the produce to be taken to market fifteen miles away was a pot of butter and a basket of eggs, the chariot and the expenditure of force seemed overlarge. So with bet-

ter times came a desire for a light carriage for light work. One who observes closely noticed fourteen buggies on one Saturday afternoon, towed by fourteen happy farmers in farm wagons, going homeward over one prairie approach to Guthrie.

A difference is noticeable, too, in the smaller shopping. During the first discouraging years privation was the rule. In the wagons that rumbled homeward after a day in the market town were one or two poor little packages of groceries rattling forlornly about in the vast wooden square. Peep into those wagons now, and there will be seen bundles from the drygoods shops, luxuries from the markets, large framed pictures tenderly packed against the jolts, and showy pieces of furniture. But, best of all, the faces of the farmer and his family tell the story of prosperity and independence. In the towns, the story of progress is told another way. Those who originally had no carriages now have several, and as for bicycles, they are considered too unfashionable for any but the negroes. At flower parades, which are a usual autumn pageant, as brave a showing of vehicles is made as could be found anywhere away from the large cities of the Union.

There is one part of the population that travels on wheels which changes not with prosperity, but this class only deserves notice because there is so little left of human picturesqueness in the territory. Travelers, they call themselves, and only the stranger notices their presence at all, although several strings of their wagons can be seen any day on the prairie roads, lingering within the towns or camping by a stream. Their vehicles are the box wagons of the farmer arched over with bows of hickory to support a canvas top, — the "schooner" of the emigrant. Where they are going no one knows nor cares, not even the drifting family itself. The lines of wagons and live stock look like

the emigrant trains of Indian days bound for some promised land ; but with less definite purpose, these people wander on, gypsy-like, year after year, objectless, mildly predatory, but, to judge from their faces, unspeakably wretched. An old woman seems to be part of each outfit, two or three desultory men of unguessable age, a younger woman, and a horde of children, curious and unwashed. A stranger one day fell to talking with one of these families as they were camping for dinner, and on learning that the group had been on the move for ten years, realized that the three children must have been born in a state of migration. As a matter of curiosity, he asked the places of their nativity. "Well," said the father ruminatively, "Johnny, he's a Studebaker ; Jimmie, he's a Mitchell ; and Emma, she's a South Bend." He counted residence by wagons, not places. Most of Oklahoma settlers emigrated twice before reaching this land of plenty, but the people of whom I now speak have acquired a moving habit, and only the grave itself will insure permanence.

Railroads are supposed to develop a country, — are often built for that purpose. In Oklahoma we see the uncommon condition of the country maturing ahead of the railroad, so that now four trunk lines are tumbling over one another in the race to secure desirable rights of way. The Santa Fé system threw a tentacle across the territory while the Indians were still in possession, and brought thousands of settlers and boomers at the opening, — with a time allowance for those who came afoot or on horseback. Now this road is uniting with the Rock Island to ramify Oklahoma with branches, and to make it accessible from east and west, thus putting it in easy touch with the Middle and Southern states and California. Handling the wheat and cotton crops is an important matter for the railroads. Corn is mainly shipped "on the hoof," to use the Western stock-

man's term. The farmer finds that corn yields him a far higher price per bushel if it is converted into "hawgs," as he calls the black swine of the fields, so he breeds the best of Poland chinas, fattens them inordinately on his corn crop, and sells his produce in animate form, to the aggregate number of two hundred and twenty-eight thousand a year for the territory. Thus, although the real yield of corn for this year reached the astonishing figure of seventy-five million bushels, a large amount of the crop was for home consumption. The increase of railroad facilities is acting two ways : it is moving the vast crops with such facility that growers can easily dispose of their products, thus raising local prices for home-grown necessities and luxuries. It also tends to lower the price of manufactured goods which are shipped in. Naturally, there are but few manufactories as yet in the territory, and these only for the purpose of converting crops into more convenient shape for shipment, as cotton gins, presses, and oil mills.

Except in its western reaches, Oklahoma is not a grazing country, yet Governor Barnes's last report gives the figure of eight hundred and fifty thousand as the number of cattle raised in the territory. Oklahoma is a fertile ground for new ideas, and adopted the new theory of cattle raising almost before the East had learned of it. According to the old theory, cattle were left on the range from calfhood to maturity, leading a precarious life, often succumbing to drought and blizzard, and those who endured the suffering were sent to be fattened in smaller inclosures. Poor wrecks they were, many of them, and repulsive to contemplate, if the March grass was late in springing. Why let the cattle get in such a condition ? asked some one, and so the plan was changed. Cattle are raised in small herds of twenty or thirty, grazing partly on native grass, but mainly on Kaffir corn, cornstalks, and other

"roughness." Shelters are built for stormy weather, and each steer is known to its owner and cared for. In this way a steer has no period of starvation, is always fat and healthy, and is ready for market as soon as grown. Packers express a signal preference for this sort of beef. And this is the way the Oklahoma farmers raise their million head of cattle.

There is no need to go to Europe for cheap living while Oklahoma exists. Distance from the large markets makes it the ideal place for housekeepers with a slender purse. All home-grown foods of a perishable nature can be had for refreshingly low prices. Some of these I quote that I may make heads of Eastern families groan with envy. Watermelons, notwithstanding that several hundred freight cars of this juicy fruit roll northward to Kansas City, can be bought at any time from July to cold weather for five cents each, and these of a size and sweetness unsurpassed. Muskmelons, delicious as nectar, are five cents a dozen, although these, too, are sent away liberally in carloads. Spring chickens are twenty-five cents a pair; sweetbreads, ten and fifteen cents; beef and lamb, fifteen cents a pound. Grapes — alas, this luscious crop is nearly given away — one cent a pound for the best. The reason for this humble price attached to so fine a fruit is that the crop matures and is in its prime during the heat of August, and shipment is impossible except in refrigerator cars which are too expensive. And so the whole population revels in delicious juice. Some attempt is being made to convert it into wine, but the liquid is not yet for the connoisseur.

In March the whole land is abloom with fragrant pink. This is the promise of June and July peaches. They come in rich abundance and of a size rivaling the California fruit, while in flavor they far surpass those of the older state. When they become known in the East,

there will be loud clamoring for them, and Oklahoma housekeepers will notice with regret an upward tendency in price. However, almost every one has a few peach trees tucked in around the house. Added to cheap provisions is low rent, although at present there is said not to be a house in the market for renting at Guthrie or Oklahoma City, so great is the demand. Yet, when there are houses to be had, comfortable ones are obtainable at from ten to twenty-five dollars a month. Hard coal is as great a luxury in Oklahoma as English cannon is in seaports, but within the territory are mines of soft coal, and this sells at about five dollars a ton. The other cheap fuel is wood, which brings about three or four dollars a cord. Servants are cheap in both quality and wage; but I have already proved that a dollar brings more in Oklahoma than elsewhere.

Five years after the opening the principal towns were firmly established, not on "boom" principles, but illustrating a permanent and steady growth. Five years from the time that the land was unbroken prairie, there were two cities of ten thousand inhabitants each, and in these towns a man could live in as great comfort as anywhere in the West. Houses were comfortable and were furnished with luxuries, lighted by electricity, and supplied with city water. Daily papers served the day's news, local, domestic, and foreign; large brick schoolhouses harbored industrious children, and all promised well. Now, ten years after the opening of the original Oklahoma, the promises are more than fulfilled, and men can find there a better chance for success in farming or commercial interests than they can in any other state of which I have knowledge.

Public spirit there is not merely an altruistic fancy, but a real actuating motive. The men of the town may not have been boys together, as they come from every state in the Union, but they have had mutual experiences of hard-

ship, and its prosperous outcome, so are bound together with close ties. If public misfortune occurs, they are quick to succor the needy. One year a cyclone devastated Chandler, and a flood washed away hundreds of negro shacks in Guthrie. At each calamity the Guthrie Club raised in a few hours sums of money reaching the thousands for the alleviation of suffering, and this was while poverty was still a present experience with nearly every member of the humane organization.

Oklahoma originally took its politics from Kansas. But when a man is engaged in garnering phenomenal crops or in lending money at eight and ten per cent, he is too pleasantly occupied to concern himself about free silver or Populism. In the early days of hardship, Mary Lease made pilgrimages to the territory to sow firebrands for the discontented, and incidentally to reap dollars for herself, preaching the doctrine of "raising less corn and more hell." Her appearance was accompanied by a buncombe parade of men and girls in scarlet raiment, headed by a weak attempt at a street band, but even then she only attracted the idle and ignorant. Now, her doctrines would be either hissed or hooted, for folk find in their own full purses the remedy for discontent.

What are the chances now for those who want a share of this golden land, this place where poverty turns to riches, where civilization's failures may be made conspicuous successes, where schools, colleges, and churches abound, where high ideals of social life prevail, and where one cannot help, except through idleness or vice, growing richer year by year?

Desirable farms for agriculture are all absorbed, but some are for sale at about sixteen hundred dollars a quarter-section of one hundred and sixty acres. When the farm is more conveniently located, and has permanent improvements in the way of fruit trees and buildings, such a quarter-section may be bought for twenty-five hundred dollars or thereabouts. There are abandoned farms here, as in New England, — but that is often the fault of inefficient farming, although western Oklahoma presents the same condition as Kansas, — the western portions suffer for lack of rain. In the western part of the Cherokee strip, north of the Texas Panhandle, are six million acres of land still open to homesteaders, but this is only good for grazing cattle and the thirty-six thousand sheep of which it boasts, and for raising Kaffir corn and other roughness, — to give fodder its Western name.

Oklahoma, the land of prosperity, sunshine, and brotherly love, has a thorn in its side. That cause of pain and irritation is the failure of her sister states — and especially of those in the East — to recognize the truth concerning her. They prefer tales of outlawry and border ruffianism to stories of successful agriculture, and are inclined to shut their ears to all stories save those that thrill the imagination. It is in the hope of securing justice for those who have accomplished in ten years what men of other states have taken fifty in doing, that I have made this humble attempt to influence public opinion in regard to Oklahoma, a place of unprecedented opportunity to both worker and investor.

Helen Churchill Candee.

THE ANCIENT FEUD BETWEEN PHILOSOPHY AND ART.

THIS has been a century of strange conversions, and not least strange among these is Count Leo Tolstoy's abdication of an art in which he had won world-wide reputation for the rôle of prophet and iconoclast. "What is Art?" he has asked himself, and his published answer,¹ the outcome of fifteen years of meditation, is a denial of all that has made art noble in the past, and a challenge to those who seek to continue that tradition in the present. Furthermore he has put his theory into practice in a long and powerful novel, *Resurrection*. Naturally such a renunciation on the part of an undisputed master in the craft caused no small commotion among poets and critics. Many of these, chiefly of the French school, shrugged their shoulders and smiled at a theory that would reject the works of Sophocles and Dante and Shakespeare as "savage and meaningless," and find in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* the acme of art toward which the ages have been tending. Others have taken the quasi prophet more seriously, and with much ingenuity have pointed out the seeming flaws in his argument.

Must I for my part confess that I have been chiefly impressed by the terrible and relentless logic of the book? It is easy to smile; it is easy to denounce the work as "literary nihilism put into practice by a converted pessimist." Pessimist and fanatic and barbarian Tolstoy may be, and to judge from his portrait alone he is all these; yet I know not how we shall escape his ruthless conclusions unless we deny resolutely his premises, and these are in part what our age holds as its dearest heritage of truth. Furthermore, his theoretic book may claim to be only the latest blow struck in a quarrel as old as human consciousness itself.

¹ *What is Art?* By LEO F. TOLSTOY. Boston and New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Long ago Plato, himself a renegade from among the worshipers of beauty, could speak of "the ancient feud between philosophy and art," and to-day one of the barbarians of the north has delivered a shrewd stroke in the same unending conflict.

Least of all should we have expected to find in Greece this lurking antipathy between art and philosophy, for there, if anywhere in the world, truth and beauty seem to us to have walked hand in hand. It is curious that the school of Socrates, which did so much to introduce a formal divorce between these ideas, should have been so fond of the one word that more than any other expresses the intimate union of beauty and goodness. *Kalokagathia*, beauty-and-goodness, "that solemn word in which even the gods take delight," was ever on their lips. In the beginning, no doubt, this strangely compounded term conveyed the simple thought still dear to our own youth when a fair face seems naturally and inevitably the index of a noble soul. That indeed is the ideal which we believe the truest gentlemen of Athens actually attained; we think we see it portrayed in the statues bequeathed to us by the land; it is at least the goal toward which Greek art ever strove as the reintegration of life. But after all we must confess that this harmony of the inner and the outer vision was but an ideal in Greece, such as has now and again glanced before other eyes, — only appearing not quite so fitfully there and approaching at times nearer the reality. Had it been anything more than a desire of the imagination, the history of the world would have been something quite different from the vexed pages of growth and decay which we now read. Perhaps, too, Joubert was not entirely wrong when he said that "God, being unable to bestow truth upon the

Greeks, gave them poesy." Achilles, fair without and noble within, was the glory of the race; but too often the reality was like Paris, divinely beautiful and beloved of the goddess, but hollow at heart. From an early date the wise men of the land foresaw the threatened danger. Pythagoras, who descried the poets tortured in hell, was not the only prophet to denounce their travesty of the gods; nor was Solon the only sage who looked askance on the stage.

But Socrates, the first man of the Western world to attain to full self-consciousness, was the first also to ask seriously, What are truth and goodness? and what is beauty? And though in general he would deprive beauty of its peril, by reducing it to a mere matter of utility, yet at times he seems as a philosopher to have recognized its doubtful allurements. Xenophon reports an amusing conversation with his master on the nature of kissing, wherein Socrates in his usual style of badinage hints at this hidden peril. "Know you not," says he, "that this monster, whom you call beauty and youth, is more terrible than venomous spiders? These can sting only by contact, but that other monster injects his poison from a distance if a man but rest his eyes upon him." In another book we read Socrates' misgivings in regard to the current meaning of the word *kalokagathia*. He with his contemporaries had supposed that a necessary harmony existed between virtue and a man's outer semblance, until experience brought its cruel awakening. Beauty, which as a Greek he could not omit from the composition of a full man, became thenceforth for him, as for the rest of the world, mere grace of inner character, scarcely distinguishable from goodness itself. This idea is naïvely developed in a conversation with the country gentleman of the *Oeconomicus*, where Socrates asks his old friend how despite his homely exterior he has won the reputation of uniting perfect beauty and goodness.

If we are a little surprised to hear the contemporary of Phidias and Sophocles speak doubtfully of the office of beauty, what shall we think of his disciple Plato, who was himself in youth a poet, and who in manhood was master of all styles, and able to drape in the robes of fancy the barest skeleton of logic? He, if any one, has given us "the sweet foode of sweetly uttered knowledge," and we further may say of him, with Sir Philip Sidney, "almost hee sheweth himselfe a passionate lover, of that unspeakable and everlasting beautie to be seene by the eyes of the minde, onely cleered by fayth;" and yet Plato knew and could avow that to prefer beauty to virtue was the real and utter dishonor of the soul. I can imagine that to one bred on the visions of poetry and by birth a worshiper of all the fair manifestations of Nature, nothing could be more disconcerting than to follow the changes of Plato's doctrine in this regard. In the earlier dialogues physical comeliness is but a symbol of inner grace, a guide to lead us in the arduous and perilous ascent of the soul; and his theory of love was to become the teacher of idealism to a new world. In the *Republic* the cardinal virtues are blent into one perfect harmony of character so alluring as to seem the reflection in his mind of all the visual charm he had seen in Hellas. But even here his change of attitude is apparent; this same dialogue contains that bitter diatribe against poetry and music which would banish inexorably all the magicians of art from his ideal state, because they draw the mind from the contemplation of abstract truth to dwell upon her deceptive imitations. The world has not forgotten and will never forget how these greatest Athenians turned away their eyes from what had given their land its splendid predominance. Socrates' question, What is beauty? was the "little rift within the lute," that was to widen until the music of Greece became hushed forever.

We may liken the texture of art to that floating garment of gauze, inwoven with a myriad forms and symbols, in which the goddess Natura was wont to appear to the visionary eyes of the schoolmen: we may liken it to the clouds that drift across the sky, veiling the effulgence of the sun and spreading an ever variable canopy of splendor between us and the unfathomed abyss: we may better liken it to the curtain that hung in the temple before the holy of holies; and the rending of the curtain from top to bottom may signify a changed aspect in the warfare of our dual nature. A new meaning and acrimony enter into the conflict henceforth. Christianity introduced, or at least strongly emphasized, those principles that were in the end to make possible such an utter revolt as Tolstoy's. With the progress of the new era, the feud between philosophy and art will take on a thousand different disguises, appearing now as a contest between religion and the senses, and again as a schism within the bosom of the church itself. To the followers of Christ, the indwelling of divinity is no longer made evident by beauty of external form, for their incarnate deity came to them as one in whom there was "no form nor comeliness" nor any "beauty that we should desire him." Instead of magnanimity and magnificence the world shall learn to honor humility; a different sense shall be given to the word equality, and the individual soul will assume importance from its heavenly destiny, and not from its earthly force or impotence; the ambition to make life splendid shall be sunk in humanitarian surrender to the weak; the genial command of the poet, "Doing righteousness make glad your heart," shall be changed to the shrill cry of the monk, "But woe unto those that know not their own misery; and woe yet greater unto those that love this miserable and corrupted life." Not that the old desire of loveliness shall be utterly routed from the world; but more and

more it will be severed from the life of the spirit, and appear more and more as the seducer, and not the spouse of the soul.

As in so many other things St. Augustine voices in this matter also the sentiment of the Christian world. He who in youth had written a treatise *On the Fit and the Beautiful*, turned after his conversion to bewail his unregenerate infatuation over the charms of Virgil. The grace of the natural world became for him only a "snare of the eyes;" and so fearful is he of the "delight of the ears" that he hesitates to accept even the singing in the church.

To the same horror of the lust of the eye and the pride of life may be traced in part the anomalous attitude of the Fathers and later churchmen toward women. It was the mission of the new faith to promulgate the distinctly feminine virtues in place of the sterner ideals of antiquity, — love in place of understanding, sympathy for justice, self-surrender for magnanimity, — and as a consequence the eternal feminine was strangely idealized, giving us in religion the worship of the Virgin Mary, and in art the raptures of chivalry culminating in Dante's adoration of Beatrice. But there is a darker side to the picture. Because the men of the new faith could not acquiesce in any simple life of the senses, woman must be either etherealized into an abstraction of religious virtues, or, if taken humanly, must be debased as the bearer of all the temptations of the flesh. She is the earthly vision of heaven or hell, — unless to some more human satirist she appears simply as purgatory. It is painful to read the continuous libel of the mediæval schoolmen upon woman; from St. Anthony down she is the real devil dreaded by the pious, a personification of the *libido sentiendi*.

This same revolt from the senses reached a dramatic crisis in the eighth century under Leo the iconoclastic Emperor; and iconoclasm, though largely

the work of a single man, produced far-reaching results in history, hastening the final disruption of the East and the West, and establishing the Pope more firmly on his seat. It may seem that Plato's philosophic feud with art has assumed a grotesque disguise when championed by rude fanatic mobs wreaking their vengeance on altars and images; yet it is but the same quarrel in a new and more virulent form. It is significant, too, of an antagonism within the Christian fold itself which even to this day has not been fully allayed. The old dispensation had forbidden the making of graven images; Christ had declared that God should be worshiped neither in Jerusalem nor in Samaria; his worship was to be of the spirit alone. And it was to satisfy this negative suprasensuous side of religion that the Byzantine Emperor instituted his reform. He failed, but was at least a forerunner of the Reformation which was largely a revolt of the northern races against the instinct of the south to lend form and color to abstract ideas. Luther was the great and successful iconoclast.

But no religious aspiration could entirely deaden the appeal of the senses. During the heat of the iconoclastic debate, John of Damascus had given fervent expression to the soul's need of visible symbols. "Thou perchance," he writes, "art lifted up and set further apart from this material world; thou walkest above this body as if borne down by no weight of the flesh, and mayst despise whatever thine eyes behold. But I, who am a man and clothed in the body, desire to converse with holy things in the body and to see them with mine eyes." And again he asseverates that those who wish to be united to God in the mind alone should take from the Church her lamps, her sweet-smelling incense, her chanted prayers, and the very sacraments which are of material nature, — and all these things were indeed to be swept away in good time. But in the meanwhile Christianity had produced

its own legitimate form of art, different utterly from the brave parade of paganism, yet not without its justification. The artist did not seek for pure beauty, for that intimate harmony of sense and spirit which had been the ideal of Greece; matter is now constrained to express the humility, the ascetic disdain, the spiritual aspiration and loneliness of the soul. Yet one other, and perhaps the most essential aspect, of the faith, the humanitarian sense of brotherhood and equality, must wait for the nineteenth century for its complete utterance.

If the Reformation was but a prolongation of the iconoclastic sentiment with certain new elements of moral and political antipathy added, the Renaissance in the south was a deliberate attempt to reestablish the old pagan harmony. But something artificial and hollow soon showed itself in the movement. The true balance was never attained, or if attained was held but for a moment; and the sensuous love of beauty severed from the deeper moral instincts of humanity, dragged out a spurious existence, until now it is seen in the most degraded forms of modern French art.

This is not the place to follow the conflict of our dual nature through all the ramifications of history. Those who wish to study it in its most dramatic moment may turn to the story of England in the seventeenth century, or read John Inglesant, where it developed into a romance of curious fascination. And to us of America at least the struggle of that period must always possess singular interest; for out of it grew the intellectual life of our nation, and even to-day the poverty of our art and literature is partly due to the fact that our strongest colonists brought with them only one faction of the endless feud.

For the feud is not settled and can never be settled while human nature remains what it is. To-day the man who approaches the higher intellectual life is confronted by the same question that

troubled Plato. He who can choose without hesitation between art and religion, or between the new antinomy of literature and science, has climbed but a little way on the ladder of experience. There was a parable current among the Greeks, and still to be found in our modern school readers, which tells how the youthful Hercules in the pathway of life was met by two women who represented virtue and pleasure, and who bade him choose between the careers they offered. And it has often seemed to me that the fable might be applied without much distortion to many an ardent man who in his youth goes out into the solitudes to meditate on the paths of ambition, — his choice lying not between virtue and pleasure, but between the philosophic and the imaginative life. As he sits musing in some such solitude of the spirit, we can discern two feminine forms approach him, very tall and stately, — one of them good to look upon and noble in stature, clad in modest raiment, and with a brooding gaze of austerity in her eyes as if troubled by no vision of turbid existence; the other more radiant in face, and richer and more alluring in form, with wide open eyes that might be mirrors for all the delightful things of nature, and dressed in a floating transparent robe wherein are woven figures of many strange flowers and birds. She of the fluttering garment comes forward before the other, and greets the youth effusively, and bids him follow her, for she will lead him by a pleasant path where he shall suffer no diminution of the desires of his heart, neither be withheld from the fullness of earthly experience, but always he shall behold a changing vision of wonder and beauty, and in the end be received into the palace of Fame. Here the youth asks by what name she is known, and she replies, "My friends call me Fancy, and I dwell in the meadows of Art, but my enemies call me Illusion." In the meanwhile the other woman has drawn near, and

now she says to the young man: "Nay, follow me rather, and I will show you the true value of life. I will not deceive you with cunning seductions of the eye and ear that lead only to distraction in the end. The road in which I shall guide you lies apart from the vanities and triumphs of earthly hopes; the way of renunciation will seem hard to tread at first, but slowly a new joy of the understanding will be awakened in you, born of a contempt for the fleeting illusions of this world, and in the end you shall attain to another and higher peace that passeth understanding. I am named Insight, and by some my home is called Philosophy and by others Religion." I can fancy that some such parting of the ways has come to many of those who by choosing resolutely have won renown as artists or seers. I can believe that some who have elected the smoother path have even in the full triumph of success felt moments of regret for the other life of ascetic contemplation.

More than one great artist, to be sure, has vaunted the perfect efficacy of his craft to satisfy the human soul; more than one poet has published his *Defense of Poetry*, and declared with Shelley that "the great instrument of moral good is the imagination, and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause." Even Horace has written his "*melius Chrysippo et Crantore*;" and no doubt in the last analysis the poets are right. Yet still the haunting dread will thrust itself on the mind, that in accepting, though it be but as a symbol, the beauty of the world we remain the dupes of a smiling illusion. And something of this dread seems to rise to the surface now and again in the works of those who penetrated most deeply into art and life. So the pathos of Shakespeare's sonnets may be chiefly due to the effect upon us of seeing a great and proud genius humiliated before a creature of the court. Not all his supremacy of art could quite recom-

pense the poet for his uneasiness before the fine assurance of noble birth, or cover completely the "public means which public manners breeds;" but gathering the hints here and there in the sonnets and comparing them with the scattered passages of disillusionment in the plays, I seem to read a deeper discontent with the artistic life, a feeling that he had not been faithful to his own truer self.

Alas, 't is true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is
most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely, —

he writes in one of the sonnets; and may it not be that this petulant discontent is partly responsible for his failure to care for the preservation of his works?

Still more striking is the attitude of Michael Angelo in old age toward the occupation of his life. I trust I may be pardoned for quoting at length the well-known sonnet in which the supreme artist turns at last for consolation to a Love above his earthly love: —

After the seas tempestuous, lo, I steer
My fragile bark with all my hopes aboard
Unto that common haven where the award
Of each man's good and evil must appear.
Wherefore the phantasie I held so dear, —
That made of art my idol and my lord, —
Too well I know is all with errors stored,
And man's desires that bind him helpless
here.
Those amorous thoughts that lightly moved
my breast,
What do they now when near two deaths I
toss?
One certain here, one threatening yet above.
Not painting now nor sculpture lulls to rest;
The soul hath turned to that diviner Love
Whose arms to clasp us opened on the cross.

It would be absurd to compare the words and actions of Tolstoy with the great names already cited, were it not that the Russian novelist is a true spokesman of certain tendencies of the age.

To be sure, the religious aspect of the ancient feud has for the present been much obscured, and the most notable conflict to-day is undoubtedly between the imagination and the analytical spirit of science; but within the realm of art itself a curious division has appeared which is still intimately connected with the religious instinct though in a new form; and on this present aspect of the question the actions of Tolstoy will be seen to throw an instructive light.

The humanitarian side of Christianity had been more or less concealed throughout the Middle Ages by the anxiety for personal salvation. In such a work as the *Imitation* the brotherhood of mankind taught by the Apostles was quite smothered by a refined and spiritual form of egotism; nor can we imagine a St. John declaring, "As often as I have gone forth among men, I have returned home less a man." Both the isolation peculiar to such an ideal and the spirituality which it had in common with earlier Christianity were impossible after the humanism of the Renaissance and the skepticism of the eighteenth century. Instead of these many things conspired together at the opening of our century to emphasize that other phase of Christianity, the belief in the divine right of the individual and the brotherhood of man. Deprive this belief of spirituality, and add to it a sort of moral impressionism which abjures the judgment and appeals only to the emotions, and you have the humanitarian religion of the age. And naturally the most serious art of the times has reflected this movement.

So, for example, Wordsworth has been much lauded as the high priest of Nature, whereas in reality the important innovation introduced by him into English poetry is not his appreciation of Nature but his humanitarianism, his peculiarly sentimental attitude toward humble life. This, and not any feeling of the exigencies of art, — for his later work

shows that he had no such artistic sensitiveness, — is the true source of his determination to employ “the language of conversation in the middle and lower classes of society.” Art is no longer the desire of select spirits to ennoble and make beautiful their lives, but an effort to touch and elevate the common man and to bring the proud into sympathy with the vulgar. And this, too, explains Wordsworth’s choice of such humble themes as *Michael*, and *The Idiot Boy*, and a host of the same sort. The genius of Wordsworth was in this prophetic of what was to be the deepest religious instinct of the age; and if this instinct has as yet produced few great poetic names besides that of Wordsworth himself and Longfellow, the strength of such a novel as *Miss Wilkins’ Jerome* and the public reception of such a poem as *The Man with the Hoe* (*horresco referens*) show perhaps how deep a hold the feeling is to have on the literature of the immediate future.

As a revolt against this ideal and a feeble prolongation of the aims of the Renaissance, the contrary school of Art for Art’s sake has arisen, in which beauty, like a bodiless phantom of desire, lures the seeker ever further and further from real life, weaning him from the healthier aspirations of his time, and only too often plunging him into the mire of acrid sensuality. The Goncourts in their *Journal* have admirably expressed the wasteful illusion of this search, “*Le tourment de l’homme de pensée est d’aspirer au Beau, sans avoir jamais une conscience fixe et certaine du Beau.*” We wonder to what hidden recess of the world the old Greek vision of the union of beauty and virtue has flown, and if that too is only an empty phantom of the mind.

Such, it seems to me, is the present form of the ancient feud between philosophy and art, now waged within the field of art itself — if this ambiguous use of the word may be pardoned. The com-

plexity of life of course does much to obscure the contrast of these two tendencies, but it is natural that a man of Tolstoy’s race, with his barbaric use of logic and his intemperate scorn of the golden mean, should see the contrast in its nakedness and fling himself into the battle with fanatic ardor. But perhaps he himself does not understand, and others may not at first perceive, how much he has in common with the decadent artists whom he attacks, and how the true opponent of that tendency would be the man of sufficient insight to present to the world a new and adequate ideal of the beautiful.

Tolstoy’s definition of art is very clear and consistent: “Art,” he maintains, “is not, as the metaphysicians say, the manifestation of some mysterious Idea of beauty, or God; it is not . . . a game in which man lets off his excess of stored-up energy; it is not the expression of man’s emotions by external signs; it is not the production of pleasing objects; and, above all, it is not pleasure; but it is a means of union among men, joining them together in the same feelings, and indispensable for the life and progress toward well-being of individuals and of humanity. . . . To evoke in one’s self a feeling one has experienced, and . . . so to transmit that feeling that others may experience the same feeling — this is the activity of art.”

Tolstoy’s position is precise, but in the end does it offer any ideal more than the decadent who seeks beauty as a refined, or even gross, means of pleasure, or than the pure humanitarian who sympathizes with mankind without any ulterior spiritual insight? I cannot see how the reformer has passed beyond mere impressionism, and impressionism is one of his most hated foes. The end of art for him is simply to transmit feeling from man to man. He distinctly denies the office of the intellect in art, ascribing this to science, yet he has left no room for the higher appeal to the

will. The strength of the impression conveyed is the final criterion of excellence. The artist is amenable to no laws, and his work is not subject to interpretation or to criticism. "One of the chief conditions of artistic creation," he says, "is the complete freedom of the artist from every kind of preconceived demand." The whim of the individual is the supreme arbiter of taste. Sympathy, and not judgment, is the goal of culture. Nor does the old notion of beauty suffer less at his hands. To him the Greeks were but savages (it is a Russian who speaks), and their conception of the *kalokagathia* the result of sheer ignorance. There is no ideal which beauty serves, and its application to character is a mere abuse of words. To him, as to the decadents and the humanitarians, beauty is no more than a name for pleasure, and no explanation can be given why any object should please one man and displease another. So far we are on common ground; but at this point occurs the division, and Tolstoy as a true schismatic throws himself on one side with the whole vehemence of his nature.

Seeing that the pursuit of beauty as something unconnected with character is a most insidious danger, and that art which possesses such an aim must inevitably become corrupt, he cuts the Gordian knot by discarding beauty altogether as one of the elements of art. In place of it he would complete his theory of impressionism and the divine right of the individual by adding the moral intention which makes of these a religion. The old ideal of art had been sought in the union of the higher intellect and the aspirations of the will touched with emotion; and the final court of appeal was the taste of the man who had attained to the most perfect harmony of culture and to the fullest development of character. Tolstoy, on the contrary, carries his doctrine of individualism to the extreme. If the light treatment of so grave a subject may be pardoned,

"He is the same as the Chartist who spoke at a meeting in Ireland,

'What, and is not one man, fellow men, as good as another?'

'Faith,' replied Pat, 'and a deal better too!'"

Some criterion of value he must have, and to find this he turns to the judgment of the common Russian peasant. Nothing gives a better idea of the change of civilization than to compare Tolstoy's constant reference of art to the simple untutored countryman, with the attitude of a man like Pindar in the old Greek days, or with the contempt of our Elizabethans for "the breath that comes from the incapable multitude;" for it must be remembered that, after all, the Russian fanatic is a man of the age, and that hidden in the heart of each of us lies this same curious deference to the untrained individual. And in spite of this individualism,—or should we say in consequence of it?—Tolstoy has attained a conception of universality as a basis for art. It was formerly the belief of the sages that by ascending the ladder of intellectual experience a man might leave behind the desires and emotions in which his personal life was bound up, and reach a purer atmosphere where only his truer universal self could breathe. And this obscurely and dimly was the belief of the poet. But Tolstoy would find the universal by descending. Art has nothing to do with the intellect or with the will, or yet with the exclusive emotions of a falsely isolated and corrupted aristocracy, but appeals to the heart of the humblest man, in whom the universal feelings of humanity have not been covered over by culture or luxury. At least, as a revolt against the exclusiveness of art for art's sake, this acceptance of humanitarianism in its crudest form is a real advance. "The feeling of pride, the feeling of sexual desire, and the feeling of weariness of life," are indeed not the true themes of art, and better than these are "humility, purity, compassion, love." "Art," he

says, "is not a pleasure, a solace, or an amusement; art is a great matter;" and we may forgive him much for that trumpet call. Art is indeed to him the handmaid of religion. Of the spiritual quest of the individual soul to sever himself from the world and to lose himself in communion with God, little or nothing remains: the very words sound meaningless in our ears. Let us not deceive ourselves: our religion is, as Tolstoy states, "the new relation of man to the world around him;" and in the effort to escape by means of humility and universal sympathy from the anarchy and selfishness of individualism, art, regarded as the transmission of feeling from man to man, may be a great force. It thus becomes with science one of the two organs of human progress, science pertaining to the intellect and art dealing with the interchange of emotions. Progress to Tolstoy, as to the rest of his generation, is the battle cry of the new faith, for "religious perception is nothing else than the first indication of that which is coming into existence." If you ask him toward what far-off divine event this progress tends, he will answer with the closing words of his book, the "brotherly union among men." Nor, until some ulterior goal is proclaimed, can I see that the humanitarianism of Tolstoy or of any other doctrinaire saves us from this vicious circle of attempting to unite men for the mere sake of union.

I have dwelt thus at length on Tolstoy's theory of the new art rather than on his practice of it in *Resurrection*,¹ because his theoretic writing seemed to me more fruitful and suggestive, and because — let me confess it — the novel has awakened in my mind a repugnance strongly at variance with the eulogistic reception it has gained at large. There is undoubtedly superabundant force in the book; there is the visual power, so

common in Russian novels, which compels the reader to see with his own eyes what the author describes; there is profound skill of characterization, clothing the persons of the story in flesh and blood; but with all this, what have we in the end but "the expense of spirit in a waste of shame"?

It would be an easy task to point out how perfectly the novel follows the author's theory, and how completely it presents him as a decadent with the humanitarian superimposed. There is the same utter inability to perceive beauty as connected with a healthy ideal of character, and a consequent repudiation of beauty altogether. There is the same morbid brooding on sex which lent so unsavory a reputation to the *Kreutzer Sonata*. It would seem as if the author's mind had dwelt so persistently and intensely on this subject as to induce a sort of erotic mania taking the form at once of a horrid attraction and repulsion. We are sickened in the same way with endless details of loathsome description that are made only the more repellent by their vividness; nor can I see how the fascination of such scenes as the trial and the prison can be based on any worthier motive than that which collects a crowd about some hideous accident of the street. It is not science, for it is touched with morbid emotionalism. It is not true art, for it contains no element of elevation. It is not right preaching, for it degrades human nature without awakening any compensating spiritual aspiration. The travesty of life presented in the book may be explained — I do not know — by the barbarous state of Russian civilization. The coarseness of details, however, may well be charged to the individual mind of the man who in describing in his memoirs the burial of his own mother dilates on the odor of the body. This is not a pleasant fact to mention, but is in itself worth a volume of argument. Christianity was thrust upon the northern hea-

¹ *Resurrection*. By LEO F. TOLSTOY. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1900.

then at the point of sword and pike: it would seem as if this propagator of humanitarianism was bent on making converts by trampling under foot all the finer feelings and fairer instincts, all the decorum and suavity of human nature.

Such, at present, is the most notable phase of the ancient feud, so far at least as it concerns literature; and from the horns of this dilemma — the mockery of art for art's sake on one side, and on the other the dubious and negative virtue of the humanitarians — I find no way of escape, unless the world discovers again some positive ideal which beauty can serve. And if you say that this conflict is only one phase of an ever changing and never solved antinomy of human nature, and that the conception of the good and beautiful was an empty word of the philosophers, certainly I shall not attempt to answer in terms of logic, for I myself have been too long haunted by a similar doubt. And yet I seem to see dimly and figuratively the shadow of a solution. Call it a dream if you will; but what else was the vision of Jacob when he lay asleep and beheld a ladder stretching from the earth to the sky? or the journey of Dante up the Mountain of Purgatory and from planet to planet? or Dionysius' doctrine of the hierarchy of angels and principalities and powers reaching in unbroken succession from man to the Supreme Being?

Somewhere in that same visionary land I beheld a great mountain, whose foot was in a valley of eternal shadows, and whose head was lost in the splendor of the pure empyrean. At first the eye was bewildered and could see only the strange contrast of the gloom below and the whiteness above; but as I looked longer, I discerned a path that stretched from one to the other up the whole length of the slope, uniting them by gradual changes of light and shade. On this pathway were countless human souls, some toiling upward, others lightly de-

scending, but none pausing, for there seemed to be at work within them some principle of unrest which forever impelled them this way or that. And their journey was a strange and mystic pilgrimage, through ever varying scenes, between the deep abyss far below, where monstrous creatures like the first uncertain births of Chaos wallowed in the slime and darkness, and high above the regions made dim with excess of light, where in the full noonday figures of transcendent glory seemed to move. And I saw that of all the pilgrims a few lifted their eyes aloft to the great white light, and were so ravished by its radiance that the objects before their feet were as if they did not exist. And of these few one here and there pressed on valiantly and in time was himself rapt from view into the upper radiance; but the others were blinded by the light, and lost their foothold, and were cast headlong into the loathsome valley. And I saw a few others whose eyes turned by some horrid fascination to the abyss itself, and thither they rushed madly, heedless of every allurements by the way. But by far the greater number kept their regard fixed modestly on the path just above or below, according as the spirit within led them to ascend or descend. And these seemed to walk ever in a kind of earthly paradise; for the light, streaming down from the empyrean and tempered to their vision by wont, fell upon the trees by the roadside and on the flowering shrubs innumerable and on the mountain brooks, and gilded all with wonderful and inexpressible beauty. And those that gazed above were filled with such joy at the fresh world before them that they climbed ever upward and never rested, for always some scene still fairer lured them on. And as they climbed, the light grew brighter and more clear, and the path more beautiful and easier to ascend, and so without seeming toil or peril they too passed from sight. But those others who cast

their eyes on the pathway below were drawn in the same way by the beauty of the scene where the golden light glanced on the trees; and with much ease and satisfaction to themselves they paced down and still downward, following the shifting vision and dallying with pleasure on the way, and never noticed

how the light was growing less and the road more precipitous, until losing balance they were thrown headlong into the noisome valley.

So the division and conflict of human nature appeared to me in a parable; but whether the vision has any meaning or is only an idle fancy, I do not know.

Paul Elmer More.

FOR THE HAND OF HALEEM.

WASHINGTON STREET had not yielded to the music of the band; the ears of Syrians are racked by brass and reed in the muscular mouths of men who fix their understanding upon strange, black signs — glaring with their eyes at the printed page — and hold their hearts in the leash. It is contained in the first writings of Khalil Khayat, the editor, whom all men honor, that noise is born of the servitor Intellect, but music is child of the Wandering Soul; and Khalil Khayat, as men know, speaks with authority concerning the things of the hidden heart of man. The relief of space and breeze and evening shadow, the repose of sprawling, and low, easy chatter, — the long full breath of the day's end, — had drawn the swarthy people to Battery Park; the band disturbed the solemn night, as a trivial word a funeral, — obscuring the distant, long-drawn whistles in which, as Naggeeb Fiani says, there is more music for some ears; and drowning the twitter and rustle in the trees, and the restful swish of the waves breaking against the sea wall. Battery Place and Whitehall, from the old to the urchins thereof, had come, frankly eager, to hear the band. Rag time and sentimental ballads — itching soles and a fleeting thought of love — move the native young of the tenements to double-shuffles and tears, fast follow as they may; and there is

no resisting the impulses if the hearts beat true. So Battery Place and Whitehall made love and skylarked near the band stand; and Washington Street mooned afar off in the outlying shadows.

The roguish influence of Love in hiding shifted young Alois Awad, Ameer of the seventh generation, and Haleem, Khouri's sloe-eyed daughter, to the solitude of the edge of the crowd; and Alois, having glutted his eyes with the crimson and gray and gold of the train of the sun, turned, as with the courage of impulse, and whispered, desperately, the disquieting words. "What did Antar say of Abla, his beloved, the daughter of Malik, when his heart was sore?" he asked; and he thought she must surely hear the complainings of his heart.

"To his beloved?" She lingered over the last word.

"To the beloved of his heart," he answered, solemn as an earnest child.

"It is known to you, O Alois," she said, with a quick, trustful smile. "Therefore, how shall my ignorance fret me? I — I — think all things are known to you," she went on softly. "All things written, anyway; for Khalil Khayat has taught you."

Haleem bent her head; and the breeze, verily as though won to the sport of love, fluttered a tress of black hair out of place to hide the arch light in her eyes.

"This, Antar said," Alois faltered, pushing his tarboosh up from his hot, wet brow. "This, he" — Alois's throat was suddenly parched stiff; nor could he form one more word.

"Are the words hard to recall?"

"No-o; the words are well known to me." Haleem brushed back the fluttering tress, and the sight of her little hand and the bloom on her cheeks gave Alois the swift confidence of infatuation. He pointed to the flaring sky over the Jersey shore. "These," he went on, "are the words of Antar, spoken of his beloved: 'The sun as it sets turns toward her and says, "Darkness obscures the land, do thou arise in my absence." The brilliant moon calls out to her, "Come forth, for thy face is like me when I am at the full and in all my glory." The tamarisk trees complain of her in the morn and in the eve, and say, "Away, thou waning beauty, thou form of the laurel!" She turns away abashed, and throws aside her veil, and the roses are scattered from her soft, fresh cheeks. . . . Graceful is every limb; slender her waist; love-beaming are her glances; waving is her form. . . . The lustre of day sparkles from her forehead, and by the dark shades of her curling ringlets night itself is driven away. . . . Will fortune ever, O daughter of Malik, ever bless me with thy embrace? That would cure my heart of the sorrows of love!'"

The voice of young Alois had risen from husky stuttering to the cadence of rapture; thus, always, the poetry of love moved him. The words were Antar's spoken, in times long past, on a sandy waste, far, far away from where the elevated engine snorted over the long, smutty curve to the South Ferry terminal; but the vibrant anguish and the pleading of the last cry, the eternal passion, were of the pregnant moment, young Alois's. They rang true in the ears of Haleem; and her heart answered, leaping, yet afraid, as a cub lion, cap-

tive born, might sniff and whine with its first breath of the jungle. Ah, she was a daughter of the land, was little Haleem! It was the first bold word of love she had heard; and it was as though, now, suddenly, she had come to the crest of a hill, and a fair, broad land, a land of gardens and rivers and shady places, — *her* land, the very riches of her womanhood, — was spread at her feet, with a sure path to tread, and a golden vista, leading whither the sun was rising, all rosy. So her heart throbbed, and there was a new, strange pain in it; and she wrung her little hands cruelly, — though Alois would have given a year for a kiss of the flushing finger tips, — and she turned her brown eyes to the harbor, where there was nothing to delight in them — though Alois could have wandered lifelong in their depths. For, indeed, she was very much afraid.

"Antar," Alois stammered, perceiving, and ready to weep for regret that he had disquieted her, "he — he — was a bold man. Shame to him, if she suffered!"

"He loved her very much."

"Ho!" Alois exclaimed. "His love was very great! Did he not carry her off from the tents of her people, even against their spears?"

"Had he so great courage?" Haleem's breath came fast again; she stared, thus panting, at the unwieldy Annex Ferry and its luminous track of foam.

"Ah," Alois sighed, "there is a gentler way, and" —

"Haleem! Little daughter!" Salim Khouri, to whom fat came with prosperity, had waddled within hearing distance; and his was the asthmatic call. He came up puffing, but smiling a broad, indulgent smile. "Little Star," he said in the dialect, taking one of Haleem's thick braids in his chubby hand to fondle it, "now, ain't she a little star, Alois? Ha-a-a-a!" His eyes twinkled with affection for her. He moved his arm

to the bench rail at her back ; and she sank against his comfortable breast, and, from this safe, familiar place, flashed an inscrutable smile to Alois, that strangely gave him courage. "She no star," Khouri went on in broken English. "She 'lectreek light. Ho, ho ! That 's w'at."

"Little Star — Little Star," Alois said in the classic Arabic. "That is better — Little Star !"

"'Lectreek light," Haleem pouted. "My father he say 'lectreek light."

Now Alois reproached himself for having blurted out his passion in the ear of his helpless well-beloved after the rough Western fashion, — taking advantage of the liberty of the land, forgetful of the gentler, solemn way of his people ; and so shamed was he in his own sight that, soon, he could bear to sit no longer with Haleem and her father, but craved to be where, in solitude, he could vent the impulse of his heart. So he said a flushing, shamefaced good-night and went away ; and, wandering without aim, he came to the place where the fire-boat lay purring in her dock. This was a quiet place, shaded by the Aquarium from the noise of the band. He sat down where there was a view of the darkening harbor, — the shadows had long hidden Staten Island, and were then closing round the Statue of Liberty, — and, as he thought dreamily of his own beloved, the words of Antar, spoken in ecstasy, hurried, crowding, through his thoughts, weaving themselves with them, for they had been in his mind many days : "Were I to say thy face is like the full moon of heaven, where in that full moon is the eye of the ante-lope ? Were I to say thy shape is like the branch of the erak tree, oh, thou shamest it in the grace of thy form ! In thy forehead is my guide to truth ; and in the night of thy tresses I wander astray. Thy teeth resemble stringed jewels ; but how can I liken them to lifeless pearls ? Thy bosom is created

as an enchantment, — oh, may God protect it ever in that perfection !'" Now, the last prayer possessed him utterly. Again and yet again he said the words ; and the high cry, welling from his heart, made his soul to tingle. His eyes were suffused with tears ; he looked up, and it was as though a holy light, falling through wide, glowing gates, threw all things near into shadow ; and when the heaving, slimy water at his feet took form again, he was not so sad as he had been.

"Oh, may God protect it ever in that perfection !" he sighed. "Little Star !"

Elsewhere in the crowded, dusky park, Jimmy Brady was looking, sharp-eyed, for his "li'l peach." Affecting a loud merriment to deceive his heart into quieter beating, he pried through the crowd around the band stand, searched the benches near the barge office, threaded his way through the moving, chattering throng on the broad promenade near the sea wall, and traversed swiftly the quiet interior walks. Though tempted by the invitation in many a sweet, bright eye, he suspended his quest only to cuff a bullying urchin and caress the dirtier bullied one ; and then he hesitated long enough to catch and cuff the bully again for making the first cuffing so obviously a duty. Thus, while Alois Awad gazed out over the darkened harbor, young Jimmy Brady — in the pride of his job at Swartz and Rattery's, in the glory of his white duck trousers and rolled-gold jewelry and natty new red tie, in the hope of his merry, sanguine temperament — searched persistently for Haleem the sloe-eyed, his "li'l peach," to tell her that he loved her. This was Jimmy of the snapping eye and gentle heart and broad shoulders and ready tears and quick right fist and laughing rejoinder and springy step and bulldog purpose and strengthening pull on the alderman of the ward and vocabulary of five hundred words. Lord, he had words enough ! It is the kiss and the hug — the heart

—when it comes to love. The girls of the tenements would be better off if their steadies were all like him ; for liker him, liker the Man. I know him — I know them all ; and that which I write is true.

“Ho! Meester Brady. Good-evenin’, sair,” said Khouri the merchant, when Jimmy came, beaming, to where he sat with Haleem ; and the little star looked up shyly and nestled closer to her father’s breast, that she might conceal the confusion that strangely overcame her always when Jimmy Brady came suddenly into view.

“Wake ’er up! Say, wake ’er up,” Jimmy jerked out ; and then he burst into a loud laugh. “Say, she’s in a trance.”

“She ees seek — no,” Khouri answered in concern, scratching his head.

“Aw, I’m on’y stringin’ y’u,” Jimmy said quickly. “Say, w’ere d’ y’u buy yer dope? Ain’t y’u on?” He looked at the old man in sly amusement, which Haleem’s light titter fired into a laugh ; then he caught Haleem by the arm and drew her insistently, gently, to her feet, and held her there. “Aw, come on,” he went on ; and the wheedling tone was tinged with a certain imperiousness that sounded sweet in Haleem’s ears and drew a swift, confident glance to his face. “It’s the time we walk. Ain’t that right?”

“Meester Brady — yes,” she answered softly. “I go weeth you.”

“Ho!” Khouri exclaimed, looking off down the walk. “My frien’, Meester Khayat, he come. I see heem. He have somethin’ to say. Ver-ee important. Eet have to do weeth the Sultan of Turkey. I see eet een hees face, eet ees so — so — long, so ver-ee long. Ho, ho! Take her weeth you, Meester Brady. Take her ; sure, eet ees the Land of Liberty!”

Young Jimmy, in the silence of deep suspense, led his “li’l peach” to a deserted bench, over which a kindly spreading bush cast a seclusive shadow ; and

there they sat down, having spoken not one single word on the way. Haleem gave him many an observant side glance in the meek, covert way her people know ; and now, as his lithe strength and bold, eager face impressed her young heart anew, it flashed over her ecstatically that this was Antar, born again, and she, Abba, his beloved, whom he had carried off in the night, triumphantly, even against the spears of his enemies ; and she closed her eyes, and wished that the green bench and the flagstones and the salty breeze and the swinging, glaring arc lamp and all the chatter might be changed, magically, as of old, into a swift-coursing steed and the sands of the desert and the free hot breath of the night and a million twinkling stars and the cries of pursuing enemies. As for Jimmy, he wondered at his fading courage, and, laughing doubtfully in his sleeve, thought of the young light-weight he had seen in the squared circle at the Eagle Athletic Club the night before, overmatched, without a chance of winning — but game, game to the finish!

“Meester Brady,” Haleem said at last, poking fun at him in her sly way, “you have say we walk. You forget. Eet ees fun-ee.”

“Eh!” Jimmy ejaculated ; then staring abstraction took hold of him again.

The distant band struck up a swinging music-hall song — about the Only Girl — that then ran riot in men’s ears. The music and the voices of the people, singing, came, mellowed and undulant, through the space between.

“Y’u ’re it!” Jimmy burst out explosively ; he turned to her, but stopped dead, shivering.

“It? W’at ees eet — it?” she asked, pursing her lips.

“Her! Y’u ’re her! Lord, y’u ’re slow!” Jimmy’s voice would have savored of disgust had it not been saturated with a deeper emotion.

“Hair?”

"The On'y One — me Honey!" Jimmy had the anxious face of a man on trial, when the foreman of the jury stands up solemnly, and the court room is hushed.

"Ah," she sighed, shaking her head, "I do not know eet."

"Can't y'u hear 'em sing?" he plainted. "Ain't y'u got no ears? Y'u 're it, I tell y'u. Y'u 're — y'u 're — her!"

The song came out of the distance again, blurred by the wind, which swept it from side to side.

"Hear it!" said Jimmy, raising his hand.

Haleem prettily cocked her ear, and listened. The heart of Jimmy was going like a piston rod, and he was gulping to keep his throat moist and fit.

"Just one girl, only just one girl;

There are others, I know, but they 're not my pearl.

Just one girl, only just one girl;

I'd be happy forever with just one girl."

"Ain't y'u on?" Jimmy asked in a drawn, hollow whisper. "Ain't it penetrated yet?" His honest heart was near to bursting; he hitched closer and looked down in her eyes, craving the light of love. "Y'u 're it — me honey — me sweet thing!" Did he, after all, have words enough? He went on desperately, plunging to the end. "Follo' me? Can't y'u see? Me honey — the on'y one — me peach!" There was no responsive light in Haleem's eyes — only a wondering shadow. His passion disclosed itself slowly. The shameful, effeminate words were forced out of his throat; but he gulped long before he would give them utterance. "I love y'u!" he cried tremulously, stretching his arms out. "Hell! I love y'u!" Then he took her hand, and waited for a sign; and he was white and groggy, and he knew it.

Haleem put her handkerchief to her eyes, and cried quietly; but she left her little hand lying inclosed in Jimmy Brady's great, thrilling palms.

"Drop it! Stop it!" Jimmy exclaimed impulsively, his own lips twitching; for he thought he had his sign. "Don't y'u cry any more, li'l' girl. I ain't got no kick comin'. I take me punishment like a man. Look at me! Cast yer orb on me face!" He turned a brave face up to her; but she would not look, and had she looked, she would have seen tears in his eyes, — but not tears of pity for himself; then, he was regretting only her distress. "It's all right," he went on doggedly. "Don't cry. I ain't goin' t' say any more. I'm done, I tell y'u. Y'u'll git a better man 'n me. It's all right. There ain't no kick comin' here, — honest, there ain't. Stop it!" he cried in agony. "Y'u 're breakin' me heart. I did n't mean t' make y'u cry. I'm takin' me punishment all right." He pulled her hand away from her eyes; and through her tears she smiled at him. "That's all right, li'l' girl," he crooned. "Y'u won't be bothered wit' me any more. I'm hurt," he moaned. "Oh, I'm hurt awful; but it's all right. Y'u'll git a better man. Come on home now, li'l' girl. Don't be afraid. I won't hurt y'u. I know w'en I'm licked."

He left her at the door of her father's house; and she watched him swing down Rector Street to West, whistling bravely as he went; and she went upstairs, very solemn, and she asked her heart many times that night whether she was sad or happy, but her heart was silent.

"Oh," she sobbed to her pillow, "why do I not know whom I love? Ah, it is so sad!"

Now, when, on the next morning, Salim Khouri the merchant, portentously solemn, sat himself down in his great chair, waiting for his narghile to be made ready, — for it was Sunday, — and told her, while she filled the bowl and blew the charcoal into a glow and handed him the long tube, that Khalil Khayat had made offer for her hand for young Alois Awad, Ameer of the seventh gen-

eration, the Light of his Eyes, she knew whom she loved. Then, indeed, she knew that she loved Jimmy Brady; and she thought there was no man to compare with him in strength and beauty and courage; but she said, blushing, that she would have her answer ready when Khalil Khayat should call in the evening, and went out with a numb heart to tell the beloved of her heart that, indeed, he must love her no more; for she was a dutiful daughter. But why should she tell Jimmy Brady this? Ah, for the touch of his hand again! What was the courage of the new Antar? She would trust herself in the depths of his eyes! What would he venture? Her purpose weakened; she hesitated; she pressed on. Ha, she thought, clinching her little fists, she would dare him to try to carry her off! She pulled her blouse into a snug fit about her little waist, and pressed the massive silver comb into place in her willful hair, and touched the ribbon at her throat, — pressing on, all the while, to Battery Park. Little Innocence! Where, then, was the joy of Alois the Ameer? What was its peril?

"But my father he say, 'Eet ees the country of liberty,'" she thought. "Eef I marry queek, he say, 'O Leetle Star, w'y you not tell ol' father? Leetle Star — naughty Leetle Star. You marry? Shame — not tell ol' father!' Then I cry, — I mus' cry, I feel so bad, — an' he say, 'Sh-h, Leetle Star! You happy?' An' I say, 'Yes, I lofe heem.' An' he say, 'Come, I hug you. He good man,' he say. 'I know heem. Come, I hug you.' An' he hug me, an' he — he — anger no more." She paused. "I tell w'at other man lofe me? No; he weel keel heem. I tell — no. Eet ees bes' — not." Then she determined, with a toss of her head, "I marry — no — nobody!"

In the evening of that day, Khalil Khayat sat with Alois Awad, the Light of his Eyes, in the back room of the coffeehouse of Nageeb Fiani, which, as men

know, is on Washington Street, not far up from Battery Place, and may there be found any day. They were waiting for the time to come when Khalil Khayat should go to the house of Salim Khouri the merchant, to hear the answer of Haleem, his daughter; and they were smoking, heavily, silently, each busy with fantastic dreams. The old man was listening, in fancy, to the prattle of children, feeling their soft hands in his gray hair, their soft lips against his cheek, — voices and hands and lips not of children of his blood, but of the blood of the Light of his Eyes; and his face reflected his capering thoughts. Looking into the depths of the smoke cloud — here, ever, was the charm of the narghile — he saw himself a shadowy old man in a shadowy great chair set in a shadowy corner, telling dream tales, that now trooped from the nowhere into misty view, to little children of shadowy, solemn feature upon his knee. Now, the dream chased the old, sad expectation of lonely senile age out of thought, and suffused his dark, melancholy face with the light of sudden hope; so that, childlike himself, he chuckled his joy, when the dream leaped out of bounds. But Alois Awad trembled in his chair, and drew swift sighs, and sought distraction in the jumbled pattern of the wall paper and the voices in the outer room, and consumed a hundred matches to keep his cigarettes alight, and was vacant and flushed by turns, nor found relief in anything. Two dreams fought for place in his mind; and he would harbor neither, the one for that he would not dread it, the other for that he dared not entertain it.

"Thy house is to be mine, as though thou wert my son?" Khalil Khayat asked tenderly. "Is it not so, Alois Awad? In our love for each other was it not so agreed?"

"It is even so, as I have said many times, Khalil, my friend," Alois answered, crushing his impatience. "And the chair by the window — and the

books — and — and all that we have dreamed.”

“Ah! It is new happiness to hear the words again. And thy children are to be to me as though thou wert my very son?”

“As I have said many times, Khalil; it is even so.”

“There is a restful certainty in repetition! I am to tell them stories of the heroes of our people. Is it not so? I am to teach them the Language Beautiful. Have I not so spoken?”

“How often, Khalil!”

“Perchance,” Khayat pursued, in wistful speculation, “perchance there will be a poet among them. Who knows?” he continued solemnly. “It may be that the son of your loins, the child of my teaching, shall some day — some day” —

“Ah, it is a dream, Khalil!” Alois cried, sweeping his hand over his eyes.

“But the Language needs a poet! The Temple is crumbling! Where” —

“Dream no more, Khalil!”

Khayat shrugged his shoulders. “It is a large dream, Alois,” he said composedly. “But let us delight ourselves in it.”

Alois looked up at the dingy ceiling, and sighed soulfully. “It may be,” he whispered, “that my happiness shall fail.” Then he clasped his hands, and raised them, and cried passionately, “Will fortune ever, O daughter of Malik, ever bless me with thy embrace?”

The old one looked at the young one quizzically, saying, “The Arabs say, ‘Had the bird been good to eat, the pursuit of the hunter would not have been faint-hearted.’” Alois smiled, and Khayat went on, “It is near time. I shall start now for the house of Salim Khouri for the answer, — for the answer of little Haleem to the Light of my Eyes.”

Khayat sat still in his chair; for Jimmy Brady came swiftly through the outer room, crying buoyantly: “Hello, Fiani! Lord, ain’t it hot? Ain’t old man

Khayat here?” His heartiness was infectious; all the men laughed sympathetically as he passed by. He burst into the little back room. His chest was swelling; his head was thrown back; he was drawing his breath as though all air were pure and bracing; his hat was on the side of his head, — fairly over the ear, jaunty, saucy; his cigar was in the corner of his mouth and at the political angle; his eyes were flashing. He slapped Alois on the back — a resounding thwack, that made the Syrian wince.

“Much ’bliged,” said Alois delightedly. “You welcome. Sit down. You happy, eh?”

Old Khayat rose courteously and drew out a chair. “Be seated, Meester Brady,” he said. “Toshi, Toshi!” he called. “One cup coffee, — one more, for Meester Brady. How ees your health to-day, sair? Eet ees very warm, ees eet not?” There was a twinkle in Khayat’s eyes; young Jimmy Brady was acceptable in his sight.

“Say, I’m — I’m married,” Jimmy blurted, grinning radiantly. His voice was shrill and shaking; such was the measure of his happiness. “Hear me? I’m married. I got a li’l wife, an’ she loves me — *loves* me, or she’s a liar. Ha, ha!” He laughed abruptly, vacantly; then he gasped happily, and continued, as in a burst of confidence: “It’s this way, Mister Khayat; I run away wit’ the girl, an’ the old man ain’t on yet. Now, I ain’t crawlin’ meself; but me nerves is all gone. I want somebody t’ square it. Understand? Somebody t’ square it — break it easy — let the old man down light. Understand? It’s sudden, but it’s all right; there won’t be any tearin’ done. The man I want is *you*. Understand? He knows y’u, an’ w’at y’u say goes wit’ him. Just break it. Follo’ me? All y’u got t’ do is — is — tell him. Now” —

Khayat was laughing; and Alois, now peculiarly responsive to the mood of the young lover, was smiling. Such, then,

was the joy of love! Ah, that he might know it!

"You have not told me the name of the young ladee," Khayat interrupted, sobering. "Who ees the dear ladee? Can eet be that she ees a Syrian?"

"She's a Dago, all right — the prettiest li'l Dago y'u ever see," Jimmy rattled, with rising emotion. "She's all right. Her — her heart, it's all right, too. She — she — *loves* me!" Jimmy stretched out his hands, and lifted up his rapt face; and continued, inspired, to describe the graces of his beloved: "She loves me! Say, her eyes — my Gawd! — her li'l hands — her hair — say, I'm foolish — touched! Are y'u on? Soft, I am — nutty! I ain't right in me head any more. It's her eyes — her li'l hands — her" —

"Ah," said Khayat gently, "but you have not told me her dear name. How can I have help you, eef I" —

"Haleem Khouri's her name," said Jimmy; "an' she's a beaut. Say, I'm foolish! Her eyes is brown, an' her hair is black."

The muscles of Khalil Khayat's face stiffened in their position; but the light of interest in his eyes expired, and it was dull in them thereafter. His heart faltered — stopped — beat on again, with slowly lessening pain. Here a muscle in his face relaxed; there another. Muscle after muscle weakened and gave; soon his blue, twitching face, still upturned to Jimmy Brady, wore a shallow smile, that passed, anon, into ghastliness — soon a dull melancholy — soon a look of fixed woe and weariness. Then he sighed, and let his eyes fall to his coffee cup, where he kept them, fearing the greater pain in a sight of the face of Alois Awad. Alois's cigarette had fallen to the tablecloth, and there he let it lie, while it fired the fabric, and smouldered foully. His shoulders had fallen in; his head was swaying like the top of a tall tree in a great wind. He kept his eyes up — forced the very smile in them to hold

its place. Then his head sunk; his body tottered; he would have fallen, strengthless, over the table, had he not caught the edge and stiffened his arms.

"Hi!" Jimmy exclaimed. "Who hit y'u?" He could not understand; here was a physical effect, but who had struck the blow? "Say, y'u look like a game pug after a right-hand jab on the jaw. Y'u look as if y'u was jolted fer fair. W'at — w'at's doin'?"

"Agh!" said Alois faintly. "I have smoke — too much smoke."

"Groggy an' game an' comin' up t' the scratch, eh?" Jimmy laughed. "Here, drink yer water." There was silence. Jimmy turned to Khalil Khayat. "W'at's doin', I'm askin'? W'at" —

Khayat held up his lean hand imperiously. "Ox-cuse me," he said, contorting his features into a kindly smile. "I weel speak weeth Meester Awad een my own tongue."

"Cert," said Jimmy.

Khayat turned to Alois. "Well?" he said simply; but there was a wondrous depth of tenderness in his voice.

"What is my love?" answered Alois Awad, Ameer of the seventh generation, in the purest speech of his people; and his eyes were shining and his voice was shrill and sure, as of a prophet of high calling. "Is it a thirst that cries for quenching? Rather is it water freely given to a parched throat. Is it a consuming flame, to turn to ashes the joy of my beloved? Rather is it a fire kindled in a wintry place, burning brightly in the night, that she may bask in its heat, and dream of sunlit places. Is it the night, harboring the frightful shapes of darkness? Rather is it the twilight, and the slumber-song of the wilderness. Is it a tempest, to stir great waves to engulf the ship of her happiness? Rather is it a favoring breeze, to speed her into port. Is it a winged arrow, the arrow of my bow, straight-aimed in the cunning of my eye, flying swiftly, seeking out her fair breast to tear it? Oh, the

cruel song of the arrow; and again, and yet again, oh, the cruel song of the arrow! Nay! Rather is it a shield for my beloved,—a shield encompassing her, a shield of tried steel,—my shield, defending her against the arrows of sorrow."

"The Light of my Eyes!" Khalil Khayat murmured rapturously, tingling to his finger tips. "The Light of my Eyes!" He looked long in the young man's face; and he pulled his gray mustache tremulously, and drew long, deep breaths through his expanded nostrils, like a man lifted out of himself by the courage of a champion. "I know the meaning, Light of my Eyes!"

"W'at's this?" Jimmy demanded, dazed. "Somebody's hurt—I—I—do' know. Ain't somebody hurt?"

"I weel go weeth you," said Khayat, rising steadily. His dark face was then emotionless. He looked absently for his

hat—under the table, on the hooks, on the chairs; and he flushed when he found it on his head. "Come!" he continued. "Salim Khouri, eet ees a frien'. My words they have power weeth heem. He have respect for me. He weel forgeeve. Let me but say eet ees well, and all weel be well. She weep, have you say? Leetle Haleem weep to go home. Let us have hurry. She weel be forgeeve. W'at I say, Khouri he weel do." Not turning to look at Alois Awad, the Light of his Eyes, Khalil Khayat went out. His old rusty hat was on the back of his head, pulled down to his ears. He was staring absently straight before him. Was it a smile on his face? Was it the shadow of pain? Was it a smile touched with regret? Men wondered as he passed along with Jimmy Brady; and they turned to look again; but they could not tell whether or not it was well with Khalil Khayat that day.

Norman Duncan.

AUTUMN SONG.

WRAP us round, O mother Autumn, with a dreaming all unbroken,
With the royal purple semblance of a passion all unspoken,
While the bird of life wings backward, in the reddening, waning day,
To the thrill of long-lost laughter, to the love that could not stay!

Now the savage child within us breaks the thicket, flying faster,
Barefoot through the voiceless forest, threading leaf and fern and aster,
Leaping brook and laughing upward where the broken blue beguiles,
Speeding on,—O heart fly faster!—down the light of memory's aisles!

Now the scent of grape and hollow stirs the pulse and fans the ember,
And wind above the waiting sheaves is whispering, "*Remember!*"
O now, the heart of memory's rose burns reddest 'gainst the gray,
While the bird of life wings backward to the love that could not stay!

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

GLEANINGS FROM AN OLD SOUTHERN NEWSPAPER.

SOME years since, while engaged in researches for a course of lectures on Southern history, I found in the Sewanee library six large volumes containing a file of the Edgefield (South Carolina) Advertiser, from its inception on February 11, 1836, to January 21, 1848. They had been presented to the library by the first editor of the paper, Dr. Maximilian La Borde, afterwards well known for his excellent History of South Carolina College. It was evident that no one had turned their yellow leaves for many years, but this fact did not deter me from the formidable task of examining them thoroughly. I was repaid by the acquisition of much curious information relative to the habits and modes of thought of Southerners, and especially of "up country" South Carolinians of "t'is sixty years since," and I venture to hope that the following excerpts from my voluminous notes may prove to have some present interest for readers who care for the past of our now united country. I may also express the hope that, at no distant day, ante-bellum Southern newspapers representing other localities may be exploited by the increasing band of young men who are being trained by our great universities, and sent back to their Southern homes to investigate the interesting and almost unknown history of their native section. But before beginning my task in earnest I must say a word about the village of Edgefield Court House.

Edgefield is the chief place of the district of the same name, and lies in the southwestern portion of South Carolina, some twenty or more miles from Augusta, Georgia, the commercial centre of the region. At the period with which we shall deal it contained about 800 inhabitants, — the district had 15,069 in 1839, — who, in their manly in-

dependence, loyalty to democratic principles, and sound moral qualities, were typical of the up country Carolinians. There were leading families among them, but nothing resembling a hide-bound aristocracy. They were hospitable and simple in their ways, and celebrated May Day and the Fourth of July with enviable heartiness. They might have had better school and postal facilities without great detriment, but they could hardly have been happier or more typically and patriotically American, however much they might insist upon a strict interpretation of the Constitution, and the supremacy of South Carolina over all other sovereignties on the globe. Their ways were not as our ways, — especially with regard to the rather excessive number of duels and other encounters that took place among them, — but at least they had no lynching mobs, and he would be a rash person who should undertake to prove that the Edgefieldian of to-day gets more solid comfort out of life than his grandfather did. And it would be somewhat difficult to prove that the claim so frequently made, that "there were giants in those days," is entirely unfounded. Edgefield boasted of a bar of exceptional talents. The redoubtable McDuffie had won his spurs there; F. W. Pickens practiced there, and represented the district in Congress before he became governor of the state and famous for his demand of the surrender of Fort Sumter. Preston S. Brooks was another Edgefieldian much looked up to by his townspeople, as was also his father, Whitfield Brooks, legislator and Congressman. An antagonist of the younger Brooks, Lewis T. Wigfall carried some of the energy of the district to Texas, and became Senator of both the United States and the Confederacy, and a Confederate general. Two other

men born in Edgefield District, although subsequently credited to Alabama, were famous in the early history of Texas: J. B. Bonham, one of the heroes of the Alamo, whose brother, Milledge L. Bonham, won distinction in the civil war; and Colonel William B. Travis, commandant of the fated fortress. Such men made the little town more or less known over the entire South, and gave their compatriots cause for pride. But it is time to turn to our newspaper.

The Advertiser, which I understand is still running, was a weekly sheet, about three fourths the size of the normal daily newspaper of the present. Loyal Edgefieldians were to receive it every Thursday: for \$3.00 if they paid in advance, for \$3.50 if they paid within six months, for \$4.00 if they failed to settle before that time had elapsed. If one may judge from sundry urgent notices to pay up that were inserted before the completion of the first volume, one may infer that the woes of country editors are a pretty constant quantity. Dr. La Borde had special woes of his own, however, for his fellow editor wrote nothing, and the genial doctor was forced to write letters to himself under high-sounding Roman names, and to publish his own poems and tales. He could also fill his columns, as all his confrères used to do, with lists of legislative enactments, clippings from other papers, occasional batches of foreign news, items from the nearest city, hints for farmers and housewives, and the like. The editorial columns did not give him so much trouble, for partisan politics were in their heyday. His political principles are easily determined from the motto of the paper, to which it clung long after he had left it, — a ringing motto taken from some speech of the vehement McDuffie: "We will cling to the pillars of the temple of our liberties, and if it must fall we will perish amid the ruins." Not satisfied with this Samsonian affirmation that stared every reader in the face, our edi-

tor, in his salutatory remarks, declared: "We are not ashamed to make the confession that we go for our state *against the world*, though we may expose ourselves to the imputation of possessing a patriotism selfish and contracted." Candor compels me to say that the Advertiser held very closely to this definite programme during the first twelve years of its existence.

Advertisers, the chief props of the modern newspaper, were given moderate rates, and made use of them. Sometimes three columns would be devoted to a patent medicine; often an equal space was taken by Philadelphia publishers, whose relations with Southern readers and authors would form an interesting topic for an essay. We are more concerned, however, with local advertisements, especially with those throwing light on the condition of education. From the prospectus of the Edgefield Female Academy we learn that students paid \$5.00 per quarter for spelling and the three R's. If they took grammar and geography in addition, they paid \$6.50; if they went on into natural and moral philosophy, history, chemistry, logic, etc., they paid \$8.00. For music they must give \$15.00, with an added \$3.00 for the use of a piano. If they used maps and globes, they were charged fifty cents, the exact cost of their firewood in winter. They could obtain good board at from \$25.00 to \$35.00 per quarter. At this period the girls seem to have been the favored sex, for we learn from the issue for January 17, 1837, that the Male Academy has been without a teacher for a year, but will soon start again. It will educate boys in the classics and English branches for \$10.00 per quarter. The classics are not mentioned in connection with the girls, nor are the modern languages spoken of at all. Indeed, a neighboring academy, in advertising for a teacher to take charge, stipulates only good qualifications in English. But later advertisements offer fuller courses, and

private schools multiply throughout the state. In 1842 four schools are competing for the patronage of Edgefield, and the principal of one of them is advertised as teaching philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, optics, mathematics in all branches, grammar, geography, and history, besides the Greek, Latin, and French languages, "the latter of which he renders and pronounces with as much facility as any young man in the country." Having secured the services of such an accomplished teacher, the trustees flattered themselves that they would "receive the liberal patronage of an enlightened public."

But, as we learn from a notice in the first number, calling a meeting of the commissioners of free schools for Edgefield District, there was some attempt at a system of popular education. What did it amount to? This question may be at least partly answered by a quotation from a gubernatorial message, a sort of document which was always a god-send to our editor, and which furnished sources from which I have taken many interesting items for successive years.

In the message of Governor B. K. Hennegan, published in the Advertiser for December 3, 1840, a sixth of the space is given to a discussion of the free school system of the state, in which it would be hard to detect any attempt to gloze over the wretched condition of affairs. His Excellency, after dwelling on the small pay of the teachers and the importance of giving a thorough training in the vernacular, points which scarcely seem to be fifty-nine years old, goes on to ask who are the free school teachers. "Are they men," he inquires, "to whom the legislature can commit with confidence the great business of education? What is the amount of their literary qualifications, and what the tone of their morality? It is not my design to indulge in unnecessary remarks upon this subject, but truth requires me to say, as a class they are grossly incompetent to

discharge their high functions. So far as my observations extend, with but few exceptions, they are very ignorant, and possess a very easy morality. . . . It is now in South Carolina a reproach to be a teacher of a free school, as it is regarded [as] *prima facie* evidence of a want of qualification."

The governor then proceeded to comment on the use made of the annual appropriation of \$37,000 for public instruction, and declared that the fund set apart for this purpose did not "answer the end" for which it was intended. "In many districts it is drawn and not legitimately appropriated, and in many instances made the object of improper speculation." He then went on to urge the appointment of a state official, "with a competent salary, to be called the Superintendent of Public Schools."

Further quotation is needless. It is quite evident that genuinely public education was almost unknown in South Carolina or anywhere else in the Old South, but it is equally evident that the leading men knew the fact and regretted it. Governor Hennegan, at any rate, deserves to be remembered as an executive who did something besides reply to the historic utterance of his brother governor of North Carolina; for in this very message he had some plain words to say about the increasing evil of buying and selling votes. It is well, however, to notice that at Fairfield there was a manual labor school, which, if one may judge from its long advertisement, was run on excellent principles.

In pursuing this subject of education we have wandered far away from the first volume of the Advertiser, to which we may now return in search of a fresh topic. One is easily found in certain political utterances in the early numbers apropos of the reception of abolitionist petitions in Congress. Mr. Henry Laurens Pinckney, the representative of Charleston in Congress, had, in an unwary moment, moved the appointment of a select

committee to consider them. He was a descendant of the great Pinckneys of Revolutionary fame, and was far enough from being an abolitionist, but he doubtless believed that the best way to deal with the petitions was to smother them in committee. His compatriots thought that any reception of them was an outrage, and Mr. Pinckney was soon made to understand that the fate of that man is hard who, on vital points, differs in opinion from the people among whom his lot is cast. The Edgefieldians passed stinging resolutions against him; and if he read the Advertiser, he must have felt little flattered at finding himself made an object of censure along with Jackson and John Quincy Adams. Of the latter statesman the editor had once had a good opinion, but he is now convinced that "his career for the last year or so would be disgraceful to the lowest village politician. . . . We regard him as one of the merest whipsters in Congress." Adams, Jackson, and Pinckney, however, were not alone in incurring the editorial wrath. Virginia's action with regard to the famous Expunging Resolutions filled him with disgust, and he exclaimed, "That state is now rotten and corrupt beyond all former precedent!" Indeed, it is to be feared that about this time most good Carolinians felt that there were few righteous men in Israel besides themselves. And even a Pinckney had fallen by the way.

For a few weeks the unfortunate member from Charleston had some rest, Senator Thomas H. Benton taking his place, and receiving the pleasant appellations of "monster" and "blackguard." But worse things were in store for Mr. Pinckney. If there was one thing Edgefield was noted for, it was public dinners given on the Fourth of July and at other fitting times. Then, to judge from the meagre accounts preserved, eloquence was placed on tap, and tapped vigorously on one occasion, — a barbecue, not a dinner, — tapped for thirteen regular and

twenty-one volunteer toasts. As luck would have it, the True Blues, the volunteer company sent by the district to the Seminole war, returned from Florida about the time of the Pinckney affair, and a dinner was given them. The eleventh toast ran: "The Traitor of the South. America has known but one Arnold; may Carolina know but one Pinckney." This was rather hard on at least two distinguished men of whom any state might be proud, but the toastmaster probably did not quite see the force of the language he employed. At other banquets, given about the same time (June, 1836), the Charleston statesman was similarly honored, one toast running: "Henry L. Pinckney. The degenerate son of a noble ancestry." Another: "H. L. Pinckney. Like an ungrateful reptile, he has inflicted a wound on his benefactors which he will never be able to heal." Evidently, the first of these toasts did not please every one, for at a subsequent banquet the following toast was framed: "Henry L. Pinckney. A worse than degenerate son. His conduct is rank treason to his country." Yet time brings forgetfulness. In the fall of 1836 Hugh S. Legaré won Mr. Pinckney's seat in Congress, but the following spring saw the latter gentleman safely elected mayor of Charleston. In this honorable position — which he seems to have filled satisfactorily, if we may judge from the few references the Advertiser makes to him — we may now leave him. It is proper, however, to remark that we need not flatter ourselves that the lapse of sixty years has improved our political manners to such an extent that we can afford to smile at these Carolinian amenities of the olden time.

The perennial subject of slavery having now been started in connection with the fury stirred up by the abolitionist petitions, we may as well pursue it for a time through some of its ramifications. Among editorial utterances on the topic we find this concise sentence (Febru-

ary 8, 1838): "The world should know that the very instant Congress took upon itself to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, or do anything else affecting the great interest of the South, the Union should be dissolved." An equally concise statement as to the relations between slavery and the cotton plant appears in an anonymous communication in the issue for September 12, 1839, to the effect that a genuine South Carolina slaveholder, if he expects to preserve his institutions, must "teach his children to hold the cotton plant in one hand, and the sword in the other, ever ready to defend it." The whole duty of man, politically speaking, was as clearly set forth in a volunteer toast delivered at a dinner given to Congressman Pickens (September, 1836): "The State of South Carolina. State sovereignty, state rights, state remedies, and nullification, with a strict adherence to our domestic institutions; and secession rather than yield in servile submission."

Many other similar toasts might be quoted, but we do not tolerate such things as readily as our hardy ancestors did; hence a brief selection will probably be deemed sufficient. The Fourth of July, 1836, shall furnish us with two: "Our Slaves. Our right to them is founded in sound morality, and our interest shall not be yielded to foreign or domestic interference." Again: "The Abolitionists of the North. Intermeddlers with other people's matters, prating and writing against the institution of slavery, not knowing that such are rebuked by the Scriptures, and said to be 'proud, knowing nothing, but doting about questions and strifes whereof cometh envy, and destitute of the truth.'" The Biblical turn of phrase taken by the latter toast prepares us for one dedicated four years later to John Quincy Adams: "An Imp of his Satanic Majesty. Though his master was an archangel of light, he was hurled from heaven for disobedience; and he alike fallen, because he cannot be

the Dictator of the Federal Government, would destroy the Union." Two years before, home talents had been celebrated with greater amenity in the following words: "South Carolina's Senator, John C. Calhoun. He moves at the bidding of the Goddess of Liberty, and fights his country's battles with the lance of Minerva."

But there was a phase of the slave problem far more important than those mentioned by orators at banquets, — a phase that did not indeed escape attention, but that hardly produced the sort of impression it now makes on the student of antebellum Southern history. It is generally known that the slaves were often suspected of being incendiaries, but it takes statistics such as I have collected from the twelve volumes of the *Advertiser* to make one realize how horrible a menace vindictive slaves were to a people whose houses were usually made of wood. I have not attempted to collect all the references to fires supposed to have been caused by slaves, but I have noted several important cases.

In March, 1836, there were suspicious fires in Augusta and Charleston. At the end of April, 1838, there was a frightful conflagration in Charleston, in which several lives were lost and several hundred houses were destroyed. Mayor Pinckney proclaimed a fast day; a mass meeting of the citizens insisted that restrictions be placed on the erection of wooden houses; an extra session of the legislature was called to aid the city by \$2,000,000 in fire-loan bonds, to be handled by the South Carolina Bank, — an act of paternal legislation that did not escape censure. None could tell how the flames started, but six weeks later several attempts were made to fire the city again, and four blacks were arrested on suspicion. Nor were other cities spared. In March, 1839, a \$150,000 fire in Mobile was supposed to have been caused by an incendiary; in June of the same year the Planters' Hotel in Augusta was burned

under mysterious circumstances. In September Charleston had another considerable fire; in October, Port Gibson, Mississippi, lost \$135,000 by the flames, and Mobile had another fire worth chronicling. At the close of 1842 Charleston was again visited by a great conflagration, which was followed shortly by smaller ones, and by a large one at Columbia. In February, 1843, the *Advertiser* felt called upon to say that the number of recent fires in Edgefield District, whether accidental or otherwise, had been greater than at any previous period. Not long after, Mercer University, at Penfield, Georgia, was fired by an incendiary, according to current report.

These are but a few cases out of many. While it is, of course, not certain that carelessness was not more responsible for such frequent disasters than incendiary slaves were, it is clear that the belief that slaves would burn houses when they got a chance was widespread, and that the mental effects upon the whites were quite as bad as if the belief had been justified in every instance. When, therefore, we are tempted to wonder at the wrath displayed by the Southern people at the mere mention of abolition, we must always endeavor to remember that they believed they were living upon a powder mine which any chance spark might explode. Such, at least, is the impression I have gathered from the files of the *Advertiser* and from other sources. It was a fascinating life in many ways that the Southerner led, but he paid dearly for his pleasures, as he is now often willing to admit.

From incendiary fires to militia companies is not a far cry, since both subjects are closely related to slavery; indeed, nearly every subject in ante-bellum Southern history seems to be. It has long been known that attention was paid in the South to the militia, in view of its possible use in a war of secession; but one has to make rather minute researches in order to understand what

importance was attached to the matter by some people, especially in South Carolina, which had intended to use her troops in the nullification crisis. The Seminole war brought the subject to the front in 1836, and the popularity of the Mexican war in the South had a similar effect. The latter struggle, of course, filled many columns of the *Advertiser*, especially as the paper had always shown its interest in Texas, and as the Palmetto Regiment of South Carolina displayed conspicuous prowess in the field. Space will not allow us, however, to dwell upon this phase of the subject, and we must content ourselves with noticing some significant editorial and gubernatorial utterances on the relations between the militia system of the state and a possible war of secession.

On October 27, 1836, speaking editorially of a recent review of the three infantry regiments of the district by Governor McDuffie, the *Advertiser* commented on the spirit and intelligence of the militia officers in this way: "With such feelings and sentiments pervading the whole state, we should predict with confidence the safety of the republic, and laugh to scorn the machinations and threats of fiendish fanaticism." Two years later, Governor Pierce M. Butler stated in his annual message that he had reviewed every one of the forty-six infantry regiments in the state, and six out of the seven cavalry regiments, and had found them in excellent condition. Especially good results had been obtained from the system of encampments. The guns and ammunition were worthless in the main, but he was taking pains to remedy this. He desired a digest of the military laws, and reminded the legislature of the importance of the whole subject in the following words: "In the appeal to force, which every state pretending to the character of independence must be prepared to meet, they [the militia] are your only argument, and you must make the most of it."

Four years later (1842), Governor John P. Richardson, after commenting upon the improved condition of the militia system, which had been building for more than forty years, wrote as follows: "If, in the absence of all constitutional power to restrain a standing military force, the states of this Union possess no means but that of a polemical argument to maintain their rights as sovereigns, those rights would indeed be found to be vain, shadowy, and unprofitable before the arbitrament of an armed federal potentate. In our late contest with federal power, it was not to the mere efficacy of its laws or the sanctity [of its] ordinances, to the justice of her cause or the strength of her defense, that the state looked *at last* for protection; and were the dangers of the past to recur, or the unfavorable forebodings of the future to be realized, it is to the bold hearts and nerved and disciplined patriotism of the militia that South Carolina would again appeal." The governor went on to say that the state had spent half a million on weapons, ammunition, and arsenals, and was expending \$24,000 annually to keep its military supplies and buildings in good order. He wanted no retrenchment in this particular, and in fact desired to develop a system of military education in connection with the arsenals, which, in his opinion, would do far more good than the inefficient free school system then in operation.

Such were the views of a representative Southern governor eighteen years before the civil war; and yet there were not wanting in 1860 many estimable gentlemen who professed themselves to be willing to drink all the blood that would be spilt should South Carolina secede. In view of the military preparations of his native state, William Gilmore Simms was more justified in his famous remark that, if it came to war, the South could crush the North as easily as he could crush an egg.

But this paper is growing rather long,

and slavery and its consequences cannot be said to be altogether the most agreeable of topics. It may be well, therefore, to draw to a conclusion by setting down, in the order preserved in my notes, a few interesting items concerning the blacks that do not fit in with the main divisions I have made of the topic. It is a well-known fact that the negroes furnish a large proportion of the criminal class in the South at the present time, but that before the war each master looked after the punishment of his slaves for minor offenses. Hence we are not greatly surprised to find the Advertiser, on July 14, 1836, noting with satisfaction that the jail of Edgefield District (not of the village merely) has had not a single occupant for two months. This is certainly a remarkable showing for a population of fifteen thousand. About a year later, however, complaint is made that there is an unusually large number of criminals in confinement, and one wonders whether the hard times one has been reading about in other columns had affected the district as disastrously as they had the rest of the country. A few months subsequently (October) we learn that, whatever financial distress may have had to do with the matter, the part played by recent abolitionist agitation is unmistakable. The number of offenses against slave property, we are told, is unprecedented. Three capital trials for negro-stealing have taken place, and two men, strangers, have been convicted. We learn soon that Governor Butler refused to pardon one of these men, James Reed, seemingly a Northerner, for whom citizens of Edgefield had petitioned, and that he and his fellow prisoner, Evans, were actually hanged on February 9, 1838.

About this time we notice that proclamations for the arrest of slaves who have committed murders are growing rather numerous. On August 9, 1838, a contributor writes on the subject of the enforcement of statutes against slaves, and

declares that negroes are rarely executed for the felonies they commit, since, as the state does not pay for the slaves it executes, it is more profitable to their masters to hide them. Free negroes, however, are frequently mentioned as being more dangerous to the peace of the community than slaves, — a fact which seems to have prompted the Louisiana legislature to decree that persons bringing a free negro into the state should be fined \$20.00 per week during their own residence within it, while the negro was liable to one year's imprisonment at hard labor; and if he did not then depart from the state, to life imprisonment. The same state had shortly after to crush an intended revolt of slaves, who, however, can hardly have wanted to swell the class of free negroes in that vicinity. The Louisianians at least deserve the credit of having tried to rid themselves of suspicious characters by due process of law. Justice was done more expeditiously in the neighboring state of Arkansas, where, according to an account published in the *Advertiser* for August 26, 1841, no less than twenty-three counterfeiters and horse thieves were tied hand and foot and drowned in the Mississippi. This story almost makes one believe a later report, to the effect that there had been a shower of flesh and blood in Tennessee.

That the Southerner had a hard time in looking after his slaves is sufficiently apparent both from numerous advertisements for runaway slaves and from other evidence; yet it would seem that he might at least have hoped to steer clear of a class of individuals who make themselves obnoxious in these days of freedom, — I mean confidence men and bogus advertisers. As a matter of fact, some of these worthies dwelling in the North regarded the Southern slaveholders as legitimate prey. One particularly clever scheme of theirs is exposed in the issue for May 18, 1842. A person named Pettis, purporting to be a lawyer in New

York city, would inform himself, from advertisements, of the personal descriptions of various runaway negroes, and would then write to their respective owners, saying that he keeps a spy, who has told him of the whereabouts of a negro answering the particular description, who has forged free papers, but who will easily be secured and sent back if the owner will remit twenty dollars to Mr. Pettis, — who, by the way, is a Virginian by birth, — in order to cover expenses. It is needless to add that dollars thus cast upon the waters of Mr. Pettis's ingenuity did not return to the casters in the persons of recovered slaves.

In a world so leagued against his peace and prosperity, it is not surprising that the Southern planter should frequently have refused to give his negroes any chance of rising from the level of mere brute intelligence; that he should even at times have refused to afford them any religious instruction. In the autumn of 1842, a correspondent of the *Advertiser* felt obliged to plead for the establishment of Sunday schools among the slaves. He could not reconcile it to his conscience to allow the poor creatures to grow up in ignorance of the fundamentals of religion, but he was forced to admit that his views on the subject were not held by every one. In the same year, Mr. Charles C. Jones, of Georgia, afterwards well known for his history of his native state, felt called upon to publish a book on the duty of his fellow citizens to give religious instruction to their slaves. And to the credit of the South be it said, many planters realized this obligation, and labored faithfully to perform it; the result being evident in the honesty and piety of many of those old-time darkies who have since furnished Southern writers of fiction with their most interesting pages.

Yes, the fact ought to be recognized by historians, and by all who are interested in ante-bellum Southern life, that when all allowances are made for cruel

laws and cruel overseers (who occasionally disappeared mysteriously, suspicion of murder falling on the slaves), and the internal trade in slaves that sometimes separated mother and child, there is still abundant evidence not only that the planters suffered in their turn, but that they were in the main kind-hearted men, who made the best of a bad system handed down to them from an epoch callous to human rights and suffering, and who endeavored to mitigate not merely the condition of the negroes, but also the horrors of the slave code, whenever they could. The more minutely one studies Southern history, the more completely one becomes convinced of this fact. Even the white man who was convicted capitally of inveigling or stealing negroes was punished with great reluctance; yet, naturally, no crime could have excited more general detestation, since a revolting slave population meant civic destruction.

Yes, they were good people, those

Edgefieldians and Carolinians of two generations ago. Their civilization had its weaknesses, — great ones, — but so has ours to-day. The man who plods through a Southern newspaper for the twelve years ending in December, 1899, will surely find, for example, more than one instance of ballot-box stuffing. Yet one instance of it is all I have detected in my examination of the twelve volumes of the *Advertiser*. In November, 1840, there was declared to be no election to the legislature from Richland District, because more ballots had been found in the box than there were voters entitled to put them there. Treating voters was not unheard of; but, on the whole, the political life of these people was enviably clean; they showed more sense than we do, in choosing their best men to represent them in public affairs; their private life was pure and simple, whatever we may think of its narrowness; and I close my imperfect study of them and their times with genuine feelings of regret.

W. P. Trent.

TWO PHILIPPINE SKETCHES.

I.

THE COLLA.

WHEN that meteorological phenomenon, the *colla* befalls, the Philippine sky becomes a cataract and Luzon looks like the wave-swept deck of a sinking ship. Large clouds, torn and black, advance toward the zenith from all points of the horizon, where they group and heap, mingle and interweave until it seems as if in the general squeeze they had burst the flood gates of an aerial sea.

A half-suffocated growl of thunder sounds in the neighboring hills. The lightning tries to reach the earth, but the clouds stand in the way. They say

that far above, the sky is still azure and that the sun moves through the clear atmosphere pouring out torrents of light and heat but it looks as if we should never see sky or sun again. In the east the vault of sooty clouds opens for a moment in a small chink, and through it the spheres seem to reflect life and hope. The sun still lives.

Below here, yesterday Nature bore herself proudly; now she appears overwhelmed and tearful. The plumed bamboos which held themselves so haughtily are now spread and bent under the incessant beat of the rain, and cataracts run through their battered leaves. The fields have turned to lakes, the streams are rivers, the rivers are floods; and

these roofs of bamboo and *nipa* are irrigating pipes guiding numberless jets inside the houses.

Fortunately I am provided with an ample rubber coat, with a monastic cowl, a shield given me by civilization against the barbarities of the climate. It is a pity I have not another mackintosh for my chocolate and my beans which are running about the house vainly seeking a shelter.

The natives take more simple and economical measures against the colla. They strip entirely so as not to wet their clothes; the women in such cases wear only a short petticoat. They go by in groups singing and shouting. Water excites them. It seems as if their lifeless natures revive only by irrigation. They are going to bathe in the overflowing river just as the colla is reaching its apogee.

In the meantime the rain has grown heavier. At intervals cold gusts of wind are flung from the north and the horizon darkens with clouds more black than ever. The barometer, moreover, has fallen a degree. In these suspicious days of the colla, every white man looks at this sentinel of the atmosphere more often than a vain girl looks into the mirror. My barometer has a dial upon which are connotations by Father Faura, the Jesuit who conducts the Manila observatory for the glory of God and the advantage of the Filipinos. I fear, however, that the good father's opportunities for study in this science have been limited. When the progress which is promised this country, and of which it is in great need, begins its march, we may hope for a meteorological department and a specially equipped weather bureau; but for the time being we are obliged to depend almost wholly upon the feelings "in our bones." Nevertheless, the barometer to me in my loneliness is a welcome companion. When it falls, I prepare myself for the worst, and when it rises I anticipate the end of the storm.

But the colla usually has a tail, and that tail is the dreaded *baguio* or typhoon. Colla and *baguio* often go together in the season which follows the autumnal equinox, and at the change of the monsoons. This terrible phenomenon visits some part of the Archipelago annually. However, out of mercy, perhaps, it almost never comes to the same region two years in succession.

A native shining like a polished bronze statue arrives bearing a letter. It is from my good friend Celestino, and it says, "Mount a good horse and come in quickly; the *baguio* threatens." At such times friendship is quickened and affection grows stronger. I would have given much for my friend's companionship, but already the six miles of swamp road that lie between us are impassable.

The rain falls heavier and heavier; the world, seen from my window, is a muddy flood and my house an ark. The barometer is still falling. The dial hand already points to the remark "with winds from the northeast and northwest the *baguio* approaches." Soon I can hear the wind coming. With a sudden gust, to which the house heels like a ship, it is upon us. A great guava tree falls with a crash outside, and the *nipa* shutters go flying to leeward. The wind converts the raindrops into projectiles which pierce the house at all points with the violence of hailstones.

The architecture of the Philippines is another thing that is waiting for the advance of progress. The loss of life which accompanies each typhoon is largely due to the miserable structures in which the indifferent inhabitants live. These wooden houses, like the one I now inhabit, let in wind and water through chinks and crevices from floor to ceiling. When the wind rises they become boxes of resonance—veritable guitars. The frequent earthquakes of the region make more substantial structures impracticable, yet I cannot believe that the Philippine architect of the future will find this

an insurmountable difficulty. It is surely possible to erect buildings of sufficient weight to keep them from being carried away by the wind, and, at the same time, of sufficient strength and lightness to prevent them being shaken down by the quakings of this nervous earth.

My house, however, is considered a fortress by the natives. As I sit pitying my loneliness, the laborers' wives arrive in a crowd. The storm has no terrors for them, but their own huts are no longer tenable. They troop in with smiling faces, leading their children by one hand and carrying their household gods in the other. These people have no knowledge of nerves.

Night falls early; dark, drenching, and furious. "The waters are out," and the storm carries with it a terrible note. And the glass is still falling. Will it never end? Rumors of destruction come in from the forest at intervals of a minute, together with the crashings of torn branches and the blowings, it seems, of a hundred horns. Gusts of wind and water combined come howling over the flood and hurl themselves against the house. At each onset the building cracks and staggers more than ever like a storm-tossed craft.

But at last the monster seems to be seeking its prey in another direction, and turns slowly eastward, hungry for more ruins. Southward, then, unless the law of storms is wrong, it will cause the greatest ravages. The vortex, to which all the radii of this gigantic wheel of the baguio converge, will pass through the south of the Archipelago.

I can hear the wind slowly veering toward the eastward and for the fiftieth time I examine the barometer. Thank Heaven, it is rising! the mercury has a convex head and the worst is over. Within half an hour the lessening storm turns away.

At midnight, after fourteen hours of hard work, I fell asleep. That evening I had no supper. But my forty or fifty

women visitors had also gone supperless, yet they slept on the hard boards amidst a shower of drippings, like blessed ones.

At daybreak there was a strange spectacle. The sun, pale and watery and as if it were ashamed of itself, started on its journey among shreds of torn mists. The river, superb and foamy, had risen above its high banks and flooded the entire plain. Here a bunch of cocoanut palms had been leveled as though by the axe; there a great clump of bamboos had been torn up by the roots; and not ten feet from the rushing river a strange horse was entangled in the torn bushes. Nature, like a flogged body, showed torn flesh everywhere. But no matter. Within two weeks there will be few traces of the ravage.

II.

LAYHAYA.

His Excellency the magnificent and mighty Mohammed Badaruddin, Sultan of Jolo, is mourning. For a period of eight days he has shut himself within the inner precincts of his palace, mourning in spite of himself on his own account as well as according to custom. His favorite wife, the peerless Layhaya, has met with a sudden and tragic death; the victim of her master's self-will and her own outraged pride.

Badaruddin, surrounded by his submissive servants, lies upon a couch gay with multicolored silks, with cushions embroidered in gold supporting his indolent brown limbs. On that face, so hollow-eyed, crow-footed, and so evidently marked with surfeit of the pleasures of the harem, he wears a fixed look of contempt and hate. Unconsciously toying with his glittering slippers, and with his angular chin resting in his hand, he gazes indifferently through the narrow, dirty hall which gives entrance to his room. The farther doorway frames a picture, but he is not looking

at it. He sees neither the disorderly massing of the clouds, nor the tortuous meanderings of the Naybung playing hide and seek through the forest. The murmur of sparkling waves breaking on the yellow sands has no charm for him, nor is he admiring the vivid green of the river banks where the stream leaps to meet the sea. It is midday. An overwhelming sun is lending its blinding light and heat to the already stifling atmosphere, and producing gorgeous color effects with the leaves of the trees, the sand of the shore, and the pebbles of the river bed. Wafted by the faint, intermittent breezes come strange noises from the forest, and the perfume of diampaca, ihlang-ihlang, and a hundred other flowers unknown to the civilized world.

Already the lamentations of Musta have been recited with loudly expressed grief, and the psalms of mourning have been chanted. Already the Fahbdi has revealed the mystic pleasures of the future world, the *hatintins*, or bells, are dumb, and the fuzes of the *lantacas* (primitive bronze cannons) have smoldered out. All that is left is in the next room, wrapped in the sleep from which there is no awakening. It has great black eyes and a marble visage with angry spots of violet on either cheek. The tight-drawn lips are a curious blue, and the limbs are cramped and twisted. Rigid, contorted, and with staring eyes full of dread, it is a thing to be shuddered at. Agony is depicted on that awful countenance, and likewise desire, — a desire for vengeance.

I knew her. She was then but a pearl lost in the tranquil depths of Jolo. That was before the lustful eyes of the Sultan had lighted upon her. She was tall, lissome, and wore with the distinction of a great lady the *jabul*, the native robe, which hinted at the beauteous contour of her form.

For a long while, according to the Jolo custom, her marriage had been arranged

by the old men in council, with a certain *Datto*. But it was necessary to gain the Sultan's consent before the union. One day, therefore, the Datto presented himself at the palace, dressed in his richest apparel, a golden-hilted creese by his side, and his retainers and slaves behind him. When his mission was respectfully made known and he was awaiting a favorable answer, the Sultan sent him a blunt refusal.

For a few seconds the Datto was struck dumb; then he begged, he prayed, he made promises, ay, even menaced the Sultan. But without effect. Nothing could change the tyrant's decision. Before he left, the Datto entered the Sultan's apartment without giving him the traditional obeisance. Looking at him with a proud, steady gaze, he said, "I will leave you for the present; you who have torn my wife from my arms. You have power, as the Sultan; but you covet Layhaya's heart in vain. She will never be yours. Hear me, Badaruddin! I renounce forever my allegiance to you, and as a masterless man I declare war against you!" As he finished, he passed quickly through the door, vaulted to his horse, and disappeared down the valley.

The Datto's fears came but too true. Emissaries of the Sultan, deaf to sobs and entreaties, tore Layhaya from her home and brought her before their chief.

First came surprise, outraged innocence, indignation and fear, then vacillation, desperation, outbursts of grief, stupor and indifference. Her parents constantly urged her to submit, and held before her the honor she would have in being the legitimate wife of the Sultan with a hearing in the council. Presently she wavered, and at last gave her unwilling consent.

The new wife of the tyrant of Jolo who, now that she was his, was treated like a dog, passed through varying stages of sensibility to apathy. Then, suddenly, her outraged feelings rose in rebel-

lion. She resolved to forego all her empty honors and titles at the expense of her life. Her soul once more gained the ascendancy over her body.

There grows in Jolo a vine, whose embraces join together plants and trees of the most varying character; that twines round bridges and stretches itself like a living telegraph wire through the forest. Its roots husband a deadly

poison which paralyze the vital centres of those who partake of it. This Layhaya took and died in her master's bed, and his serene Excellency, Mohammed Badaruddin, Sultan of Jolo, is in mourning. In the innermost recesses of his palace he is weeping in conformity with the laws laid down by the Mussulman religion. He is mourning according to usage and a little on his own account.

H. Phelps Whitmarsh.

GERHART HAUPTMANN.

In the sixteenth century, that glorious birth time of a new spirit, Ulrich von Hutten, the valiant knight of the Reformation, cried, "Die Geister erwachen, es ist eine Lust zu leben!" We who are alive to the questions of our own time may well echo this shout of Hutten, "The minds are waking up, it is a joy to live!"

That a German should have uttered these words, so full of the exultation of conscious intellectual life, is not, I fear, without its significance. There is more reason for rejoicing in the waking up of the conservative German mind than there might be in the spiritual levee of other nations. When Germany sleeps she sleeps profoundly, — as she does all other things, and is hard to rouse; but once risen she is emphatically awake, and her pleasure in life and motion is so much the keener for her long slumber.

In the literature and art of Germany, the sleep preceding the recent awakening was deep and sound. It was a sleep under a heavy feather bed of dry research and empty formalism, of the conventional, the doctrinal, the theoretical, in life and art; and the nightmares torturing the sleepers all the while were the more aggressive enemies of all true art, — militarism, capitalism, collectivism.

By and by the morning song of Wag-

ner's music, bringing the breeze of the ocean with it and telling of the joy and pain of living, begins to buzz in the ears of the slumbering and to stir new activities in their souls. When at last the trumpet sounds from afar, — from France, Norway, Russia, — Germany starts up, and, dazed by the new light streaming in from all sides, does what she generally does in such waking times; that is, she at first blindly follows the foreign leaders in battling against her enemies of the night and in looking for a new spiritual land, until at last she finds her own way and builds her own intellectual strongholds or her castles in Spain.

These foreign leaders to whom Young Germany owes her new impetus in the way of literary productions are the great men with whose works every student of literature is more or less familiar: it is Zola who, inspired by a French scientist, holds that the experimental methods used in natural science should be employed in poetic art; it is Taine, the French historian, who, a Darwinian like Zola, explains the individual and his tendencies as a result of his *milieu*; it is Ibsen, the Norwegian critic of society, who, in his dramas, treats of new psychological and social problems; and it is Tolstoi, who, in this eminently ma-

terial modern world, advocates the simple teachings of the Gospel. Other powerful influences are the spread of ideas fostered by the development of the natural sciences, — of psychology, of modern philosophy with its decided leaning toward a deterministic view of the universe, and, above all, the evolution of the social question.

These are, in the main, the influences and impressions under which Young Germany has shaken off the dull sloth of old prejudices and has spread her wings for a new flight. How high, or how low, and how far she will fly, nobody knows. Meanwhile the sensation of quick motion, of daring adventure in unexplored regions, is a delicious one for all those who are alive to it, especially now that the first hoarse battle cry of "revolution, overthrow, destruction," and the hot breath of passion have passed into a more peaceful, more artistic, and therefore more constructive expression of life.

Among the men of genius who within the last decade or two have agitated and charmed the literary world of Germany, three stand out most prominently. One is Friedrich Nietzsche, in whose veins, as has been said, flows the reddest blood of our age — the most tragic character in the history of the modern mind. Over him, the poet, musician, and philosopher, our *fin-de-siècle* floods of skepticism and mysticism have thrown such mighty waves, that the vessel of his mind has been wrecked.

The other two are Hermann Sudermann, the novelist and dramatist, and Gerhart Hauptmann, the dramatist. These two are often mentioned together, not because they are so much alike, but rather because they present such interesting and striking contrasts. Where Sudermann is subjective, satirical, brilliant in his diction, trying not so much to reproduce life as to produce an effect or to work out an idea, Hauptmann shows himself more the quiet observer of na-

ture and the human soul, the artist by the grace of God, whose charm is the simplicity, the self-expression, in all he produces. Sudermann, who, apparently, feels the greatness of Hauptmann weigh upon him somewhat heavily, has tried, but with indifferent success, to work out Hauptmannian motives in his last work, *The Three Herons' Feathers* and in his *St. John the Baptist*.

I shall never forget the circumstances of my first acquaintance with the name of Hauptmann. It was at a family dinner party given at my German home in the summer of 1889, the year when Hauptmann's first drama, *Vor Sonnenaufgang* (*Before Sunrise*), was to find its way on the stage. We had finished our dinner, and had sat down for a cosy chat over a glass of wine in the parlor, when some unlucky person pronounced the fatal name of Hauptmann. At the mention of this name the atmosphere at once became charged with an indefinable something which caused even the quiet elderly gentleman in the company to prick up his ears and straighten himself as if he were ready for a battle. The one friend and admirer of Hauptmann's in the party — a young man who afterward developed into one of the finest interpreters of Hauptmann's characters on the stage — sang a hymn of praise to the poet, but thunderbolt phrases, like "degradation of art," "accumulation of dirt," "apotheosis of the vulgar," etc., were soon falling thick and fast on his head. Finally everybody present was vibrating so intensely with the passionate feeling for or against the young poet, that the cosy chat no doubt would have ended fatally if the young enthusiast had not suddenly left the room to get cooled off.

I learned afterwards that this little family scene had been almost a miniature copy of the battle fought for and against Hauptmann by the excited audience at the representation of his first drama at Berlin in October, 1889. Since

a work of such uncompromising character as *Before Sunrise* would not have been produced at any of the subsidized theatres in Germany, it was lucky for Hauptmann that just at the time when his drama was finished an association known as the "Freie Bühne" (Free Stage) had been formed, whose purpose it was to encourage the growth of the new literature by readings, recitals, representations, and publications. The founder of this association was Dr. Otto Brahm, an eminent literary critic, who is now at the head of what is probably the finest stage in Germany, the Deutsche Theater, in Berlin. The organ of their publications was the Freie Bühne, now called the Neue Deutsche Rundschau. Through the representation of Ibsen's *Ghosts*, in 1889, this association had already become the centre of literary and artistic interests, and now it was daring enough to arrange a performance of so scandalous a piece as Hauptmann's *Vor Sonnenaufgang* had been pronounced to be.

The result of the tumult accompanying its first representation was that the quiet young poet became at once a most notorious character, "torn by the love and hatred of the parties." Among the few wise and great men who appreciated the genius apparent in this production was Theodor Fontane, the late novelist, whose account of the impression which the man Hauptmann made on him may stand here as an introduction to his personality.

He says: "Instead of a bearded, sunburnt, broad-shouldered fellow, with a slouch hat and a coat *à la Jäger* as one would have imagined the poet, there appeared a tall, slender, blond young man, whose coat and manners were most irreproachable. He bowed to me with a graceful simplicity, the charm of which, I am sure, even his worst enemies could not resist. There might be those, it is true, who, out of this very lack of pretense in his appearance, would forge new weapons against him, and quote with

grim satisfaction the statement with which a learned doctor begins his report on the psychology of criminals, 'My murderers all looked like young girls.'"

Looking now, furtively, at our young murderer's first *delictum notorium*, that is, at the first naturalistic drama of the Germans in print, we find that in its very appearance it stands in sharp contrast to the classical drama, its aristocratic, stately, and formal cousin. It is not a bit aristocratic; on the contrary, it is a full-fledged democrat. It proudly calls itself "social drama" on the title-page. "Persons" or "Characters" of old definition here appear as "Handelnde Menschen," that is, men and women in action. And these do not use a language specially prepared for the edification of the reader or spectator, but they talk exactly as they would were they not on the stage but off, — never expressing themselves in monologues or "asides," and using provincial expressions, dialect, exclamations, broken sentences, as freely as they would in common life. And just as in daily intercourse with people you notice a good many points about their personal appearance and their surroundings, so here you are made familiar with these items at the outset by means of ample descriptions, and even by plans drawn for greater clearness of vision.

The outer physiognomy of the changing — the first product of German naturalistic art — certainly is very commonplace and homely. Turning to the soul, the subject-matter, we find here, too, the atmosphere of every-day life.

The story is briefly this: Loth, a socialist, a man of badges, pledges, and principles, comes to a mining district near Berlin to study the condition of the miners. At the house of his former college friend Hofman, he meets his friend's sister-in-law, Helen, a pure and lovely flower rooted in the foul soil of an infested home. She is the youngest daughter of a peasant, who, after suddenly be-

coming rich through the opening of a mine on his land, had, like all his neighbors, taken to drinking, and at the opening of the drama is degenerated into a mere beast. The young people fall in love with each other, but when Loth hears that Helen's father is a drunkard and that her sister has inherited this vice, he leaves Helen, sacrificing the splendid creature for a future hypothetical race of young Loths. Helen then despairs of life and kills herself.

The milieu into which the character of Helen — who herself has been brought up away from home — is set is appalling, reminding us somewhat of Ibsen's *Ghosts* and of Tolstoi's *Power of Darkness*. The father of Helen is a confessed drunkard; the stepmother, vulgar and coarse to the core, not only drinks, but has a criminal intimacy with a rich young peasant, Helen's intended husband; the married sister has inherited her father's vice and brings forth children with the stamp of alcoholism upon them; the brother-in-law, for the love of money and good living, has married Helen's sister, and, under the guise of brotherly affection, makes love to the guileless Helen. The fitting background to all these separate individuals is a class of peasants who, like Helen's father, spend their unearned riches in drinking and carousing, in luxury and moral filth. Still farther back, in a shadowy distance, we are made to feel the ghastly presence of a whole army of ragged black figures with hungry eyes, bowed necks, and clinched fists; they are the miners who at once call up the world of Zola's *Germinal* and of Hauptmann's own *Weavers*. Thus the subject is gloomy and brutal enough to satisfy the Devil himself, and we should recoil from it with horror, and should, moreover, deplore the over-insistence upon the ethical motive, if Hauptmann's art did not make us forget all these shortcomings.

One of the relieving qualities of this apparently hopelessly pessimistic piece

of naturalism is the idealism of the poet. It seems to creep out almost against his will. Although we are made to feel that there is no hope for the salvation of this rotten race of idle peasants, we are led to believe, on the other hand, that the human race as a whole is progressing, that the social question has become one of vital interest to men of education like Loth and the Doctor, that the workingmen will with their help gain what the *tiers état* of the French Revolution already possesses — their humanity.

And the poet and artist Hauptmann throughout this drama of his makes us feel every now and then that there is a world beyond this vale of misery and brutality, — a world of beauty and purity in nature as well as in human life. As an illustration I take the opening scene of Act II. as described by the poet.

"Farmyard. About four o'clock in the morning. The windows of the inn near by are bright with light. Through the gateway the gray dawn is seen which gradually develops into a dark red and finally into clear daylight. Under the gateway, on the ground, sits an old laborer sharpening his scythe. When the curtain rises one sees scarcely more than his silhouette against the gray morning sky, and for several minutes one hears but the regular, monotonous beats of the hammer on the anvil. Then follows the solemn stillness of the morning, interrupted by the shouts of the guests leaving the inn, the door of which is finally closed with a bang. The lights are extinguished. Barking of dogs at a distance, crowing of cocks all around."

What we have to admire in the art of even the young Hauptmann, and what distinguishes his work from all its naturalistic predecessors, is not only the energy and determination with which he draws his artistic consequences regardless of weak constitutions among his hearers, but is above all the wonderful power of characterization. There is a

warm flood of life pulsing in all his men and women, each of whom seems to live his own life rather than to exist for the sake of the drama. The characters in *Before Sunrise*, from the heroine down to the peasant maid, from the idealist Loth to the drunken beast of a father, — all show that a master hand has created them.

When one reads the drama one can easily understand the enthusiasm it aroused in Berlin. The people must have felt dimly that, in spite of its shortcomings, it offered a new revelation of art; that in it new elements of the commonplace and of ugliness had again been conquered by art and lifted into the realm of the beautiful.

Hauptmann's next two plays, *Das Friedensfest* (Festival of Peace) and *Einsame Menschen* (Lonely Lives), take us from the open air of *Before Sunrise*, from its fields with the smell of earth on them, into the close atmosphere of a house, or, rather, of a room, the gathering place of a family, in which the souls rub hard against one another as well as against contradictory elements in themselves. The characters of these dramas present the finest, although rather pessimistic, studies of our fin-de-siècle humanity, with a touch of the pathological in them. This element is especially to be noticed in the *Friedensfest*, where a whole family, laboring under the curse of an ill-advised match between father and mother, is finally being disintegrated.

From the purely individual and psychological problems treated in these two dramas, Hauptmann in his next work again returns to the social question, one phase of which he presents to us here with a power almost unparalleled in the social literature of our century.

The scene of this drama is in the Prussian province of Silesia, near Hauptmann's home; and I may remark here that Hauptmann never chooses surroundings for his characters with which he himself is not familiar. The rugged

Silesian dialect appears every now and then in Hauptmann's dramas, but he has made us associate it most vividly with the tragic bit of humanity that has grown on Silesian soil, — I mean with the weavers. Their suffering and rebellion, the gloomiest chapter in the social history of his province, form the subject of Hauptmann's drama, and *The Weavers* is its title.

We like to think, although the work was not wholly shaped and inspired by the fact, that the blood of these unfortunates flows in the poet's own veins. His own father was a well-to-do hotel-keeper, but his grandfather and his great-grandfather had been weavers, and it is in memory of the family tradition that he dedicates this work to his father.

He had made minute historical studies on the subject treated here, and in one of his sources of information, a book published in 1885 by the historian Zimmermann, we find a passage which gives the general situation and background of the play. After describing the distressing condition of the weavers in the middle of this century, Dr. Zimmermann concludes: "At last, with the courage of despair, they openly rebelled against their employers. Wild songs were heard in the streets, stones were thrown into the windows of the rich, and the house of one of the employers was demolished. The soldiers sent by the government to establish order were furiously resisted, and many among the mad crowd of unarmed wretches were killed, others wounded. The courage of the weavers died away as suddenly as it had been kindled, and patiently they returned into their old misery."

This is the raw historical material out of which Hauptmann shaped his work of art, — and it is to be noticed, by the way, that it bears a curious resemblance to the events depicted in Zola's powerful novel *Germinal*.

There is no hero in this drama of Hauptmann's, at least not a hero in the

conventional sense, and this was the cause of much perturbation in the minds of the critics until they thought of making "want" take that place. But the hero is something more concrete than this; it is, as Schlenther remarks, "this whole struggling race of weavers, whose haggard faces with looks bent on their common distress, are gathered here as it were into one gigantic composite — the type of the hungry weaver-face whose shadow is darkening the whole land." In it we recognize not only the weavers of fifty years ago, but the entire race of workmen victimized by the great monster of capitalism. For the historical facts relating to the rebellion of the weavers are only the vessel into which the poet has poured the very life-blood of our own times, which is one of the reasons why this drama takes hold of us with almost more than elemental force.

Here, too, the art of Hauptmann as the creator of this living Gorgon-head of our time is supreme, in characterization as well as in the giving of the atmosphere. There is no painting black or painting white, no trace of hatred or partial love in the poet. With the justice almost of fate he has distributed light and shade in all his finely chiseled men and women, so that we feel that if the slaves should suddenly become the masters, there would be enough among them who would act exactly as their oppressors do now.

Nevertheless, our sympathies are with the weavers as the conscience of the time is with them: we groan and beg, hope and despair, pray and curse, humble ourselves and strike with them, and by the time that the *Blutgericht*, the rough and spirited chorus of despair and revenge is sung, we are ready to join in with them and work the weight of our century off our souls with the cry: —

Here in this place there is a court
Far worse than inquisition,
Where judgment is a damning lie
To send us to perdition.

A man is slowly tortured here
Within this hall of horror.
Here groans of anguish testify
As witness of his terror.

You rascals all, you devils, fiends,
You demons proud and clever
That drain a poor man's life and blood —
A curse on you forever!

The drama has been criticised for its pessimism because, in spite of the final victory of the weavers over the soldiers, we feel that their struggle will continue and that they individually will be crushed. But is not just this a sad truth of history, the realist Hauptmann would ask, that, in order to accomplish what we call "progress" many individuals have to be sacrificed at each step?

There are, however, reconciling if not optimistic elements in the drama, and these may be found not only in the characters of the individual weavers themselves, — in their courage, loyalty, sense of justice, — but also in the very fact that their conditions are unendurable. We feel that they cannot last, and we are made to trust in help from the world outside. We know now, and Hauptmann knew when he wrote his drama, that the conditions have been changed for the better; that where formerly the poor hovels of the weavers were seen, large, well-organized factories have been built. Yes, that particular kind of misery has ceased, but will misery, can misery itself ever cease? This doubt is the gray shadow that, rising out of Hauptmann's drama, envelops the souls of his readers with the sad consciousness of the fallacy of human nature and of the ever present pathos of human life.

Judging Hauptmann from *The Weavers* and his earlier dramas, we should say that there was an almost morbidly ethical vein in him, and that his genius was decidedly inclined toward the tragic. But our poet is a man of surprises. In each new work he unfolds some new flower of his rich and versatile mind. In the two comedies which he created, for

recreation as it were, after his *Weavers*, he shows us that humor and wit, elements which have a somewhat protoplasmic existence in his first dramas, are as much his elements as the ethical and the tragic. Both *Professor Crampton* as well as the *Beaver-Coat* are little masterpieces of dramatic character study; one giving the ups and downs of an old painter who has drowned his creative powers in alcohol, but who has kept the manners and idiosyncrasies of genius; the other comedy acquainting us with the doings of a delicious piece of humanity, — a Berlin washerwoman who manages to fool all the world, and especially a wise Prussian government official, by her honest looks and talk, while she is flourishing on her profession of a thief.

This last "trifling" comedy of thieves, coming from the same pen which had written the soul-shattering drama of social distress, was a sad surprise for the admirers of the poet. But the surprise grew into a state of utter bewilderment when in November, 1893, they saw his next drama, *Hannele's Ascension to Heaven*, represented in the walls of the highly respectable and orthodox Berlin Court Theatre. It was clear that this most consistent naturalist had gone over into the camp of the idealists, and even into that of the symbolists. "The man who had depicted such crudities as drunkenness, nervous prostration, yes, even hunger, — this same man now dared to write a drama in which dreams, fantasies, yes, worst of all, a child's poetic faith in her Lord Jesus played an important part." Critics and carpers, friends and foes of the poet had much trouble to set their own minds and that of the public at rest about this conversion of Hauptmann.

Hannele is the apotheosis of a poor orphan child, a girl of finest sensibilities and most poetical fancies, an embodiment, one might say, of Hauptmann's own tender, poetic soul. Finding life with her brutal stepfather unendurable

she tries to drown herself on a cold winter night, but is rescued by a neighbor and brought to the poorhouse, where her beloved schoolmaster, a doctor, and a Sister of Charity attend her. Her wasted frame cannot stand the shock of this night's experience, and soon after she is put to bed she loses consciousness. Then the shapes of her feverish fancies rise before us: the drunken stepfather comes and bullies her, her mother brings comfort from heaven, and the dark angel of death slowly approaches and touches her. She is now dressed in shining silk garments and dainty silk slippers which the village tailor has brought for "Princess Hannele," and then she is laid in a beautiful glass coffin. Soon the villagers, the school children with their schoolmaster, and the people in the poorhouse all come to see the dead Hannele. At last a stranger enters. He has the features of the dear schoolmaster, but he is really the Lord Jesus. Saying, "The maiden is not dead, but sleepeth. Johanna Mattern, rise," he takes her by the hand and walks with her heavenward while a multitude of angels follow in their train. After this the glory vanishes, we are in the poorhouse again, and see the doctor bend over the bed of Hannele. "Dead?" the Sister of Charity asks, and the doctor sadly nods, "Dead."

In this strangely beautiful dream poem the power of the poet to blend the actual with the visionary hypnotizes us to such a degree that we hardly know where reality ceases and the dream begins. This same effect, only in a more marked degree, is produced by Hauptmann's next drama *Die Versunkene Glocke* (*The Sunken Bell*). Here his power of visualizing dreams and fancies calls up the whole world of German folklore to our vision. The *Sunken Bell* is a fairy story pure and — well, it is not so very simple, but it is a fairy tale, nevertheless, and here it is: —

Once upon a time there was a master bell founder, a good man and a great

artist. And this was his misfortune. For it made him dissatisfied with living in the valleys of life and with creating works for the valley. So once he founded a bell for the heights, — one that was to proclaim the dominion of the Christian God in the mountain realm of the heathen nature-spirits. It was declared to be the greatest of works that Master Heinrich ever did, but he had his silent misgivings about it. And when the bell, while being dragged to the mountain church, fell into the lake, Heinrich, in despair, threw himself down the precipice also. He was rescued, but did not want to live and work any longer. For had he not after his fall seen the bewitching face and heard the wonderful voice of Rautendelein of the woods? And did he not know, alas, that he could never reproduce that voice in his bells? Rautendelein, however, came herself and cured him, and leaving his family, his friends, and his duties in the valley, he followed his new love to her breezy mountain home. Here he worked with new inspiration and exultant vigor at the realization of his ideal work of art — a temple with a chime of bells, the sound of which was to drown the voice of all the church bells in the land and call together the multitudes for the worship of their mother, the sun. Soon, however, his creative faculties began to fail. Nature herself — the malicious wood sprite and the wise Nickelmännchen — conspired against him; his enemies from the valleys stormed his workshop, and visions rose before him of his forsaken wife and children. At last the sound of his sunken bell struck by the bony fingers of his dead wife rang up from the lake like the angry voice of the thunder god. Overwhelmed with grief, repentance, and longing, Heinrich left Rautendelein and rushed to the deep. But there was no peace for him in the valleys, either. A dying man, he climbed again to the heights to look once more on Rautendelein. With her kiss on his brow he

died, while behind the mountain summits there rose a new day.

There is a wonderful charm about the very atmosphere pervading this work of Hauptmann's, — a breath of Nature in her budding days as well as in her summer prime, with a sad suggestion, too, of coming death and decay. When, on a warm afternoon in late summer, we are lying on the ground somewhere deep in the woods and looking up into the tree-tops we see the sun shedding his last rays of golden red, and feel the heart throbs of mother earth in the flowers about us and in the myriads of insects flying, crawling, buzzing around us, — then golden-haired Rautendelein and the dancing fairies, brook-voiced Nickelmännchen and the wood sprite will come to us: we shall greet them as old acquaintances, and revel in their grace and beauty, in their naturalness and freshness, yes, even let the coarse jokes of the wood sprite, who carries with him an earthy odor of decay, pass with a smile.

At such moments we shall better understand and sympathize with the longing of Heinrich the artist for a closer union with this world of natural freedom, grace, and beauty, than the conventional, dogmatic, oppressing atmosphere of the valleys could give him. We shall dimly see his conception of highest art as an art which, like Nature herself, lulls one, and at the same time invigorates and draws one onward above all the petty cares and sorrows of human life. It is a confession that Hauptmann makes to us in this fairy tale, — a confession that he, too, has tried to rise to the heights of great and soul-delivering art, but has failed. He, too, Hauptmann, had founded a bell on which for years he had spent all his best workmanship, and when it came to be tried the poet-founder saw it was not fit for the heights.

It must have been a great grief and a sad revelation to the poet, when, at the first, which was also the last, represen-

tation of his great historical drama of the Reformation, Florian Geyer, he saw and felt that it was a failure. And he must have asked himself then, Why is it a failure? Have I stayed too long in the narrow valleys of earthly misery, of human shortcomings, that I have lost the ability to reach the summits of my new ideals? Is it true, that to attain the height of great art I must first harden myself to become the great *Übermensch*, the over-man, of whom Nietzsche dreams in his Zarathustra, who stands beyond good and evil? Must I harden myself against the demands of my social conscience, against my own heart which is throbbing with compassion for the poor, oppressed, straying fellow men about me?

The bell founder, Heinrich, died broken-hearted; but our poet, with his vision of a new art and the humble confession of his inability to give shape to his ideal, went down into the valley again, to his own simple folk in Silesia, and there created his Fuhrmann Henschel (Driver Henschel).

The plot of this drama of fate, a work of the most carefully wrought composition, is the simplest possible, the stress being laid, as is usual with the poet, on character rather than on incident. Driver Henschel, a good, honest, simple-minded man, is wrongfully suspected by his sick wife of paying undue attention to their stalwart young servant Hanna. In order to appease the fretting woman, the good-natured giant half jokingly promises that, if his wife should die, he will not marry Hanna.

But when the good housewife has left her bewildered husband in the chill of loneliness and in the maze of household cares, Henschel, urged by his anxious friends to marry again, chooses Hanna, because she, after his wife's death, has taken excellent care of his house and child. This clever, but hard and sensual woman who, as the people whisper to one another, has hurried Hen-

schel's wife and baby to their graves, keeps up her vicious connections after her marriage. When the shame that Hanna has brought on his honest name is revealed, and the vague suspicions, too, reach his ears, the poor man staggers under the blow. Accusing no one save himself, but with dazed wondering how he really could have helped matters, he, out of this labyrinth of evil snares, takes refuge in suicide.

Fuhrmann Henschel is still naturalistic art, that is, art of the lowlands, but it is the crown of it, a work of great simplicity, strength, and pathos, tempered with the virtue of moderation, purity, and self-control that great spiritual experiences give.

And is this the end of Hauptmann? No, let us hope that it is just the beginning! He is only thirty-seven years old, and great things may yet be accomplished by him. Perhaps, now that in Fuhrmann Henschel he has touched his Silesian mother earth again, he will, like Antæus of old, be able to take a new flight, a flight into the land of idealism in thought and art, the land of promise and longing for many of our great contemporaries, but most emphatically for Nietzsche and Hauptmann, the two men who represent the climax of the nineteenth-century spiritual life in Germany.

Nietzsche has given his message of a new age coming, with a harder, stronger, finer race of men, in his mystical Zarathustra.

Hauptmann has laid down the confession of his artistic aspirations in his *Sunken Bell*. Both men keenly suffer from life, — but in what different ways!

Nietzsche, the poet philosopher, the descendant of aristocrats and himself a full-fledged aristocrat, is one of the greatest sufferers from this world of the "*Vielzuvielen*," the "many-too-many," whom he hates, yet cannot shake off, because he, more perhaps than the rest of us, has what he calls the disease of

Christian Ethics in his blood. This disease of self-renunciation seen in the sacrifice of the noble for the ignoble, of the strong for the weak, of the healthy for the sick, Nietzsche denounces as the curse of civilized humanity, because it disables mankind to produce the *Übermensch*. One of the first teachings, therefore, of Zarathustra, is: "Spare not your neighbor, the great love for the coming race demands it. The neighbor is something that must be overcome."

And at the side of Nietzsche as the child of the same generation put Hauptmann, the poet, the democrat, the strong descendant of a sturdy race of artisans, whose very spring of action is that altru-

ism denounced by Nietzsche, that loving compassion with the victims of our civilization: the poor, the oppressed, the vicious, the lonely, the helpless, the nervously overwrought. All of these are clasped in the arms of his tender, loving nature; they all are planted on the rich soil of his artist's soul, where they find new life, and blossom anew, to bear fruit for the coming race of men.

In Nietzsche we have the cold, crisp current of Pagan individualism; in Hauptmann the warm, expanding flood of Christian Socialism. Both are the great arteries of our time. Will the twentieth century unite these in one mighty stream, and give us a new Shakespeare or a new Goethe?

Margarethe Müller.

"THE CHILD."

PROBABLY there is not in all educational literature a more mischievous phrase than "the child." Formerly we had children, — actual entities, real beings. Now we have psychology and an abstraction — "the child." He is not a real being. The Lord never made him. He has not been created but ex-cogitated. He is like nothing in heaven or earth. Children have endless variety. "The child" has no variety except such as marks the different psychological sects that have manufactured him. "The child," we are told by one school, "must reproduce the experiences of the race." Primeval man had mythologies. Therefore the nineteenth-century child must go through his "mythological age." But when we really set to work to teach him those Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and Norse mythologies, we find a great deal that we really could not impart to our children, besides a great deal that we had better not. By the time we have expurgated the legends of all the envy,

revenge, cruelty, falsehood, and some other things, there is often so little sparkle left that eager young souls find them rather flat. How if we were to conclude that our children were born quite recently, and do not need to start in the prehistoric ages? As a matter of fact, when our far-off ancestors are supposed to have been given up to dreamy legends, they were originating missile weapons, picking flints to a knife-edge for arrowheads, and rifling them withal, so that the arrow would hold its way like a Krag-Jorgensen bullet. They were inventing rapid transit by corralling and bridling horses that had run wild since the creation. They were conquering rivers and seas in log canoes, and laying the foundations of astronomy by the telescopes of their unspoiled eyes looking from mountain tops. Awhile later they were learning to fuse and forge metals out of various queer sorts of earth and rock. They seem to have been, indeed, among the most practical

and matter-of-fact people that ever lived, — those Yankees of prehistoric times.

Suppose we try the theory on the materialistic basis. Our ancestors passed through the stone age. Our children must do the same since "the child repeats the experience of the race." We will take away their knives and forks and spoons, and give them sharp pieces of flint to cut their viands with. We will furnish them hammers made of rounded pebbles, with which they may pound up corn and wheat, and bake the same on hot stones in the back yard, to prepare their digestion for the assimilation of modern bread and biscuit. But if our children are "heirs of all the ages," why not, in the name of common sense, let them come straight into their inheritance, without hewing their way through primeval barbarism?

Who knows that "the child repeats the experience of the race"? What proof is there of it? Is it anything more than a scholastic dictum, like Aristotle's explanation of the bending of the body in rising from a sitting position? "The right angle," said the old Greek, "is the angle of fixity; in sitting the body forms two right angles; hence, in order to rise, the feet must be drawn in and the body bent forward, to change the right angles into acute angles, because the acute angle is the angle of motion." The ancient dogma seems fully as good as the modern. If our children are actually driven through æons of barbaric development in the first six or eight tender years, prove it; but permit us to be very skeptical of any assumptions that take this preposterous thing for granted. Perish the theories! Give us facts!

Another school lays great stress on the "Greek period" and the "Roman period" as eras of transition for "the child." The Greeks were somewhat volatile and fickle, while the Romans were inflexible and determined. That was because the Greeks came first. If

the Romans had come first they would have been fickle and the Greeks would have been determined. Our children must go through the Greek into the Roman period. The "Greek period" for "the child" is fixed at about the sixth year. Why, the psychologists only know. There rises to view one little American whose curls his mother cannot be persuaded to cut off, who has developed, from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, a store of that trait which we admire as "firmness" when it goes our way, and condemn as "obstinacy" when it crosses our inclination. This supposably plastic, ductile, and malleable little creature has actually determination enough to have served the Roman Horatius at the Bridge, or, for that matter, Miltiades and his Greeks at Marathon, or even Leonidas and *his* Greeks at Thermopylæ. Nature has such reckless disregard for the most perfect theories.

Another school will have "the child" at five and six occupied wholly with aimless doing, — "activity for the sake of activity." He is supposed to be "incapable as yet of planning for a future" — "of doing one thing with the distinct purpose of accomplishing another." "In this condition," we are told, "when the child is not interested in things or results for their own sake, only in the doing, he has no consecutive plan of consecutive doing; hence he is not capable of propounding problems to himself. This is the kindergarten stage. Later on his actions are put in sequence, when he sees that . . . something else must be done before he can do the other something. He must do A before he does B. . . . The age of five or six will bring some capacity to regulate activities looking toward the future. But it is a growing opinion that it is near the age of eight that the child begins to see the end to be gained in contradistinction to something to be done."

Well, if it takes the psychological

"child" so long to get to the stage of consecutive reasoning and of planning for future results, the less we have to do with the psychological "child" the better. The assumption is not true of real children. The present writer knew, for instance, a little cherub of two years' terrestrial experience, who found the cat in his high chair after he had left it, and went to eject her. The cat objected, and scratched his hand, whereupon he withdrew to think it over. That high chair was of the dislocating kind that can become a low easy-chair by pulling a handle. Two-year-old walked round the table, came up behind Pussy's strategic position, pulled that handle, and brought the whole fortification down. The cat made a leap such as could only have been inspired by a conviction of the approaching end of all things; and young humanity had established forever the "dominion" given him in Genesis over the "beast of the field."

On another occasion, a small boy scarcely beyond the age of three participated in the following dialogue:—

Older Sister. Now, Jamie, you must be ever so good, because I am making you some little biscuits.

Jamie (reflectively). Well, Mary, when you don't make me any little biscuits, I don't have to be ever so good.

The kindergarten or primary teacher who begins with that little boy at six, with the idea that she has two years to practice upon him "before his reasoning powers develop," will soon be disastrously undeceived.

Now comes a learned instructor with the "fetich," which he brings forward on the authority of the eminent philosopher Comte. Our ancestors were not only barbarians but savages. They had some objects which they considered incarnations of demons, which they worshipped because they were afraid of them. All primitive people must have done it because some tribes of savages do now. Hence there must be the fetich—the

symbol of devil-worship—in the life of "the child." Where shall we find it? Why, manifestly, in the little girl's doll! We appeal to our readers of the gentler sex for the facts. Do you remember, ladies, a time when you used to worship your dolls because you were afraid of them, and thought they were incarnations of evil spirits? But the learned specialist ought to know, and, according to him, that is what you must have done when you were little savages.

The mistake of all these systems is the attempt to treat "the child" as an entity when God and nature have given us only children. "The child" is an abstraction simply evolved out of some professor's inner consciousness, with no troublesome limitations of fact. Hence you can assert almost anything about "the child," and find something somewhere to fit the theory after it is made.

Let us try this method with "the horse." Here are two essays from two rival schools on this useful and interesting animal:—

THE HORSE. NO. I.

The horse is a heavy and powerful animal capable of drawing great loads, but not capable of high speed. He should not be driven faster than a walk, as there is danger of injuring his shoulders and making him permanently lame.

THE HORSE. NO. II.

The horse is a light, fleet, elegant animal capable of a very high speed, but not adapted for heavy draying. He should never be made to move great loads, as these will strain his delicate muscles, while the cramping of his activity will harm his sensitive nerves.

In proof of No. I., the author will point you to a draft horse, and No. II. shall be illustrated by a racer, with a reserve for the hunter that will gallop all day across country, sailing over all the fences and ditches he may find in his way.

Or, one may write a pair of essays on "the fish," thus: —

THE FISH. NO. I.

The fish is a tiny but elegant creature very shy of man and difficult to allure within his reach.

THE FISH. NO. II.

The fish is a huge marine animal of frightful aspect, often twenty feet in length, very fond of man, whom he is able to swallow in two bites.

Either of these descriptions can be proved absolutely true, but either would become arrant nonsense for the fisher who should flee in terror from the open mouth of a spotted trout or dangle a fly before the cavernous jaws of a shark.

What has been said is not with the purpose of decrying true "child study." A gifted woman has published a book called *A Study of a Child*. That is in the right direction. She has taken one real, living being and observed his traits, till she knows something of one child. If we can put enough such observations together we may have a helpful study of children. When Dr. Shaw conducts spelling tests with more than five thousand living children, and tabulates the results, he is working in the world of fact, and his conclusions have the authority that attaches to actual experiment. His discoveries let in new and helpful light upon the spelling problem. This is scientific, — gathering facts and combining them to form a theory. The opposite method — the forming of a theory first, evolving an abstract conception out of evolution and what not, and then going out to find something in children to fit the theory — is eminently unscientific. There is more value in the practical observations of a teacher who has taught year after year fifty or sixty children from the streets, just as they are caught, than in the closet theory of the most learned professor.

Life always transcends theory. By *a priori* reasoning, for instance, we should say that the learning of language would be one of the last attainments of the growing human being. Such a tax upon arbitrary memory in learning the thousands of words that make up the vocabulary; so many various inflections, differing without reason, to express such nice shades of meaning, so that merely to conjugate the irregular verbs requires wearisome study; synonyms to be so finely differentiated; homonyms, alike in sound, but different in meaning, — surely none but a mature mind can grasp all this, and one should not begin the study of language before the age of twenty-one.

But, in fact, children are found to have a marvelous natural aptitude for just this work. Their power of remembering words and retaining delicate shades of sound is not less, but far greater, than that of the adult. The professor takes his little children to Paris or Berlin, and while he is slaving over grammars and phrase books, they are chattering French or German like magpies. Moreover they acquire a perfect foreign accent, while his English tongue betrays him the moment he opens his mouth. The grown man can by no manner of means learn a new language so that his learning will match the easy familiarity that he gained in childhood with his "mother tongue." The fact is the exact reverse of what *a priori* theory would have reasoned out. So in countless instances of our dealing with children, our business is not to reason what must be, but to inquire what is.

Among the elements that give real children their charming diversity is the fact that they are boys and girls. "The child" is of no sex, though compendiously classified as "he." In real life, brothers and sisters grow up side by side, yet each with the typical tendencies of the sex. The little boy will get a stick, the emblem of mastery, the "rod" or "staff" of the chieftain of the olden time. He gets another for his sister, but

it has no use or meaning for her, till she wraps a little garment around it, when it becomes a doll, to be tenderly cherished. So in one family, at least, it came to pass that if the carving-knife or the potato-masher was suddenly missing, the mother would look in the doll's cradle, and there find it wrapped in a little gown and snugly tucked to rest. When, in a game of romps, the brother and sister were fleeing from an imaginary bear, the sister threw open a door and called, "Oh, Harry, come in here and hide!" The brother spied a broom, seized it, and faced about, crying, "No, Mary, here's something to bang with!" The bear promptly resumed the human form. It is not science that ignores all this. What can be a greater absurdity than to obliterate these distinctions of taste and feeling of real boys and girls in the impersonal abstraction of "the child."

The doctrine of heredity also has a hand in the make-up of the psychological "child." To follow certain speakers and writers, one would think that if we knew the characteristics of a child's parents we could cipher out his necessary character as easily as a sum in addition. But each of these parents has numerous traits of body and mind, which are capable of blending in infinitely varying shades. No man can predict just what or how that blending shall be. Then, as we trace the stream of heredity backward, we find that each child has had four grandparents, and eight great-grandparents, and combining their characteristics according to the law of permutation, we have at least forty thousand possible combinations. When our own little one is put into our arms, we do not know which one of these forty thousand permutations we have to deal with. Often our wonder comes to be how many of the forty thousand this little being includes at once. We give up all attempt to cipher him out by his ancestry, glad if we can but deal wisely with him for what he is.

When we reach that point, we are at once sensible and scientific. True science proceeds from the observed fact to the general law. Any system that would start with a general law by which to discern the individual fact is scholasticism or charlatanism, but not science. When science has gathered instances enough, it may formulate its general law, though even then the "white blackbird" is always likely to appear and spoil the wisest induction. Among human beings, the white blackbird — the unpredictable quantity — is likely to be the Shakespeare, the Newton, the Wordsworth, the Lincoln, or other doer of the unexpected. How many of these geniuses have been spoiled by being "licked into shape," to suit some supposedly universal proposition, passes computation. The parent or teacher wants nothing to do with any psychology that is not elastic enough to make room for the newest and rarest specimen.

We sometimes hear parents say, "I don't see why my children have turned out so differently, when I have trained them all exactly alike." That is reason enough. No two are alike, and the training that is right for one is *ipso facto* wrong for another. There is the sluggish who needs to be roused. There is the fiery and impetuous who would be almost maddened by the same excitements. There is the poetic and tender, to be guided largely through the affections. There is the practical and businesslike, to be dealt with chiefly on matter-of-fact grounds. Thus the training of real children calls out all the most various resources of parent or teacher, and is a wonderfully uplifting and developing process for one who accepts it rightly. But the study of "the child" as an abstraction can be done with a cold heart on unvarying maxims, amid which the theorist's soul is continually contracting till you can hear the dry bones rattle, — pedagogy, pedagogics, pedagogical, psychology, psychological, apperceptions = mass!

For the teacher, the personal variation among the real children is increased by the varying influence of race, environment, and home life. Out of every nation under heaven they are poured into the public schoolroom. Some are accustomed to fear nothing but blows; some are gently and tenderly reared. The check that would be necessary for one would be downright cruelty to another. So some theorists destroy all discipline by prescribing for the street Arab the mildness and sweetness and milk-and-water that might do for some child of tender nurture; while others who have dealt mostly with the ruder element harrow the feelings, spoil the temper, and embitter the souls of gentle, thoughtful children, who need but a loving word of reproof or caution. In the school or in the home, we must individualize and deal with children, — not with “the child.” Real children can receive sympathy and love, and give love and sympathy in return. But who can love an abstraction? The psychologist does not think of such a thing. To him any young individual human being is simply a specimen of the abstract category called “the child;” and he would be a much more satisfactory specimen

if the psychologist could stick a pin in his back, fasten him on a card, put him in his “mythological age,” or in his “Greek period” or “Roman period,” and have him stay where he was put, — as a real child will not do. Love, on the contrary, is individual and personal. All of us who are parents love our dear little ones, with all their virtues and all their faults, — not as psychological specimens, but each as a personality, — for his or her own dear sake; and in home, in school, or in the world, love is the mightiest of all moulding and transforming powers.

The great novelists and poets — whose power is in their deep knowledge of human nature — have ever given us individual children, never “the child.” How perfect in this, as in all other respects, is the wisdom of the Great Teacher! Christ never spoke of “the child,” but said, “Suffer the little children to come unto me.” “He took them up in his arms, put his hands on them and blessed them.” He said: “Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven;” and “Whosoever receiveth one of such children in my name receiveth me.”

James Champlin Fernald.

THE OPEN DOOR.

AT last the jangling freight train came to a standstill, and, as the voices and lanterns of the train hands died away in the distance, Finnister prepared to crawl out. Through the loosened bar of the half-cleaned cattle car he crept, and dropped heavily down into the snowy darkness. His numbed body could scarce feel the reality of solid earth; but he plunged forward across innumerable tracks toward the bridge which led over into the city proper. A tramp? Yes,

and worse; as they are worse who, having known better things, are not able to keep them. A penniless gentleman, he had thought bitterly, is poorer than the veriest beggar. But now he was almost past thinking, though what he did was done from the kind of instinct which follows upon much thought. Cold, unwashed, smelling of the foul gunny sack in which he had wrapped himself in the cattle car, Finnister pushed on because there was still one place to push

to. At the Friendly Inn he could get food, a bath, a night's lodging, in return for some wood sawing, if the malign fever, the crown of his misfortunes, had left him strength to do it. Moreover, until all else was swallowed up in this sense of gnawing, nauseating hunger, he had felt that his cup of misery was not quite full, that there was some excitement still in seeing how much more it would hold, and how much more bitter the drops might be. Motion, however, was requickenening the power to suffer and to think. He was like a man whose tormentors had left him for a time that the necessary recuperation might take place which should make further torment all the keener. The softness under his feet, the cold, feathery air all about him, — why not lie down here and end it thus? Lethe's cup holds many potions; why not drink his off, and give up an unequal strife? Though grievous enough, it was not so much bodily distress that affected him as that dire mental pain which comes when a man looks into the future and sees a blank. He remembered a miner who told him of a torture by some Indians, how they tied a ligature round a man's arm, skillfully stopped the circulation, then waited and jeered their victim as he went slowly mad.

Finnister felt that something had stopped in him the circulation of Hope, the most healthful current in man's whole nature, and he wondered what madness might be like. Should he lie down, then? No, not yet; he would at least prove a gallant player, would give Life the odds even, would wait till the cup brimmed over. Then, if there were nothing else, why then he would pass through what had been so aptly called *the open door*. Strange, he thought, that Life which plays such tricks with men should, as by an oversight, have placed the power to leave Life's presence in man's own weak hand.

He pushed and stumbled on in the

semi-darkness, for the lights were here so far apart that if the snow thickened there was danger of losing the way.

The bridge once gained, he paused to draw breath. From end to end it was a blaze of lights, and light in itself is friendly. Yet the bridge was solitary save for a single figure ahead but dimly seen in the distance. It must have been very late, and in that case there was small chance of his getting in even at the Friendly Inn; moreover, he did not know just where the inn was, and wished to ask. So he quickened his steps till abreast of the figure. As the stranger turned, the light fell full on his face, and he looked at Finnister from under cavernous brows with the pale, phosphorescent-rimmed eyes of a great age.

"Good-evening, mate," said Finnister recklessly.

"Good-evening, sir," returned the old man.

Poverty and wealth, which have many points in common, are alike in this, that they cruelly centre the possessor of either upon himself. But the old man's tone and manner so belied his appearance that Finnister's attention was involuntarily aroused, and he stared curiously at the speaker. Once the old man must have been unusually tall and correspondingly strong, but now his clothes and an ample cloak hung oddly upon the gaunt, shrunken frame. Yet his voice was anything but old. Strangely soft, low, and clear, he spoke upon a single note, a flutelike monotone, as if every other quality of the voice had gone; and he ended his words with a long, gentle sigh. The voice seemed disembodied, an articulate sound, and Finnister wondered whether he had really heard, or whether a sense of speech had come to him from the old man's mind and will. The aged eyes continued fixed upon him, however, and he felt he had never seen eyes at once so old, and yet so alive in their expression.

"You are a stranger," said Finnister,

unconsciously speaking his thoughts, and half realizing that this momentary getting away from himself was, in itself, refreshment.

"I am always a stranger, and yet have I been this way before."

"I thought you might be able to tell me just where the Friendly Inn is," said Finnister after a slight pause.

"It is two squares above the levee on South Clyde Street."

"Perhaps you, too, are going there," suggested Finnister, with some wistfulness in his tone.

"No, I lodge elsewhere; but I will go with you and show you the exact way," responded the old man.

"I would not for the world on a night like this take an old man out of his way."

"I am never *taken* out of my way; and I am not permitted to *go* out of it," said the stranger, smiling. His smile, like his voice, was exquisite, but seemed to be of the same strange unchanging quality. Unconsciously Finnister drew closer to him. The old man carried a staff which, however, he did not use, yet kept briskly apace with the younger man. Finnister was surprised.

"Time has been good to you, sir," he said wonderingly; "there is no shuffle in your feet, no lack of muscular activity in your limbs and body."

"And time will be good to you," instantly replied the other, "if you will give time and yourself the chance."

Finnister started. "Why do you say that?" he demanded.

"Because you are unfortunate, not guilty. Time is true to all; but only to the innocent can time appear good and kind."

Finnister gave a mirthless laugh. "That's hackneyed!" he exclaimed. "But how did you guess I am unfortunate?"

"I did not guess; I saw."

"That's easily seen," said Finnister bitterly, "for no one goes to the Friendly Inn who has anywhere else to go."

"The inn will be closed; it is long past the hour; and you must go with me." The stranger spoke gently, yet with a certainty that gave Finnister a thrill.

"Unfortunate? Yes!" he cried scornfully. "How unfortunate you may well see when I am forced to accept charity from a chance stranger."

"You speak as one not knowing Life," answered the old man in his singular, soft voice, a voice which seemed aloof from time and space and their interests. "There is no such thing as charity, as you use the word. Mine is the privilege."

There was that in his tone and manner which carried conviction.

"You are kind to put it so," said Finnister more gently. "But — not know Life? Man, I have drunk its cup to the dregs!"

"Ay, and think you can see the bottom of the cup below the dregs," returned the stranger calmly. "You are going to the Friendly Inn, but neither thought nor intention rests there; they are forging beyond, toward the open door."

Again Finnister started. "And what then?" he asked defiantly.

"Do you think Life so simple that so easy a turn may end it? You will admit that you did not give yourself Life; do you think you can take Life?"

"I might at least try," hazarded Finnister moodily. "There is room, too, for expectation in the thought of possibly seeing what comes next."

The stranger made no immediate reply. There was no wind, and the fine dry snow fell straight about them with always increasing swiftness. The old man drew closer to Finnister. "I, who am the least of the King's servants, know all too little of his laws. But I know that they dare too much who go unsummoned into his presence; they may not have held out to them the golden sceptre."

A fanatic, thought Finnister. "Well," said he, "suppose, going unbidden, we are sent to the other place, — is n't it likely to be warm there, and light, and at least not hungry?" And again he gave that hard, jarring laugh.

"It depends on what you find there," said the stranger quietly. "If you know anything of Life, you know there is no worm so gnawing as the worm regret; no fire so tormenting as unsatisfied desire."

"Well," said Finnister less harshly, "let us hope that on the other side there is neither worm nor fire, but only oblivion; that, passing through the open door, we step off into nothingness again."

Without pausing, and with a bare turn of the wrist, the stranger drew with his staff a figure in the snow. It suggested to Finnister the figure eight.

"The earth is round," said the old man, "and we may not step off anywhere. There is no end. There is choice of action and of masters, or we may deceive ourselves by thinking we are free; that is all. The open door! On the other side there is indeed manifold" — He paused.

"You speak as if you, yourself, had at least looked through the open door," said Finnister, half smiling.

"I have," returned the old man with stern simplicity, "even though it be but a lure, a snare. For to those who know something of the truth, the door does truly stand at times ajar, and through it one may catch glimpses. I am old. I have traveled long to and fro upon the earth, and I have now and then looked through that door."

"How — when?" cried Finnister, in surprise.

"As to-night, through you, and with your eyes," replied the old man gravely. "The bridge is long," he continued. "It waxes colder. Put your hand in my arm under my cloak, and let me warm you. Never mind my years; they no

longer count. Enough that I am still here upon the service of the King."

Wondering, and willing to humor his companion, Finnister did as he was bid, and found decided warmth, and greater ease in walking, by reason of this nearness.

"They that are overcome with misery are as they that are overcome with wine, — the truth drops from their lips," continued the stranger. "You think if I did but know your story I should be forced to admit that you know to the full Life's ill. But relief does not that way lie where your thoughts point. Believe me, on this side the open door you still have choice; on the other, choice is forfeited. Here, you are what men call free; there, you are a captive, and you little dream who would be your keeper and leader."

"My story?" cried Finnister, somewhat sobered from his recklessness, and looking wonderingly into the strange old eyes so near his own. "A few minutes ago my story seemed the whole of life; but now, hearing your voice, your words, it seems lessening, falling away from me, like something outgrown, outlived."

"The man is greater than any story he may have to tell, greater than any of Life's mere happenings, — you had forgotten that," said the old man gently.

"I never felt it, never knew it, till now," returned Finnister quickly. "But — I will tell you my story. I am thirty-six, the high noon of life. From my twenty-second year I served a man here in this very city, a wealthy man and one noted for his business capacity. He paid me fair wages, and I did my best. Yet there is no trading blood in me. I come of slaveholding stock, easy-going men, gentlemen of the horse, dog, and gun. At the back of my mind, through all I did and tried to do, there was a yearning sense of green, moist woods, sun-swept fields, blue skies, and fair running streams. It was like having an opaline, October haze in my mind, an

inheritance from generations which had never been compelled to do anything." Finnister was silent for a few minutes, and then said: "Do you know where the curse of slavery really falls? Not on the slave, but on his master. The man who owns another man never gets the full good of his own manhood, the full use of himself. My employer more than hinted that I should never make a really shrewd business man, that I had no real business capacity. I served him for a dozen years though, and during all that time he never commended me once. Of blame there was no stint, but of praise nothing. Never once did he say that I had done even approximately well. Yet in faithfulness and uprightness I served him as with my heart's blood. Do you know what it is to serve in an atmosphere of chilling disapproval? It means to have every sense numbed, physical and mental; it means to be kept on the edge of apprehension lest you should inadvertently transgress beyond all bounds; it means to fear, to doubt your own self till you feel yourself becoming the incapable thing you are charged with being. You are afraid to hold on; you are afraid to let go. Yet my employer himself, strange to say, was a man eager for every kind of approbation. He who withheld all encouragement from me shrank from a breath of blame as a delicate woman might shrink from blows. As time went on the dull pain of my daily life throbbed gradually into torture. My place became a hell, — I never expect to know a worse. I had saved money, however, and finally, in desperation, I threw up my position, and went South to try for myself in the open market. My employer predicted that I should fail, that I could n't cope with the men I should have to deal with. Do you know what it is to buy cotton? I did fairly well at first until I was deceived in certain grades. Yet these losses were comparatively small, my margin was all

right, and, as I never speculated, I thought to make a tolerable living." He drew a deep breath. "From people supposed to be perfectly trustworthy, I bought a large and costly order of high grade cotton. The samples were perfect; but the whole consignment was thrown back upon my hands as being terribly inferior. I had been consummately cheated. The mill-owner's loss I made good, of course; but this swept away nearly all I had. What was left I put into a cotton for which I knew there was a special demand. The cotton was to lie in the warehouse a single night. That very night a fire broke out. I had not been able to insure; and my cotton was the first to go. I was not only ruined, but penniless."

His voice choked in the white stillness. "I tried for first one thing and then another, and finally got a porter's place in a large store. I had had the place a month when I was stricken with typhoid fever, and was sixteen weeks in the hospital. On coming out, after looking about in vain, I determined to come back here where I have some friends so called who, if I can bring myself to ask them, may possibly help me. But this is a world in which if you have five dollars you can borrow five; yet if you have n't five cents you can't borrow five to save your life!" The passion in his voice seemed to make the air more tingling. "Well, I worked and beat my way back, and stole a ride for the last hundred miles in an overlooked cattle car. Here I am. But for your kindness I should this night in all probability have frozen in the street. Do you think you have done well to keep life in me?"

"I have done well," said the stranger in the voice that suggested starlight. "And now that your story is, so far, behind you, — what do you think of it, how does it affect you? Granted that, in the human sense, it has been hard, nevertheless, it has brought you to the

truth, it has made *you* true. You know your own nature, your employer's nature, your place in Life. You have put your finger on the eternal weakness and inadequacy of slavery. You are just, therefore necessarily sympathetic; you can divine and relieve men's needs. What are the gold, and purple, and fine linen of life in comparison with this facing, this knowledge, of the living truth? Do you count it gain or loss?"

There was a long silence.

"Gain," answered Finnister slowly.

"And yet you were going to drop Life not at the moment of defeat, but of victory."

"Yes, but it is you who have made me see!" cried Finnister brokenly.

"Never mind how sight comes, provided we *do* see. Never again mistake men for trees walking. It is the man who has consciousness and will, who has power, — not the tree."

Finnister clung instinctively to the arm of his aged companion.

"Could n't *you* give me work? Let me go with you!" he exclaimed.

"That is forbidden," said the stranger gently. "The judgment is that I must go on alone."

Finnister was awed; for there was such certainty in the old man's tone that there was no gainsaying.

"And your story?" he ventured to ask presently.

"It is so old as to be forgotten," was the reply. "My name, too, is gone with the lips that once knew and uttered it."

Finnister gazed into his face with wonder. "You are wise; you must have seen much of Life, have known much, — surely you might tell me something of yourself," he entreated.

"Will you believe?" replied the old man, smiling. "I was one who once came to the Master, asking what good thing I should do to inherit eternal life. I wanted more life, not less, and wanted it for myself, for I had great possessions. The man who thinks Life purchasable is

as far wrong as he who thinks Life worthless and to be thrown away. Grieved at the answer made me, I turned and went away. And I wander, as long as there is Life of men upon the earth, to work out for myself the answer to my question. For not until the Master shall have made the circle of humanity will He come to me again. So, as I turned from Him once, I must await His coming now. But my life, though solitary, is not apart. It is bound up with your life, with all lives. Whenever I am permitted to do what is called a good deed, a deed that increases Life, my probation is shortened. For every good deed is a privilege, because a special service to the King. You will know me by my sign, the double circles of time and of eternity." And again the old man made in the snow the outline of the figure eight.

A great awe fell upon Finnister. He scarce dared think who his strange companion might be.

But they had now left the bridge and were making their way through the city streets.

"We are here," said the old man at last, and stopped. It was in one of the poorest parts of the city, almost unknown to Finnister, and the door they paused before stood partly open. The old man knocked quickly, and presently an elderly woman, holding a lantern high above her head, came down the steep flight of black, narrow stairs upon which the door opened. Without a word the two followed her up the steps, and she showed them into a clean, almost bare room. The stranger and Finnister seated themselves at a table, and, without delay, the woman ministered to them. Warmth and drowsiness together stole soothingly through Finnister, yet while sensible of them his whole attention was fixed upon his preserver.

"Tell me," he said, taking his lips from a cup of hot broth, and resting his arm on the table, "tell me, if I had

passed through the open door, where should I have been? Who would have been my keeper?"

The air seemed to be growing heavy as well as hot, and the voice of the old man was like a tinkling, far-off bell. With eyes fixed upon Finnister's he said:—

"No gift of Heaven is ever taken back. Men may change the use of it, but it is never withdrawn. It was promised to the disciples of the Master that they should sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. And yet one was a devil, one was the traitor who fordid himself, and went to his own place. Yet has he his throne, his kingdom. All who kill belong to him and are his followers. He is keeper and leader of them all, and of those who betray. To pass the open door, therefore, is to stand face to face with the great betrayer. On his throne, in chains, if you can understand what that means, he rules a kingdom in chains; and woe betide the soul which finds itself in his power and presence! It is where hope ends, and remorse begins. But you have been spared. What you would have destroyed is not your life, but your power of *choice* in life. Your hardest trial is over. Your employer, too, has learned his lesson. After you left him, he took a young man, brilliantly capable, indeed, but unworthy. The firm has suffered heavy loss. But your employer has, in his turn, learned that faithful service, truth, and honesty are priceless. You will go back to him, and will serve under conditions better for you both. And I," he said, smiling, "I shall go on — on — on — on." The voice appeared to die away in the distance, and Finnister slept.

When he came to himself again it was at the sound of a voice which did not seem his own, a voice saying: "Is it morning? Have I slept long?"

The question brought quickly to his

side a young woman in hospital dress, and a tall, elderly man with a fine face, who looked down at Finnister with speculative eyes.

"You have slept well; and it's broad day," said the nurse cheerily.

"Young man, you've had a close call, and must n't talk," said the doctor briefly. "Miss Merton, give him his draught." And the doctor slipped a hand under Finnister's pillows, while the nurse held a glass to his lips. Something winey went down his throat. He wanted to ask another question, but before he could frame it he seemed to be caught up, under the wing of a gigantic white swan, — white as snow, warm as life, — into aerial space, where all desire was lost in an ecstatic sense of effortless motion.

When he next awoke it must have been late in the afternoon. Dusk had gathered in the corners of the unfamiliar room, and what light there was, like a pale fountain, streamed upward to the ceiling. In the semi-twilight he saw a woman sitting near the foot of his bed.

"Did he go on?" asked Finnister eagerly.

The nurse started, and rose promptly. "Mr. Employ? Yes; but we thought you did n't know him; you seemed asleep."

"Employ — has *he* been here?" asked Finnister wonderingly. For Employ was his grudging employer.

"It was he who had you put in this room," answered the nurse kindly. "He said he could n't stand having you in the common ward. You see, there was an account published of your being found, and of the address and letters in your pocket; that's the way Mr. Employ knew."

Even in the dim light the nurse saw something more than bewilderment in her patient's face. He evidently tried to raise himself to look about him.

"Where am I?" he demanded, as if frightened.

"In one of the emergency rooms of the hospital," said the nurse gently.

"And the — the old man, the woman who took me in, and fed me?" demanded Finnister anxiously.

"Oh, it's all right," answered the nurse soothingly; "you must n't worry. There was no one with you when you were found, though."

"Found! Where was I found?" asked Finnister amazedly.

For a moment the nurse hesitated. "You must have staggered into an open door in a part of the city where some Jews live," she said gently. "The man has a poor little second-hand clothing store which he lives over. He and his wife thought they heard a knocking. The man went down to the street door, found it open, and you lying at the bottom of the steps. The people in the house got you upstairs, and worked over you, and in the morning the man looked up a policeman. He got an ambulance, and you were brought here. As I said, the papers in your pockets showed who you were. Mr. Empley came at once. He said he was sure you were on your way back to him, because he had been trying to make connections with you for the last eight weeks. The clerk who was in your place was dishonest, and gave no end of trouble. That's all. Now you must rest easy, please, and get over this touch of fever." For the wondering awe in Finnister's face half frightened the nurse.

"But the woman," he persisted, "the woman who waited on me, and gave me the hot broth just such as my mother used to make when I was a child, sick;

and the homemade fruity wine like that at my grandfather's years ago?"

The nurse looked troubled. "I would n't talk any more," she said coaxingly. "You must have been a little delirious from the cold and exposure. The night was bitter. You could n't possibly have had any broth or wine. I believe the Jews did manage to get a little hot tea down your throat, but that was about all. Now do try to sleep."

"The door *was* open; I'm sure of that," insisted Finnister. "And the old man knocked quickly four times, a double knock."

"Oh yes; the door was open," admitted the nurse kindly.

"And he took me there; he saved me," said Finnister solemnly.

"Well, he has n't reappeared upon the scene, then," returned the nurse briskly, and with evident skepticism. "So please don't think any more about it. Think only of getting well, and of going back to Mr. Empley."

"He told me that, too," said Finnister slowly.

The nurse eyed him, and laid her fingers on his wrist. "If you talk any more, I'm afraid I'll have to call Miss Merton," she said warningly. "It's all right; rest on that, and be satisfied."

Finnister obediently closed his eyes and kept silence; for he knew that there are some convictions which are for one's self alone. What he could not know was that when the kindly Jew found him lying at the bottom of the steps, the snow had already begun to drift in upon him in something like the figure eight.

Ellen Duvall.

THE PRESS AND FOREIGN NEWS.

PARADOXES are almost as wearisome as their condescending expounders; yet it is in a form very like a paradox that I must state my little thesis. It is, that the American press does not present and discuss or provoke the discussion of foreign news so intelligently as in the days when it had almost no foreign news at all. The laborious process of building up what may be called the major premise of a paradox may in this case be cut short, — all the starts and gasps of feigned astonishment. What! have we not our regular and special foreign dispatches by the column, — deadly if not parallel? What! do not our twenty-five million readers discourse sagely and in unison of the Dreyfus case, and dispassionately though pityingly point out Buller's blunders? Yes, yes, let us admit it, — anything to save time. I who write have suffered; I have had my German waiter patiently explain to me: "*Dis Peekhart, sehen sie, he hat de whole ting in his het, ant he dat Mercier did eggspose schrecklich.*" You have doubtless had to sit silent under a wayfaring man's correction of the strategy of the English generals. All that is agreed. Foreign news is hugely printed, hugely read, hugely gossiped over; but you will remember I started off by saying "intelligently," and that is the point to which we must stick.

Begin by grubbing for a moment among the roots of American journalism. Time was when even our domestic news was foreign. The Pennsylvania Packet or the New Jersey Gazette took note only of what part of the earth's surface the editor's eye could cover, and of men's sayings that his ear could hear. Virginia and Ohio were remoter from him than Kerguelen Land or Kumassi from us. And how did he get news from the far-off regions south of the Po-

tomac or west of the Alleghany? By private letters. As choice morsels, he now and then offered his readers extracts from "a letter recently received from a former resident of this city now living in Virginia;" or "a part of a letter to a friend written by a gentleman visiting the Falls of the Ohio." The modern newspaper, with its whirlwind ways, would laugh at such leisurely news-gathering. But have we not lost something in losing it? Consider the vivid impressions which the Jerseyman for the first time in Virginia would get. All that was novel or peculiar, all that was picturesque or striking, minute differences and tendencies, varying forms of civic and social life, would make his letters home a mine of interest and suggestiveness. By localizing the reporting of news, we have robbed the reporter of this comparative standard. The Virginianity of Virginia is lost upon the Virginian; it takes the Yankee or the Quaker to appreciate it. The indurated resident at the Falls of the Ohio would see nothing but commonplace in what would excite the liveliest curiosity of a tourist from the Falls of the Passaic.

But the jump to news-carrying by lightning instead of by letters has not only taken away the fresh mind of the observer, and put matter of fact in place of piquancy. It has thrown everything out of perspective. On this point I may reinforce myself, and again save time by quoting what Lowell said shortly after the American press had consolidated its telegraphic facilities in the collection of domestic news: —

"Great events are perhaps not more common than they used to be, but a vastly greater number of trivial incidents are now recorded, and this dust of time gets in our eyes. The telegraph strips history of everything down to the bare

fact, but it does not observe the true proportions of things, and we must make an effort to recover them. In brevity and cynicism it is a mechanical Tacitus . . . as impartial a leveler as death. . . . In artless irony the telegraph is unequaled among the satirists of this generation. But this shorthand diarist confounds all distinctions of great and little, and roils the memory with minute particles of what is oddly enough called intelligence."

Now my complaint is that the cable has played just this havoc with foreign news. It has gradually killed off good foreign correspondents, as the domestic telegraph disposed of their fellows at home, and left none except those of the mechanical, copyist order. In ordinary times, it reduces the daily bread of foreign intelligence to an undifferentiated pulp. Then, when some great event looms large on the international horizon, we get huge masses of undigested information (mostly *misinformation*) and opinion flung at our heads. These sensational affairs usually burst on us unannounced. Their obscure but unmistakable beginnings had not been observed by the press agents set to skim the foreign newspapers for the daily dispatch to American journals. So the crisis is upon us before we know it, and the floods of hysterical cablegrams suddenly overcome us, though *not* to our special wonder, so used have we become to this jerky, staccato way of serving up foreign news. The cable, as a transmitter of news, is for all the world like a phonograph, repeating in metallic and unexpressive tones the jumble of big and little poured into it, its monotony varied only by occasional outbursts of unintelligible frenzy, the drone suddenly giving way to full orchestra.

The trouble is that the saving of labor in this matter of obtaining foreign news has made newspapers and their readers think that pains and brains may as easily be saved. When an editor had to work to get and present intelligence from

abroad, he made it, in the act, more worthy the name of intelligence, and more worthy presenting. Go back to pre-cable days, — as far, if you please, as the Greek Revolution. The American public of the twenties was as flaming with sympathy for the Greek as at any time since for Cuban or Boer. And you have only to skim the pages of Niles's Register to see what a surprising amount of real news about the struggle between Greece and Turkey, and what intelligent editorial discussion of the contest, was given to newspaper readers in those days of small things in American journalism. As much direct correspondence was had as could possibly be secured. Dr. S. G. Howe could probably hold his own in real knowledge and insight with any of the jaunty breed of latter-day war correspondents. And the foreign press was then drained of its significance, as I am sure it is in no newspaper office to-day. With the modern editor, everything has been, or has appeared to be, exhausted by the cable. He reads his foreign newspapers with languid and inattentive eye. But two generations ago the arrival of a foreign mail was a challenge. The keenest wits and most eager interest applied themselves to catching up with the progress of the world over seas, since the record was closed two or three weeks before. There was therefore such an absorbed scrutiny of the arriving foreign exchanges — French and German and Italian as well as English — as we have no motive for nowadays, with all the juice sucked out for us in advance by the submarine telegraph. The result was an ordered and intelligent presentation. By the test of mere space, the American press treated the war between Greece and Turkey in 1897 in a way to make the starveling columns devoted to the epic struggle of 1821–27 seem a pitiful absurdity, — a page to a line, ten thousand words against an epigram. But I seriously doubt if the superior subscriber of three years ago got his money's worth,

and learned what it was all about, so unmistakably as did the despised reader of seventy-five years ago.

Foreign correspondence, especially foreign political correspondence, has been reduced by the cable to a humble and vanishing rôle. If there is a foreign political correspondent whose letters to an American newspaper are anything better than vain repetitions, I must confess with shame that I do not know who he is, or where his letters are printed. Art correspondence, letters of travel, sketches of foreign life, literary gossip from abroad, — of all that we have plenty; but the political correspondent has ceased to be, or else lags superfluous as either a perfunctory reproducer of foreign newspapers, — the *primeurs* of which had already been cabled, — or else an irresponsible discoverer of mare's nests. I am not blaming the poor fellow. He is doing the best he can with his occupation really gone. It is no longer possible for him to report political news; every last scrap of it has been remorselessly clicked under the estranging sea. The modern international world has become, as Lord Dufferin said in Paris, a huge whispering gallery, round which the telegraph sends reverberating the lightest murmur of statesmen. No unconsidered trifle remains for the correspondent to snap up and send by mail. He can only tiresomely repeat what we already know. And as for political secrets, the deep designs of statecraft, the patient tracing of political consequence back to causes, and the philosophic forecast of future results from present forces, — who, outside cabinets or privy councils, can longer be expected to purvey these things for us? The men who know will not tell, and the men who tell (under those amusing but thin-worn disguises of "the highest authority," "one whose name, if I could reveal it," etc.) evidently do not know.

The daily drip of foreign news in our press dispatches lulls us into a false security of knowledge. We read so much

about events abroad that we think we know the whole story. Now a cocksure pupil is the most difficult of all to teach. Even if we had longer a Bayard Taylor to give to an American newspaper his minute and instructed view of many lands across the sea, his old audience would have escaped him. The Atlantic cable has sophisticated us. We are too high and mighty to be taught the reality of things, satiated with their telegraphed appearances as we are; and our lurking ignorance, of which we are but dimly conscious, we are ashamed to confess. An American traveling in Europe in the early part of the century frankly presumed ignorance in his correspondents at home, and in consequence wrote the most delightful letters, packed with information, a very feast for curiosity. Now he takes for granted that we know all, and nothing is explained. Our understanding is not insulted with familiar details, it is simply left empty.

With all the boasted facilities and fullness of our foreign news, it often completely misses the milk in the cocoanut. The young lions of the cable who roar and seek their meat in the newspaper sometimes let the juiciest bit escape them. The result is an unnecessary surprise and confusion in the minds of their readers. The Jameson Raid, for example, broke on the American world like a bolt from the blue. Causeless and absolutely without premonition it seemed to come. Yet the open secret lay in the London Times for several days before the raid came off. That fraudulent letter to Jameson — the cooked-up cry of the women and children in Johannesburg — was printed, with all its telltale significance full on its face. The Poet Laureate was spurred by it to a poem, for which he afterwards made a handsome apology; but the correspondents of the American press passed it by in blissful innocence. Even an extract from it would have prepared us for what was coming; but, no, we were suddenly set floundering with

Jameson's troopers on the way from Pitsani to Pretoria, without an inkling of how we got there. Even in that masterpiece of foreign reporting — the Dreyfus trial — there were terrible *lacunæ*, hiatuses that left the brain reeling. You wondered at several points of the case if the French mind were dethroned, or if it was simply you who had gone crazy; but when you got your full stenographic reports in the *Paris Figaro*, you saw that the lucid account which made all clear had been hopelessly muddled in telegraphic transmission to this country.

My remedy? Lord bless you, I have n't any. I think there is none. We cannot reel up our submarine cables. We cut them as a war measure, but it would not be allowed in the interest of mere intelligence, though it might promote it. Yet if there is no remedy, there is a resource. Years ago, Lord Salisbury, when he was plain Lord Robert Cecil, said of "the foreign intelligence" in newspapers, that readers understood very little of it, and that "it did not carry real instruction to the mind." That is the cor-

rect point of view, — as true now as then. No matter how much you multiply and diffuse half-knowledge, you cannot convert it into knowledge. "God knows what a fact's worth," cries Browning, and the facts of foreign political life are very successful in eluding the cablegrams. Resort must still be had, as of yore, to the memoirs and the monographs; to letters and diaries; to histories of contemporary events out of which the chaff of newspaperdom has been blown; to travel and correspondence, — all bound together and based upon as wide a reading as possible of the facts of yesterday which explain the facts of to-day. It is because the ready and copious telegrams lure us into neglecting the true sources of information that I think, as I said at the beginning, that our current printing and discussion of foreign news convey, for the mass of readers, less real instruction to the mind than was to be had, in slower but surer ways, in the days before the cable opened the line of least resistance along the Atlantic ooze.

Rollo Ogden.

ART EDUCATION FOR MEN.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, American art students returning from Paris and Munich found themselves confronted by a completely unexpected situation: they had been deeply absorbed in the enjoyment of advantages offered in schools where instruction was given at a nominal cost by the greatest living masters, and lacked time and inclination for the consideration of domestic prejudices of which they were unaware. In Europe, so far as art was concerned, they had been leading an ideal life, and their first real knowledge was based upon the high standards by which they were surrounded, and which their masters took

much pains to inculcate. It was, therefore, impossible for them to know that the world at home could not immediately appreciate results which, without years of training in the art of seeing, they themselves would not have recognized. The men from Paris knew that the logical teaching they received was good, and founded upon the best artistic knowledge of the Old World, but did not understand that their countrymen in the United States wanted critical qualifications, and that it would take years to uproot prejudices based upon loyal affection for conditions made dear by tradition, and to alter the long habit of liking

things, which, for the most part, competent judges would have estimated lightly.

The returning artists, a few of whom had received some recognition abroad, were surprised and disappointed to find their wares unsalable; therefore they banded together, formed the Society of American Artists, and gave annual exhibitions which in real merit were in advance of that to which our public had been accustomed; but very few pictures found purchasers, while sales were comparatively large at the National Academy, where American conventions were more closely observed. So the newcomers, in order to earn a living, were compelled to resort to other means. Illustrated magazines reaped, and are still reaping, a great harvest from this "ill wind;" but artists do not always have the gift of illustration, so many resorted to teaching, and the private art class came into vogue, composed, as never before, almost exclusively of women, by whom, at the present time, nearly all our art schools are patronized and supported. Many an artist can attest that, without the opportunity thus offered, it would at times have been very difficult to earn a livelihood. But it is true, that while better illustration does much for the advancement of American art, teaching of this kind does very little. Women pupils, in the beginning, make better progress than men, and some of them become excellent artists; but a very small percentage continue in the profession, no matter how brilliant at the start their work may be. This defection may be explained by the fact that women, no matter how well endowed intellectually, are usually physically incapable of the great strain caused by incessant work, such as male art students undergo without inconvenience.

Although the demand for good American pictures daily grows, very few of our artists could live without teaching or illustrating, and so the necessity of circumstance has prevented them from

emulating the generosity of Frenchmen, who generally receive little or no remuneration for the instruction they give to art students. For various reasons this is to be deplored. If an artist gives his services, his criticism will not be hampered by fear of losing a pupil. Instruction which is paid for is in danger of being less severe, and therefore may invite persons of no distinct artistic ability or ambition to clog the studios. One cannot but surmise that many such persons are in search of means whereby to make an ostentatious display, rather than sound knowledge of principles wherewith to express original thought. So it was, and so it is, that American art is in part a society fad rather than a recognized necessity, and many of its real aims and uses are rendered abortive.

If an artist could teach as he desires, benefit might accrue, but instruction determined by fashion injures the teacher, and is of doubtful benefit to his pupils. Such instruction lacks sense and dignity, and is even now giving way to wiser methods.

If good art is of moral and financial benefit to a country, advantages should be given to the poor, not because so many of the world's greatest artists have come from that class, but because in view of its national importance it should be cultivated and encouraged for the public good.

If American artists understood — as they would without delay were the matter brought to their attention — that, with slight inconvenience or expense, free night schools might be formed for men and boys wishing to engage in the serious study of art, such schools would become common; and their influence would be of benefit to all arts and industries.

Perhaps the best way for me to explain the value of this statement is by giving a brief sketch of my experience as a teacher in a school of that kind, — to wit, the Connecticut League of Art Students, which was not established after

a premeditated plan, but was the natural outgrowth of a necessity common to all cities.

A young man called at my studio, and said that he wished to be an artist; that he was working at his trade, and that what he earned, although sufficient for his maintenance, was too small a sum to permit him to pay the price which he thought would be asked for lessons in drawing. I was sure he meant just what he said, and suggested that as I had a few plaster casts, he might come and draw from them each evening, and inasmuch as I would correct his drawings only at my own convenience, I would charge nothing. He seemed very grateful, and since that time, twelve years ago, has frequently proved his gratitude. Presently he brought a friend who wished to learn to draw; then another dropped in, and I think during the first year there were only three pupils; but the following autumn a few more came, the gathering assumed the dignity of a class, and each member seemed actuated by an earnest desire to get out of it all he could. Perspective and anatomy had been studied in an irregular manner, but at the commencement of the third year, when there were about twenty members, I began to act upon an idea which I had for some time believed to be a pressing necessity, that each pupil should acquire a complete knowledge of the rudiments of these branches. A local surgeon and architect, both competent men, upon my invitation, offered their services, and regular courses were organized. A friend presented us with a good skeleton. Many casts had been added by voluntary subscription from the pupils, and altogether the class was in a flourishing condition. But with a steadily increasing membership it became apparent that my studio, although large, was too cramped for the needs of its occupants, and the question arose as to whether the members could afford to pay the rent which would be required for more spacious quarters. At

this juncture a well-known author, and a few of his friends, kindly offered to relieve the situation by paying what was necessary, which they did for four months, but at the end of that time a committee of the members called upon me, presented a vote of thanks for the only pecuniary assistance the class had (or ever has) received, and informed me that a system of dues had been agreed upon, and that thereafter no outside aid would be required. This move necessitated a more formal organization, and officers were elected, and shortly afterward corporate rights were granted to the school which since that time has been called the Connecticut League of Art Students. Shortly after this, Trinity College, in acknowledgment of advantages which one of its undergraduates had received at the League, with a kindness which has been and is now deeply appreciated, offered free instruction in certain branches of its curriculum to League members.

The system of rules governing the school was created and is enforced by its officers, elected from its members at the annual class meetings.

The dues are regulated by the existing needs, and consist at present of five dollars entrance fee and monthly payments of two dollars by each member. This covers the expense of rent, light, models, and the occasional purchase of casts, chairs, and other incidentals.

The studios are situated in the large attic of a business block, and conveniently separated by board partitions. The main walls are of brick, and when the League first took possession it was rather a dreary looking place, but little by little drawings and painted decorations have transformed its barrenness into something more cheerful. Nevertheless, visitors — and they are very rare — can see at a glance that they are in the working place of a serious set of men, who, however, take considerable pride in adding picturesqueness to their simple surroundings. As the members through their

officers make their own rules, no nonsense of any kind is tolerated. Idlers and absentees are summarily warned or expelled, but so long as students conduct themselves properly, they are accorded all privileges. As many of the men work at their respective trades during the day, the teaching and regular class meetings take place at night. But the studios are open from sunrise until half past ten in the evening every day in the year, and there is rarely an hour of that time when some one is not taking advantage of his opportunity, and busily engaged in study of one sort or another. When the days are sufficiently long, a machinist may be found drawing an outline from a cast before the sounding of the seven o'clock whistle which calls him to his shop. At the noon hour, members frequently run in and push their drawings a little farther, sometimes with lunch in one hand and crayon in the other. If space permitted, many a story might be told of individual cases where this voluntary desire to make use of every minute has led to good results.

To illustrate the fact that pupils in the school are quickly imbued with the importance of conforming to its regulations, and that this is impressed upon newcomers by the conduct of the older members, I may state that during its existence there has been no case of intoxication, and that although there have been some quarrels they have ended harmlessly. This may be thought extraordinary, when it is considered that there are no requirements for entrance except an expressed desire to study and the formality of signing the Constitution and By-laws, that many nationalities and creeds are represented, and that most of the time there are no teachers on hand to enforce discipline.

About ninety per cent of the applicants for admission have never received any instruction in drawing except that given in the public schools, and nearly all are obliged to begin in the same way.

They are taught to sit well into their chairs, so that their spines will be parallel with the chair back, and to hold the drawing board or portfolio in an almost perpendicular position on their knees. The back of another chair is sometimes used as a rest, but no easels are allowed unless the pupil stands while drawing. The crayon or charcoal must be held between the thumb and first two fingers of the hand with which he draws, the fourth finger being used as a rest. Square blocks, books, or something of that kind serve as models for beginners, and they are obliged to attend the regular Friday evening class in perspective and continue in it, until they are able to determine the correct perspective of any object placed before them. In beginning to draw from the antique, they are given the profile of the most clearly marked heads and taught to look first for the envelope, and then determine the construction or place and relative position of each feature, and express it in outline. Next, by means of a cylinder placed well out of a circle whose centre is marked by the electric arc light, the focus of light and dark, the half-tints, and reflections are explained.

Attendance at the Anatomy Lectures illustrated by means of a skeleton, a plaster *écorché*, a living model, and drawings, is compulsory. Figure drawing from the antique is taught in the same simple manner as the head drawing, great attention being given to construction, and this teaching is reinforced by the lecturer on anatomy, who explains by means of the living model the possible and common movements of the figure: for instance, that no matter what the pose may be, the shoulders or hips remain at right angles to the vertebra at that point; also the rational equilibrium of the figure.

Competitions are held continually, and appointments to the life class made by the director of instruction.

From the beginning of this course pu-

pils are encouraged to paint from still life out of the regular class hours, and submit such studies to the teachers, who confine their corrections to a criticism of planes, values, and the laws of complementary colors, and until these are pretty well understood by the pupil, he is not allowed to paint from the living model. The entire school is frequently asked to compete in composition from a given subject, and the results as shown even by the younger pupils are often very interesting.

The course of instruction has from the beginning been directed by a desire to enable each member to earn something through the skill he might be able to acquire in his studies. Many students are at present engaged in designing, engraving, decoration, portrait painting, landscape and figure painting, illustrating, sculpture, and teaching, and are more or less self-supporting. One ex-member is art manager of an important magazine published in New York; other members have gone abroad to study further, and several are engaged in their profession in various parts of the country.

From first to last, correct construction is insisted upon, and is taught by a long and severe course in outline drawing. Elaboration of drawings is discouraged, and the modeling is confined to a rational expression of articulations and plain values. There is no studio sketch class or any other fanciful adjunct. But, in lieu of this, many members paint out of doors, when the weather will permit, and all such studies are submitted for criticism to the instructors.

No public exhibitions are ever given, as they work injury to the pupils by leading them into catering to popular and sometimes injudicious appreciation. The motto of the school is, "*Le dessin est la probité de l'art*," and that its significance is observed is frequently proved by the fact that members of the life class often reënter "the antique" of their own volition, and pass consecutive months in drawing outlines with great care, giving

especial attention to articulations which are too often apt to be neglected for lack of understanding. This outline drawing I consider the most beneficial feature of the instruction, as it is difficult to make a specious presentation, and exactitude is indispensable; moreover much time is saved, which otherwise might be wasted in minute attention to unimportant detail; the process of calculating the dimensions of the larger parts is ever before the pupil, and his progress, although less evident to the casual observer, is really far more rapid than when he tries to get at measurements by "shading," which he usually considers the easier way.

Just as necessity prompted the formation of the Connecticut League of Art Students, so has it prompted its system of instruction. No one becomes a member in order to gratify an æsthetic taste, but rather because he believes that in the application of what he may learn, he will be able to solve more readily the ever present bread-and-butter question. Occasionally appears a college student wishing to be an artist, or a person well to do seeking experience among men who are earnest in the struggle to accomplish something professionally, but the main body is composed of men to whom two dollars a month is an important item, and who would leave instantly if they did not think they were receiving greater value in exchange. They are studying something which is to be applied as quickly as may be. Their wits have been sharpened in the school of daily want, and no artistic dilettanteism will serve their purpose or ambition. They know that the basis of all that part of art which can be taught lies in an ability to measure by the eye with intelligent correctness, whether the measurement is to be expressed by outline, values, or color. A sign painter quickly realizes that he will receive more for his labor if he possesses a knowledge of perspective, and the same argument holds no matter how

high the ambition of the worker; what each member desires is advice and enlightening in regard to the logic of those laws which should govern us in getting at the appearance of things.

An art school, like any other, is not of the slightest use unless it accomplishes something. It should benefit pupils directly, and teachers indirectly. The influence of a free school for men is far-reaching in its good effect, and a little experience will prove this beyond all doubt. Especially is it true of night schools, because through them a class of men is reached who could not take advantage of opportunities offered during working hours. Among men so situated are intelligent minds and fine talents going to waste because opportunity lacks. If a young man enters such a school and becomes interested, he creates a refining influence for himself, which is continually shown by his improved mental and physical appearance.

Moreover, the chances are that in his effort to discover what is true in art he will become more discriminating in regard to what is or is not true in all matters. In contact with others he will unconsciously impart a sense of what he feels. This I have frequently seen illustrated. He will not care for anything mean, cheap, or low, and his family and friends, knowing this, are equally sure to be influenced by it. If he is a clerk, while studying the great truths of art he will become a better clerk, and if he is a machinist, his increased power of seeing will make him a better machinist. The streets and such theatres as he might frequent will lose by his discriminating power a charm which they might otherwise possess, and incidentally some important names may be added to the list of the world's great artists.

No one can be taught to paint a charming picture any more than he can be taught to be charming himself when to be so is not in his nature. He might ape a charming manner, and he might

imitate in his work the charm of a landscape by Corot, but the ability for such imitation would not constitute an asset of any considerable value in the sum of his intellectual attributes. There are two distinct classes of students, amateur and professional, and the latter, after a year or two spent in a serious school, realizes that one's chief business should be to equip himself with the indispensable and fundamental principles of his vocation. His mind is bent upon the accomplishment of a certain aim, and, in view of that condition, it may be best for his teacher to bear in mind that when instruction in drawing is to be given to a body of men largely composed of the American artisan class, he would do well to get as far as possible into the mental conditions of his pupils. He should make for himself a few rules, and observe them rigidly, otherwise his school will cease to be. He should realize that unless he can explain without hesitation the reason for every correction he makes, it may not be accepted. He should try to confine his criticism to those points which come within the ordinary range of the common laws of proportion and construction. The ancient Greeks called it "symmetry." He should not try to teach all he knows the first time he meets his pupil, and he should not attempt to teach too many pupils, for he will find some who will wish to express in the drawing of a head each hair belonging to it, and possibly also parts which are outside the range of their vision; while others of a diametrically opposite tendency may be inclined to neglect important essentials. He should, therefore, know his pupils individually, which might be impossible were they too numerous. He should never fail to give credit for an effort to do conscientious work no matter how bad the result, and above all he should avoid sarcasm and exaggeration in the correction of faults. To quote Washington Allston, "It is easy to see the defects in a picture, but it takes an artist to

find the good points." I think that remark covers much ground, and should be deeply pondered by all art teachers.

A schoolboy once said to me, "I like my teacher because she is just." Children see quickly, and men perhaps more surely, and they both know immediately whether a teacher is giving them only words or something deeper. I have heard that at one time Gérôme advised a pupil in his class at the Beaux Arts to give up and try something else, it being evident that he had no ability, and that at a later time the man became a great artist. I can readily believe the story. The most hopeless pupil that ever entered the Connecticut League of Art Students, at that time a boy of sixteen, afterward developed the greatest talent ever seen in the school. For the first two years I was greatly puzzled by an anxiety to tell him that he was wasting his time. Later he confessed to me that during the first part of that period it was "hard for him to distinguish the cast from the wall upon which it hung."

Art is long, difficult, and various, and artistic ability does not always show itself at the first blush. Something precious may be hidden away in the interior of that which if judged by the exterior would cause no expectation of genius. Therefore teachers should be careful, and, to avoid serious mistakes, should constantly reverse the mental process, and imagine themselves the pupils. Could this in reality be done, some of us would meet with great surprises.

Styles, fashions, and ideas are ever changing, and schools will call themselves by newer names. Varying conditions continually require another kind of expression in art. Intellectual changes and the ever changing consensus of public opinion alter our manner of seeing the surface of things, but nothing lives if not based on truth; correct construction, as understood by artists, is and always has been the *sine qua non* of all good work, as it was the underlying inspiration of the immortal words of Ingres, "Le dessin est la probité de l'art."

Charles Noël Flagg.

RECENT BOOKS ON JAPAN.

FEW countries have been subjected to more varied comment than Japan. Her unique art and art industries, her laborious task of national reorganization, her successful war with China and the impetus it has given to her commerce and industry, and the position she has won in the comity of nations, have maintained unabated the interest which she first aroused when Commodore Perry returned from his memorable mission. Moreover, the beauty of the country and the quaint manners and customs of its people have attracted visitors from all quarters of the globe, and spread its fame throughout the world. And, naturally, Japan has been described in count-

less books of travel; she has been criticised in every mood and humor; she has been lavishly extolled and as unsparingly condemned; she has even been decried by some for the very qualities which have elicited from others unbounded admiration. This diversity of opinions is especially marked in those critics who rely confidently upon their few weeks' acquaintance with the country, and, by mistaking personal idiosyncrasies for national characteristics, jump to utterly erroneous conclusions. For your tourist always comes to Japan on the tenters of curiosity and expectation, and lets his first impression on touching land decide the frame of mind in which

he shall take all his experiences in the country. But the judicious observer, whether he be a resident or a traveler, is more temperate in praise and censure. He knows that the virtues and vices of a nation are fairly balanced, and impartial judgment enjoins moderation in speaking of any people. Nor has he the globe-trotter's assurance; for he is aware that a thorough knowledge of a country can only be obtained by such diligent application as would demand more time than he could spare. This is most certainly the case in Japan; for were he even bent upon serious study, he would be discouraged at every turn by the difficulties of the language, and deterred by the consequent lack of opportunity for social intercourse from ever attempting to do for Japan what M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu has done for Russia, and Mr. Courtenay Bodley for France. Yet it must be admitted that these obstacles notwithstanding, there are plenty of books on Japan, which, if not exhaustive in treatment, are at least full of interest. They have of late been especially numerous; and I propose, in the following pages, to bring to the reader's notice a few of the more recent.

Mr. W. G. Aston is well known as an earnest student of the classical literature of Japan, and in his *History of Japanese Literature*,¹ published last year in the *Literatures of the World* series, he has amply justified his reputation. He has given a lucid history of Japanese literature from the earliest times to our own day, and has made a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the world's literature which will not fail to interest even those who learn for the first time that Japan has a literature twelve centuries old, and that the golden prime of her letters was contemporaneous with the Norman Conquest of England. Mr. Aston's literary judgments are generally sound and admirable; and when I con-

sider how difficult it must be to produce a pioneer work of this kind, I hesitate to express my dissent from some of his criticisms. In the hope, however, that he will, in a future edition, reconsider them, I venture to mention a few important points on which I cannot indorse his views.

Mr. Aston appears to be too severe in his condemnation of what have been called "pivot-words." A pivot-word, it may be premised, has been defined by Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, the originator of the term, as "a word of two significations, which serves as a species of hinge on which two doors turn, so that while the first part of the poetical phrase has no logical end, the latter part has no logical beginning." A pivot-word resembles a pun in being a play on words, but differs from it in that whereas the pun is a word or phrase in a single sentence, the pivot-word becomes, by suggesting a new train of thought, the starting point of another sentence without completing the first. While the first sentence is thus left imperfect, the second often lacks a grammatical commencement. A pivot-word, in short, is a word of double sense connecting two elliptical sentences. Such a construction is inconceivable in an inflective language; but in an agglutinate language like Japanese, which has not the same definite grammatical structure, it is a poetical device of frequent occurrence. Moreover, Japanese does not admit of a string of consonants which are slurred in pronunciation as in English, but requires each sound to be distinctly pronounced as if it were a syllable. An English monosyllable would generally be transliterated into a polysyllable in Japanese; and since there is a limit to the number of syllables in a word, it naturally follows that syllabic combinations are fewer in Japanese than in English. The result is that Japanese is peculiarly rich in homonyms, and consequently offers an extensive field for

¹ *A History of Japanese Literature.* By W. G. Aston. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1899.

the punster's art. This fact, added to the loose grammatical structure, has encouraged word-plays to an extent impossible in a language with fewer homonyms and stricter grammar. And it would not be fair to judge the literary value of these *jeux-de-mots* by any other than the standard of a language which has never, in the course of its development, put word-plays in the lowest category of wit; for to the Japanese the word-play always gives a pleasurable sensation when it occurs in light literature, especially in sentimental poetry and poetical prose, where the manner counts for more than the matter. And Mr. Aston, in his wholesale condemnation of word-plays, does not appear to make allowance for the peculiarities of the Japanese language, which has too little in common to offer ground for comparison with an inflective language. The pivot-word, as it occurs in Japanese, may, it seems to me, be legitimately employed so long as the meaning is not obscured by the sudden deflection of thought or by the elipsis of the pivoted sentences.

Mr. Aston's estimate of Chikamatsu Monzayemon and the Japanese lyrical drama leaves much to be desired. With his wide knowledge of the Japanese classics, he seems to have caught something of the Japanese classicist's prejudice against light literature. And in his criticism of Japanese drama and comic literature, we miss the sound sense which marks the chapters devoted to the more serious phases of literature. He is also more guarded in his views. Thus, while he ridicules the idea that Chikamatsu can be compared with Shakespeare, he admits none the less that a European writer should speak with reserve of Chikamatsu's merits. But when we Japanese call Chikamatsu the Shakespeare of our country, we refer rather to his supreme position in our dramatic literature than to any resemblance in the genius of the two dramatists. Mr. Aston thinks he can detect a certain likeness between

them; but as they moved in totally different worlds, and wrote under utterly dissimilar circumstances, it would be as well not to look for a fanciful analogy. Chikamatsu lived when feudalism was at its height. He wrote for puppet shows, for which he had, besides giving the dialogue, to explain the movements and emotions in fitting poetical language; hence his plays abound in descriptive passages, which are chanted to the accompaniment of the *samisen*. He wrote most of his plays for *Gidayu*, a musical composer and puppet player, after whom these lyrical plays are to this day called *gidayu*. Of about a hundred plays attributed to Chikamatsu, more than three quarters relate to well-known historical events, in which he followed, perhaps too closely, the popular traditions; and to this desire to humor the rude tastes of his patrons we must largely attribute the crudity of his plots, of which Mr. Aston rightly complains. The remaining quarter are known as domestic dramas, and are founded upon contemporary events. In those days, when newspapers were yet unknown, the petty incidents of life made more lasting impressions than they do now; and Chikamatsu would, whenever he heard of any exceptional occurrence, dash off a play on the subject and produce it before the public interest had died out. His domestic dramas, for this reason, deal mostly with murders, lovers' suicides, and other sensational events. Crudity and hurried work were unavoidable. It is not, however, for his plots so much as for his command of the language and the remarkable use he makes of it that Chikamatsu is considered the first of our dramatists. It is hardly fair, therefore, to present a bare outline of one of his plays, as Mr. Aston has done, for that can give no idea of the qualities to which he owes his pre-eminence. His greatness, in the opinion of his countrymen, lies in the rhythmic beauty of expression and the grace of imagery.

Mr. Aston's statement that after the end of the eighteenth century, *yoruri*, of which *gidayu* is one form, became practically extinct, is open to misconstruction; for though few plays of note, it is true, have been written during the present century, the representation of *gidayu* on the stage is more popular than ever, and among the favorite musical entertainments at the present time is the singing of scenes from *gidayu*. Mr. Aston also dismisses the *kyakuhon*, or prose drama, with the assertion that it has no literary merit. But here again he seems to betray the classicist's bias; for in the prose drama, which consists entirely of dialogue, the style is necessarily colloquial, and that is a blemish in the eyes of the classicist who has no taste but for the scholar's language, a consequence inevitable in the evolution of a tongue in which there is a wide divergence between the written and the spoken language. There have, nevertheless, been many plays of great merit produced by the long line of prose dramatists from Tsuchi Jihei, who died in 1760, to Kawatake Mokuami (1816-1893).

To the *Hizakurige*, the most humorous book in the Japanese language, Mr. Aston pays a worthy tribute. He calls it the *Pickwick Papers* of Japan; but takes exception to it because it has no serious side, and its humor is not intensified by contrast, as in the delineation of Sir John Falstaff and Bottom the weaver. Surely this is illogical; for one is tempted to ask if the *Pickwick Papers* have a serious side. Do we not enjoy *Pickwick* because it is broad farce from cover to cover? And if no one complains of want of seriousness in Dickens's famous work, why should it be accounted a fault in Ikku's masterpiece, with which it is compared? Indeed, the usual defect of books of humor cannot be charged against the *Hizakurige*, for its chief merit is the spontaneity of its humor. It is certainly in many

passages obscene; but Mr. Aston goes too far when he says that for indecency of speech and conduct even Rabelais hardly affords an adequate comparison. It would be easy to find in Rabelais passages far more indecent than any in the *Hizakurige*. Rabelais, moreover, goes out of his way to indulge in ribaldry. Ikku, on the other hand, seldom takes to indecency for its own sake; he simply says whatever occurs to him, without giving a thought to the question of its decency. With him every other consideration is subordinated to humor. He tells coarse stories with the naïveté of a Brantôme, though he is not half so indecorous as the author of *La Vie des Dames Galantes*. Ikku has been called the Japanese Rabelais by another English writer; but the Japanese is a humorist pure and simple, and does not lay claim to the wit, satire, and erudition of the great Frenchman. Mr. Aston sets up a false standard of comparison when he trots out Shakespeare to measure Ikku's capacity. It is well, no doubt, to have always before us a high literary ideal; but we do not need it in taking count of that large class of writers who, without being intellectual giants, have given delight to millions of readers. No, if we must find a European parallel to the *Hizakurige*, we should seek it among the works of the old French and Italian *conteurs*, Bandello, Straparola, La Salle, and Des Périers.

Mr. Aston's survey of the post-revolutionary literature is far from satisfactory. It is wanting in proportion. Though it would be difficult to give an adequate review in forty pages, still we miss many well-known names, and would have gladly exchanged some of the writers who appear as representatives of our contemporary literature for the able journalists who have helped to mould the literary and political thought of New Japan. In fact, Mr. Aston dismisses in a few lines this subject of journalism, one of the most interesting fruits of Japan's

contact with the Occident. Time is yet too short, as he says, to allow us to produce any tangible literary results from that contact. In scientific and philosophical studies, remarkable progress has been made; but in pure literature there has not been the same activity in the absorption of Western ideas, with perhaps the sole exception of history, the study of which has not been so backward as Mr. Aston would imply. But after all is said, Mr. Aston has done his task extremely well; and we are grateful to him for presenting our national literature so clearly and concisely.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser's books on Japan have a charm all their own. As the British minister's wife, she had opportunities rarely enjoyed by foreigners in Japan. Many distinguished visitors have been in the country, but seldom long enough to get an insight into Japanese society. Mrs. Fraser, however, had plenty of time for observation during her three years' residence; and she has, in her *Diplomatist's Wife in Japan*, proved how well she has profited by it. She has given us pictures of Japanese high life, and introduces us to princesses, marchionesses, and countesses with a royal lavishness. From her we learn that the *geisha* is not the sole possessor of that indefinable grace and softness of manners which have made her the constant theme of impressionable travelers. The glorification of the *geisha* by visitors to Japan is owing to the fact that her profession of entertainer at convivial parties makes it easy to cultivate her acquaintance and to appreciate her manners and accomplishments. But it should be borne in mind that though she may not exactly be what M. Delvau has wittily called "*demoiselle qui ne travaille pas, qui n'a pas de rentes, et qui cependant trouve le moyen de bien vivre*," she is not far removed from that frail sisterhood, and that she is as little typical of the Japanese woman as that brilliant gallery of *demi-mondaines* from

Manon Lescaut to Fanny Legrand is typical of the French. Mrs. Fraser brings before us a new and fascinating world where the best types of Japanese womanhood are to be seen in a circle accessible to few Europeans outside the diplomatic corps, and shows us that in the serene atmosphere of the Japanese court and in the quiet bosom of Japanese noble families are to be found ladies combining grace with dignity and sweetness of manners with the elaborate courtesies of the feudal days.

In *The Custom of the Country*,¹ Mrs. Fraser tells some pretty tales of Japanese life. The second title of the book, *Tales of New Japan*, naturally calls to mind *The Tales of Old Japan*. But Mr. Mitford's book has become a classic, for few writers have caught so faithfully the spirit of Old Japan. Japan has now, like other countries, inexorable historians who seem to take a malicious delight in destroying our heroic ideals, in dragging down our *preux chevaliers* from their pedestals, and in dismissing as pure figments the most cherished incidents in our annals; and we have now to rewrite our national history, to reconsider the traditional judgment on our heroes, and to reconstruct our tales of love, fidelity, and self-sacrifice. But all this iconoclasm will not in the least affect the high value of Mr. Mitford's *Tales*. Japan was, when he came to the country, in the throes of a mighty upheaval; and when he wrote, she was at the threshold of that complete renovation which is still in progress at the present moment. He came at the very instant when a writer was wanted to save from oblivion the institutions which had been ruthlessly doomed with the old order of things. What was needed at the time was a picture of the old-world Japan, an exposition of its spirit as reflected in the daily lives of its people, a description of the military system under which lived the *samurai*, chivalrous, sen-

¹ *The Custom of the Country*. By Mrs. HUGH FRASER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1899.

sitive to shame, quick to revenge, and ever ready to sacrifice life to honor. And this task Mr. Mitford effectually accomplished, especially as the world knew little as yet of the country, by transcribing the most popular tales current in Old Japan.

But the times have since changed. We have now enough and to spare of books that deal in a loose way with the manners and customs of the country. We need now books written with more accurate and sympathetic knowledge. In stories of Japanese life, we should not be content with merely Japanese names and Japanese peculiarities of speech and manner; we should insist upon something more characteristic that could be recognized underneath our new tegument of Occidental civilization. In this respect most of the tales airily told by writers with little or no real knowledge of the country are sadly wanting. A certain quaintness and *bizarrierie* are believed to be all that is necessary to stamp a thing as Japanese, and no attempt is made to present the undercurrents of Oriental life. Mrs. Fraser, however, is different from these writers of quasi-Japanese stories. Her residence in the land enabled her to give a Japanese background to her pictures, and her woman's sympathy helps her to understand the little pleasures and petty trials of Japanese domestic life. Of the five tales in her book, only one, the longest, is exclusively Japanese. It contains a few errors of detail natural in a writer who has not mixed intimately with Japanese in every station of life, and cannot converse freely in their language or read it with enjoyment. Not the least amusing incident in the tale is the clandestine visit which the Son of the Daimyos pays to his ladylove. All he does when he finds her alone in the garden is to open his arms suddenly and draw her to him. "She lay there a moment like a gathered rose, and . . . then she broke away from him and fled." The lover,

however, is satisfied. Mrs. Fraser, knowing that lovers do not kiss in Japan, treats them gingerly when she has brought them together; and feeling that she has not been completely successful, covers her retreat with a dithyramb which opens: "Verily, love is a strange passion — from West to East, the whole world round, it is ever the same;" and leaves the reader to infer that love is strangest of all in Japan. The Marquis de la Mazelière, on reading an ancient Japanese love story, exclaims: "Aucune tendresse; les amants japonais ne connaissent ni pression des mains, ni baiser." But kisses and hand-pressings are not the sole tokens of love; love that laughs at locksmiths can surely find vent in a thousand other ways. It is not that we are strangers to kisses; it is because we have not exploited their possibilities, nor made of them the important factors that they are in Western society. We have confined them to the expression of sexual love and, as such, kept them out of decorous literature; and even in these latter days, we have taken Western civilization too seriously for kisses and flirtations to acclimatize as innocent social diversions. Mrs. Fraser did well, therefore, not to make the Son of the Daimyos kiss Miss O Ione; but she might have let the girl give a more tangible proof of her love than lying a moment like a gathered rose on her lover's breast. The second longest tale, *The Custom of the Country*, which gives its title to the collection, suffers somewhat from its being published only a few months after the *Diplomatist's Wife*; for the opening scene at Atami seems to have been faithfully transcribed from the fifth and sixth chapters of that book. It is both unwise and inartistic to show too clearly the source of knowledge in a work of imagination, for it impairs the scenic effect if the same setting is repeated.

The Japanese honorific is always a stumbling-block to the foreigner. It has no analogy in English. In Japan, po-

liteness requires that certain terms of respect should accompany the expressions used when a superior or even an equal in social standing is addressed or spoken of. This custom has become so essential a part of Japanese speech that we use these terms without attaching to them the full force of their original signification. They are often translated "honorable" or "august" by English scholars; but honorifics occur so frequently in ordinary conversation that it is almost impossible to find an English equivalent that shall not unduly emphasize their import, and it happens in many cases that an attempt to render them succeeds only in making nonsense of a speech which is perfectly intelligible in Japanese; as when Mrs. Fraser puts into a Japanese naval officer's mouth meaningless expressions like "Is it honorably so?" and "I am surprised at what you honorably say." Mrs. Fraser exposes herself to another charge when she makes her characters mutilate their English in a manner no Japanese would be guilty of. It is a favorite stage device for exciting laughter to introduce a foreigner who struggles with the intricacies of the English language. His nationality is indicated by his interspersing a few words of his mother tongue; but it should really be inferred from his pronunciation and the construction of his sentences, which would be influenced by the phonology and syntax of his native language. No foreigner ever speaks English in the way he is represented on the stage; and to imitate it with accuracy, one must be able to speak that foreigner's own language. In fact, just as it takes a wise man to play the fool, it requires a linguist to give a foreign accent to his own tongue. Un-Japanese as is Mrs. Fraser's imitation of broken English, the fault is aggravated when O-Haru in *She Danced before Him* exclaims to Charteris, "More better! In-girishu urashi," which is neither English nor Japanese. When an author and the

characters of her creation set to murder one another's tongue, we may well pity the reader who has to make his way through the carnage.

In his *Essai sur l'Histoire du Japon*, the Marquis de la Mazelière writes with that lucidity which has made his countrymen great masters of the expository style. The easy flow of narrative carries us along to the end, and leaves us wondering at the unity which seems to bind the whole history of Japan. The marquis's history differs from all other histories of Japan in presenting lifelike pictures of the successive periods of which it treats. The continuity of history is cunningly insisted upon; and the writer displays great skill in working out his theory that the advent of the Americans and Europeans in 1854 only hastened an inevitable revolution which would have, without their intervention, produced the same results. The forces which bring about such a cataclysm as Japan underwent in 1867 are so complex and take so long to come to a head that it would be idle to speculate on the probable consequences, had any one of them been absent; but it may be asserted with considerable assurance that if the advent of foreigners had not precipitated matters, the revolution would hardly have borne the same fruits, and certainly would not have been carried out to the same degree of completeness. For the revolution brought two distinct and not necessarily concomitant results, — the overthrow of the Shogunate and the national reorganization on the Occidental models. The rule of the Tokugawa Shogun was on the wane, and the great territorial lords were eager to supplant it. The advent of Commodore Perry and the subsequent conclusion of the treaties were the proximate causes of the revolt, the immediate object of which was the restoration of the Imperial authority. Any other pretext would have served as well for the insurrection against the Shogunate; but such a revo-

lution would not have inevitably led to national reorganization, for it would, in all likelihood, have left the feudal system itself untouched. It is true that, as ports were already being opened in China, Japan would have, sooner or later, come into contact with the foreign powers and been convinced of the superiority of Western civilization; but if a fully established government, imperial or Shogunal, had entered upon the task of national reorganization, its work would have been hopelessly impeded by vested interests and hereditary rights. It was, therefore, most fortunate that this undertaking should have devolved upon a post-revolutionary government without past associations to hamper its procedure. And this simultaneity of the fall of the Shogunate and the commencement of the national reorganization was the natural consequence of the arrival of a handful of foreigners in 1854. And because we shall, when we have assimilated all that we are absorbing from Occidental civilization, impress upon it the same stamp of our national genius as we have impressed upon the religion, learning, and arts which we borrowed from India, China, and Korea, it is but just that we should acknowledge to the full the debt we owe to the little band whose coming opened the road to Western science and culture. The marquis introduces the reader to a fine sample of constructive statesmanship in the consolidation of the empire under the new régime; but it will not detract a jot from his tribute to the leading statesmen of the reconstructed monarchy to admit their indebtedness to the opportunity afforded them by the timely arrival of the Western strangers in the last days of the Shogunate.

On looking more carefully into the history, we perceive that the marquis sets out with strong preconceptions. He makes meagre material go a long way; but at the same time he does not take the trouble to discriminate between fact

and fiction, and lays promiscuously under contribution events which are fully authenticated and those which are still in dispute or even admitted to be fictitious. He also carries too far his habit of seeking analogy between Japanese and European history. Analogues are appropriate when there is a complete correspondence between the objects compared; even partial correspondence may be tolerated if the points of agreement are defined; but without a formal statement of its incompleteness, an imperfect analogy is apt to give an entirely false idea of the matter it proposes to illustrate. The marquis has evidently been a very careful student of works relating to Japan, especially of the valuable papers to be found in the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan; but he has often followed them without taking into account the fact that these monographs are prone, from their very nature, to exaggerate the importance of their subjects. The botanist and the entomologist, for instance, would differ on the relative importance of bees and flowers; the marquis follows sometimes the entomologist and sometimes the botanist; in other words, he has not, in embodying the specialist's work in his history, freed himself from the specialist's bias and taken the catholic stand of the general historian. On the whole, however, the *Essai sur l'Histoire du Japon* is, to the uncritical, one of the best general histories of Japan in a European language.

Nothing but praise is due to Mr. Stafford Ransome's *Japan in Transition*.¹ Mr. Ransome is not seduced by novelty; he is a practical engineer who carefully weighs his words and gives reasons for his opinions. He is critical; but his views are generally favorable, because he starts, as he himself confesses, with a firm belief in the solidity of Japan's recent progress. He writes

¹ *Japan in Transition*. By STAFFORD RANSOME. New York: Harper & Bros. 1899.

with a sympathetic appreciation of the magnitude of the obstacles Japan has had to encounter in her struggle for progress, and of the difficulties which menace her future advancement. A writer is sometimes accused of undue bias if he is led by his knowledge of a country to speak in high terms of its inhabitants; but it is only human nature that he should leave the land of his sojourn with kindly feelings and a permanent interest in its welfare, and forget whatever discomfort or annoyance he may have been put to in the recollection of the many little acts of courtesy and friendship experienced in his daily intercourse with the people. We should rather suspect the man who could write with rancor of a nation whose hospitality he has enjoyed, when it is easy to disapprove and protest with the gentle remonstrance of a friend. Mr. Ransome's forecasts of the political and industrial future of Japan are matters which I shall not undertake to indorse or controvert; but his survey of the actual condition of the country is extremely well written. Among minor matters, however, mention may be made of a singular notion he seems to have that we Japanese resent being addressed in our own language by foreigners. The Japanese from whom he got this idea probably wished to air his English; for Japanese students often try to test their proficiency in the language by conversation with foreigners, even when they are perfect strangers, as witness the case of Mr. Fraser, the cyclist, who says that he was catechised by Japanese, and on one occasion asked, in Ollendorff's style, if his mother, his sister, and his mother's cousin's aunt liked beer; but the youth who put these questions wanted, no doubt, to ascertain if hereditary alcoholism would account for the insane conduct of a traveler who amused himself by turning a somersault while he was being saluted with the usual politeness by a geisha.

It is always a pleasure to read Mr. Lafcadio Hearn's books. His latest, *In Ghostly Japan*,¹ continues his studies in the popular phases of Buddhism, of which the *Gleanings in Buddha-Fields* was the first installment. Buddhism, as it appears in popular traditions and superstitions, has a great attraction for him; for, from his first work on the country, *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, Mr. Hearn has treated by preference matters connected with the religions of the land. But though there are few subjects more interesting than vulgar beliefs and superstitions, one cannot but regret his inclination of late to devote himself almost exclusively to these studies; and foolish as it would be to complain of the choice a writer has deliberately made, it seems a pity that Mr. Hearn has not taken up a wider range of subjects. For no one else has written with such charm of Japan, and no one could write with more grace and feeling on the simplest impulses of life. The first piece in his *Kokoro*, which describes an occurrence at a railway station in Kyushu, is certainly one of the daintiest sketches he has ever written. True, the confrontation of a murderer with a child in arms, the son of his victim, at the entrance of a railway station, was an incident of high dramatic interest, of which the policeman who brought it about had but little idea. He did it on the spur of the moment, and Mr. Hearn, impressed like all the other spectators of the affecting scene, has brought out its deep pathos in language of great beauty. A slight sketch like this makes us wish that Mr. Hearn would take to something more than short essays; he has written nothing on Japan equal in length to his tales of West Indian life. But while we deplore this reserve of a writer who possesses every quality of style, except humor, we have reason to be grateful for whatever he gives us.

¹ *In Ghostly Japan*. By LAFCADIO HEARN. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1899.

Dr. J. C. Calhoun Newton's Japan: The Country, Court, and People is a very comprehensive work, and undertakes to tell us all about the country, its history, art, and institutions, in little more than four hundred pages. It has, unfortunately, the failings incidental to small books of encyclopædic pretensions. The vast amount of information which Dr. Newton has collected he gives in a very crude form; and he has evidently written the book in a great hurry, for its style is, however excusable in hack journalism, too slovenly for a serious work. While thus we halt before extraordinary sentences like "Dying in New York, there was profound grief," or "Bringing a jar of tea-seed and a book of directions, the cultivation of tea spread rapidly," the author's meaning is far from clear in the statements, "The defeat of the Opposition was oft repeated, and as often resolutely renewed," and "Such a movement (the sweeping away of Old Japan), while right in its direction, was dangerous in the extreme to the best interests of the nation." There is also a refreshing airiness in many of Dr. Newton's explanations. Every defect of character, for instance, is attributed to the absence of Christianity. The doctor allows his prejudices against Buddhism to override his judgment. "It is remarkable," he observes, "how all corrupt priesthoods of corrupt religions follow even the bodies of the dead with oppressive enactments. By law the family names had to be registered in the temple books; otherwise the priests could deny burial." If a simple enactment made from judicial considerations is to be taken as a proof of religious corruption, in what light are we to regard that far more cruel law which, not content with refusing burial in consecrated ground, exposed to gratuitous ignominy the body of the poor wretch who should, in a fit of insanity, take away his own life? I am not defending Buddhism; I only wish to remind a too zealous writer of

the proverbial sauce, and to suggest moderation to those who do not live in stone-proof houses. Again, in speaking of a Buddhist college at Kyoto, the doctor says: "The writer has himself seen upon the shelves of its library English books upon the Bible, and has met young Buddhist priests upon the cars with New Testaments in their hands. Their aim was to study the *Jesus* doctrine so as to demolish it." It is difficult to understand the tone of irritation in this remark. These Buddhist priests deserve praise for their study of the Bible; for since religious propagandism has suffered most from ignorant opposition, one would have thought it a matter for congratulation that Christianity should find in the professors of a rival religion an eagerness to master its tenets and doctrines. If such men could be convinced of the superiority of Christianity, theirs would not be, as is often the case with others, mere lip conversions for the sake of material benefits received or expected. Dr. Newton's bitter hostility to Buddhism will not further the cause of Christianity. To the Japanese who has been taught to prize as the first of virtues unfaltering loyalty even to a fallen master or a lost cause, there is something especially repugnant in the apostasy from the faith of his forefathers; and his path to conversion should rather be smoothed by a greater insistence upon the points of resemblance between the old religion and the new. Dr. Newton lays stress upon the innate religiousness of the Japanese; but his remarks in this connection may be summed up in the general proposition that, for most of us, belief in God or fetish is the normal state of mind.

Again, the debt Japan owes to America is inestimable. The United States has always been friendly to her, and its citizens have rendered her invaluable services. But while we acknowledge our great obligations to America, it would not be just to pass by what we owe also to England, France, and Germany. The

patriotic bias which omits mention of these countries makes the chapter on Intercourse between the United States and Japan in Dr. Newton's book read very much like a company promoter's prospectus. But with all its defects, the book deserves to be read for its valuable information, which only patient labor could have brought together.

It is highly gratifying to a Japanese to find that of the eight most recent works on his country seven are the outcome of careful study. The fact that so many books should have been published within the brief space of fifteen

months testifies to the interest which Japan continues to excite in the world; and since recent events have brought the Far East within the range of practical politics of the Occidental Powers, it is of the utmost importance to us that the condition of the Extreme Orient should be universally understood. And convinced that further acquaintance will only cement the friendly relations which already subsist between us and the rest of the world, we Japanese cordially welcome every work written with the serious intention of making our country better known to other nations.

Jukichi Inouye.

OBER-AMMERGAU IN 1900.

THERE are many disappointments for those who make their first pilgrimage to Ober-Ammergau. One thinks of the village as a picturesque collection of wooden chalets hidden far away in the recesses of a glorified Borrowdale or Langdale valley, somewhere in the heart of the Bavarian Alps. One finds, as a matter of fact, that it lies outside the gate of the mountains, between two low spurs of hills that die away into the great northern plain.

As you enter Ober-Ammergau from north or south, you are astonished at the sight of what appears to be a modern village of comparatively uninteresting detached houses, red-tiled or iron-roofed, whitewashed and freshly painted, with an ugly erection at its northwest end of yellow and brown painted wood and huge span of iron girders, that looks like a railway station. This is the new theatre that Carl Lautenslaeger, the well-known theatre engineer, has erected, with an eye more for the practical than the artistic, for the accommodation of the five thousand spectators who are expected to be present at the Passion Play.

There are only two other buildings which seem to dominate the village: one of these, the parish church, with black-slate roof and black-towered cupola, stands in strange contrast with the brand-new red roofs about it; the other building is the one which more than all the rest seems to destroy any hope of finding the poetry or picturesqueness of an old-time Bavarian village, — this is the new hotel, the Wittelsbacherhof, with its hall porter in blue cap and brass buttons, its busy restaurant under the veranda, and its crowd of waiters. Large notices of Cook's agency and the agency of a German house for American tourist enterprise complete the disillusion; and it is not until one has rubbed one's eyes a good many times, and gone away into the quiet meadows by the banks of the Ammer stream and come back through the intricate byways toward the post office, that one realizes that, notwithstanding tourist agencies and brand-new hotel and red tiles and new paint, there is an old Ober-Ammergau still extant, which is worth careful inspection.

There are three main approaches to Ober-Ammergau; the first and most obvious one is from Munich and the north. Those who approach the village from that side have compensations for the dullness of part of the journey, for the hills rise round the village as they near it, and the Oufacker, Lauberberg, Nothberg, locally called *Der Noot*, the Köfel, and Sonnenberg range make a fine semicircular background for the little village in the plain. But visitors would be well advised to choose either of the other two routes, — the one from the southeast and Partenkirchen, which gives a beautiful ascent through woods to Ettal, and so through the Ettal valley, with entrance by the mountain gateway of Köfel; or better still, from Reutte by the Plau See and the Ammerwald to Linderhof and the fair wide pastures of the Ammerthal to the same southern gate above spoken of. Coming by this route, one is greatly surprised by the sudden appearance of the great gray throne of rock which springs out of the Köfelberg woods and is marked by a cross at the summit. One drives forward by a road which will one day be overshadowed by sycamore and wild ash trees, — by the side of the Ammer stream as clear as crystal, — surmounts a small moraine, and finds one's self at the entrance to the village. A straight road, bordered by clean but not specially picturesque houses, all of one model, half house and half barn, leads past the wood-carving school, to the church, and so to the heart of the village.

It is sound advice to ask tourists to come a day or two before the play, that they may see something of the village life and the surrounding scene. No one should go away without visiting the great Benedictine monastery, which rose at the wish of the king of Bavaria from the foundation stone laid by him in 1330, and which grew up at the foot of the Ettaler-mandl to be a temple of the Holy Grail, with an order of knightly monks

and priests to guard the little sacred statue of the Madonna and Holy Child.

Black is the cupola of the church that Jacob Zeidler and Martin Knoller adorned with frescoes, and black is the roofing of the tower hard by, — a fit memory of the fire which reduced convent abbey and library and church to ashes in the year 1744.

Entering the gate of the great barn-like building in front of the church, one finds the builders hard at work, and realizes that St. Benedict's order is not dead yet, and is to return to its own again, even at the risk of displacing a local brewery which has of late been brewing beer for other than monkish use there.

The second walk which all should take is one over the Ammer, across the fields by the votive grotto, through the woods, and up the steep zigzag ascent which leads at last to the top of the Köfel. From thence one gets a surprising view of the far-off plain and the near valleys, and one is able to realize what a long walk and chanting of litany there will be for the people of Unter Ammergau tomorrow — the day before the first performance of the Passion Play — who will attend early mass in the parish church.

It may seem fantastic, but one could not help observing how curiously like a cross in the green meadows the little village lay below us, and how like a silver chain, to link that cross to the great country beyond, the Ammer seemed to flow.

As for the cross on Köfel itself, insignificant as it appears from below, one could not but admire the labor of love which must have gone to the setting up of this vast tin-covered spar which gleams like gold in the sunlight.

There is another reason for going to Ober-Ammergau a few days before the play. One is able to see the actors going about their work, as if nothing were going to happen. Why should they be nervous or troubled? They have been rehearsing every night since October. There is not a child that does not know

the exact angle at which it will hold its hand or head in the tableaux-vivants, and how entirely the thought of the village is wrapped up in the Passion Play is shown by their speech. Christian names and surnames have dropped out of use; they talk of this man as Caiaphas, that as Pilate. "This is the house of Christus." "There lives the Angel of Paradise." If you want a particular piece of pottery you must go to Herod for it, for a particular piece of carving you must go to St. John, and so on.

On the morning before the play, at six o'clock, I heard the chanting of a solemn litany, and went forth to find three groups — men, women, and children — passing with their banners and crosses to early mass. Weather-worn, wizened faces, very unlike the dwellers at Ober-Ammergau they seemed. They were the peasants of the other Ammergau in the plain. They trudged in to the service, and I saw them trudging back; there was a calm upon their faces it was a joy to see.

On the evening of the same day the fire brigade passed down the street in all the glory of belted axe and brazen helmet; at eight o'clock they came back through the village with the Passion Play band, — trumpets and drums in full blast. It was an old custom, and it did one's heart good to see the little drummer lads in Tyrolese costume going before, and the trumpeters following after.

Next morning there was high mass in the church at six o'clock. Priests, gorgeously habited, at five altars seemed to be constantly repeating their solemn rites; clouds of incense, ringing of bells, mixed with the sound of organ and singers in the two-storied gallery at the west end. The only person that seemed unmoved was old St. Amandus, whose skeleton lay in jeweled robes, with his hand to his head as if in thought, above one of the altars on the south side of the church. I watched the crowd gather and disperse after that service. I do not think I have

ever seen more devotion or earnestness in the faces of praying men and women than I then saw.

Men bespattered from head to foot with mud and mire — people who looked as if they had lain out in the open the night before — were among the motley crowd, which unsuspectingly faced the recording angel of an enterprising American who had come with intent to cinematograph the Passion Play, and who, I believe, met with obstinate refusal on the part of the authorities.

At 7.30 a gun was fired, and the audience began to assemble at the Passion Theatre. Punctually at eight another gun was heard, and the play began.

With splendid dignity the aged speaker of the Prologue, Josef Mayr, whose head winter-white and surmounted with a golden crown towered above all his followers, walked staff in hand, and led the chorus on to the stage from our left; at the same moment, issuing from the right wing, came the second half of the chorus, led by Jacob Rütty the blacksmith. They stood seventeen on each side of the Prologue, in a line slightly curved with the ends toward the audience. They were clad in gold-bordered white dresses, with colored cloaks also gold bordered and clasped across the breast. The colors of these cloaks, blue, crimson, brown, green, pink, purple, etc., were arranged in the same order on both sides the central figure, who was in white and gold. Here, as throughout the performance, one noticed what care had been given to the color arrangement. The figures on either side Josef Mayr were in bright scarlet, and so kept the eyes of the audience upon him; as for their ears, his own dramatic power and elocution sustained attention from first to last, through recitations which must have occupied two hours. If Mayr was great as the Christus ten years ago, he was greater this year as speaker of the Prologue.

Not the least surprising part of the

chorus was the use they made of their hands, and the lifting up of the mantles to give emphasis to the music. No doubt at times one felt the chorus thin, and wished the parts could have been less divided; the sopranos on the left were so far from the altos one lost the blend which in the fine chorals is so much needed. At times one wished the music had in itself been stronger, notably in the Hallelujah Chorus at the end; but, taking it all in all, one was astonished that a little village of fifteen hundred people could supply such music or such voices for the four hours' task of chorus singing.

There, as we sat in the vast theatre, one felt with what exquisite effect the gray-blue hillside, white cloud, and sunny sky which seemed to hang like a curtain over the houses of Caiaphas and Pilate added a feeling of open air and reality to all the scenes enacted; and yet one must confess to a wish that something could have been done to prevent the flood of light which interposed between the auditorium and the inner stage from throwing the latter into such dark shadow that the tableaux at times were almost invisible; and one would strongly advise the people who ask for first places to take care to sit as near to the stage as possible in that block of seats, and take good opera-glasses.

Three things struck one as the performance went forward: first, that the tableaux-vivants were the most remarkable part of the spectacle. Imagine a tableau with as many as six hundred persons on the stage at once, two hundred of them children, in which movement is so absolutely invisible that you might believe the whole picture was modeled in wax. This was the case in the tableaux, *The Giving of Manna in the Wilderness*, *The Return of the Spies from Canaan*, *The Serpent in the Wilderness*, and *Joseph in Egypt*.

One noted that in most of the minor tableaux there had been considerable

changes since 1890. The angels, though they were substantial, had lost their wings, and generally there had been a simplification, not without good results. A master hand at scenic effect had evidently been called in. One regretted, however, the introduction of a badly drawn Sphinx and Pyramid in the desert scene of *The Serpent in the Wilderness*; the Sphinx was as untrue to reality there as was the action of shaking hands by way of Eastern salutation by the actors in some of the principal scenes. One could not help wishing that certain of the tableaux had been altogether omitted. *The Departure of Tobias from his Home* left one almost in doubt as to which of the figures represented Tobias. *The Lamenting Bride of the Canticle* — though it gave a good opportunity for grouping a floral display — did not tell its story; and the *Affliction of Job*, and *Isaac going to be Sacrificed* were ineffective; whilst the tableau of *Joseph in Egypt*, though it was certainly a fine piece of coloring, seemed to be inharmonious with that part of the *Passion Play* in which it occurred.

The second noticeable feature was the marvelous art of crowd-management and crowd-arrangement: the opening scene of *Christ's Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem*, and the scene where the four crowds meet on the day of the uproar in Jerusalem to declaim against the Christ and to demand his death before the Governor, were vivid and natural beyond words.

It is quite true there was an absence of that hum that one hears in an angry crowd which is always an undertone or accompaniment to its cries, but with that exception nothing could have been more dramatically real or indicative of more perfect care in its arrangement.

Here, again, the sense of color was evident. If never before in the annals of the *Passion Play* such gorgeous dresses had been worn by the actors, it is also true that never before had such wonderful color harmony been observed. I

heard that though the dresses had been designed in Munich, all had been made in the village during the winter months. The little village can add dressmaking to the list of high arts it practices.

The third thing noticeable in the performance was the calm dignity and simplicity of all the players. There was no stage walk. When Judas came alone upon the scene, or when the "beloved disciple" walked down the street in search of Peter, they seemed perfectly unconscious that a vast crowd was gazing upon them. All was done with absolute naturalness and quiet. It seemed in truth as if all were possessed with one great idea which for the moment blotted out the world.

Of the scenes which were represented perhaps the most striking were the Triumphal Entry of Christ into Jerusalem, The Parting at Bethany, The Last Supper, The Agony in the Garden, The Despair of Judas, Jesus condemned to Death, The Way of the Cross, and The Crucifixion; the least satisfactory were the scenes of the Resurrection and the Ascension. One wondered how it was that the scene of Christ appearing to Mary in the Garden, after his Resurrection, and his appearing to his disciples and Mary Magdalene were omitted. The power of the Resurrection, its reality and its joy, were not preached at the Passion Play of the Ammergau. One almost wished after seeing the rather tame ending of the play that the curtain had finally dropped after the Descent from the Cross.

But who that saw it could ever forget the pathos of the Parting at Bethany? Rather unsatisfactory as the women's voices and acting were throughout the play, here all that was womanly in Christ as well as in those loving sisters and all that was tender in the hearts of men came to the front. There was hardly a tearless face in that great audience. All wept with those who grieved at Bethany. Great as was the pathos of this scene, it

was almost surpassed by that of the Christ washing the feet of his disciples. The way in which he slightly lingered as he washed the feet of Judas, with a lingering that pleaded against those feet so swift to shed his blood, must have struck every one.

Six actors stand out head and shoulders above the rest: Caiaphas the High Priest, taken by Sebastian Lang the verger. If I had been a Jew, I think I could not forgive him for having made his part in Christ's death so hateful. Dathan, the young informer, in his yellow robe of spite and envy. Peter, taken by Thomas Rendl the wood carver, one of the oldest of the players, whose fine face reminded one strangely of Lord Leighton, the late president of our English Royal Academy, and who, clad in a blue robe with yellow peplon, was always a noticeable figure, — always to the front. John, who for the second time was admirably personated by Peter Rendl, the son of Thomas Rendl, and who was distinguished by a green robe and crimson mantle, and whose appearance as well as his tender acting must have impressed all; Judas, and the Christus.

Of these last two one must speak particularly. Judas was played for the second time by Johann Zwink. Except for some slight want of clearness in his enunciation, the acting of this man with the pouch in his girdle and his yellow and orange robe of jealousy and spite, his keen and restless eyes, his shaggy hair, his haggard face and snakelike movements, was dramatic and real to the last degree. Forceful from first to last, one must speak of him as the genius of the whole caste. Those who saw his representation of the character of the man who so bitterly betrayed and so bitterly repented went home with hearts that ached for Judas.

Of the Christus one must say, as one can say truthfully of the St. John, that nature had been very kind to him. The long, flowing locks, the delicate col-

or, the fair eyes, the refined character of the face, all helped to make Anton Lang the potter *look* the part, and the personal character of the man, as I heard it described by villagers who knew him, made him feel it and *act* it with dignity and devotion. Those who had seen Mayr take the same part on any of the three former occasions might well have been pardoned if they had felt doubts as to the successful representation of Christ by any other villager of Ober-Ammergau. Truly there must be a Divinity which shapes the end of that village, that generation after generation there should be born into it men who can so look as well as so act the traditional parts of Christ and his beloved disciple!

In some minor matters it is certain that as the play goes on the Christus will be seen to more advantage. He is a young man, only twenty-five, and ten years of life's experience will give him something of the force of Josef Mayr; but as it is, throughout the whole play there was such quiet, such simplicity, and such tender earnestness as made one feel that the one man in the village to-day who could personate the Christ had been fitly chosen, and that the mantles of former Christs had fallen upon him.

I chanced to see Anton Lang at early mass on the morning of the performance. He seemed rapt in the service, and when he left the church he walked as in a dream; others chatted, but he walked straight on without a word, and it seemed

to me that men moved aside and left a way for him as if they felt that he were almost more than man, or at least as if on this day, at any rate, he was moving in another world, and they knew it and felt it.

People sometimes speak with bated breath of the probable effect upon the religious life, for both actor and spectator, of such a play as this at Ober-Ammergau. One saw enough of its effect upon apparently careless young tourists, who had come because their mothers wanted to see it, to make one realize that for the careless there is wholesome medicine at Ober-Ammergau, and the chronicles of the village life of the past generation, so far as one could learn them, made one come away feeling that as far as the actors are concerned nothing but good is the result. In spite of this, one shudders to think of the future: Ober-Ammergau with its old simplicity is Ober-Ammergau no more. Hotel proprietors, Munich merchants, tourist agencies and a railway, kodaks, and cinematograph machines are disturbing factors that have to be reckoned with.

The almost insolent familiarities that one saw taken by thoughtless foreigners with the village folk, the flatteries and adulations lavished upon the actors by excited and admiring crowds, are likely to destroy the self-respect and simplicity of the people, and to poison the atmosphere in which alone can grow the life and character which render the Passion Play possible.

H. D. Rawnsley.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

It has been noted as one of the signs of a healthy literary epoch in any land when its authors of the second rank — those, that is, who have just missed the great rewards, and fallen short of the

widest renown — write remarkably well. Books have their luck, no doubt, — their auspicious or malignant star, — no less than people. To be undistinguished is happily not always to lack distinction,

and there are certain kinds of distinction sure not to be appreciated by an enormous number of readers, in any country under the sun. The books whose vogue is greatest have usually, no doubt, great merit of some kind to justify their celebrity; as "the rose that all are praising" is a genuine triumph of horticulture. But it is not always the mammoth splendors of the prize blossom which are most interesting to the botanist, or most redolent of the native soil.

These, and a few less obvious reflections, have been suggested by the perusal of three new American novels, all having technical excellence of an uncommon order, and two of them at least giving the reader food for grave reflection after the book is laid aside.

Unleavened Bread,¹ by Robert Grant, is a tale of no great literary charm, but it is marked by a refreshing absence of conscious and obtrusive literary effort. The "optic nerve" is as resolutely "starved" in these ruthless pages as Henry James told Robert Louis Stevenson that it was in the otherwise superb story of *Catriona*. Stevenson replied that this was exactly what he found himself aiming at in his writing, and more and more sedulously as time went by. "I hear people talking," he wrote from Samoa, exactly one year before his death. "I *feel* them acting; and that seems to me to be fiction. My two aims may be described as: (1) War to the adjective, and (2) death to the optic nerve. Admitted that we live in an age of the optic nerve in literature, for how many ages did literature get along without it?"

What Stevenson did with deliberation, on the easily abused principle of *art for art*, the author of *Unleavened Bread* seems to have done involuntarily, under compulsion of a strenuous purpose; which, nevertheless, he is too can-

ny to avow as a purpose, and which hardly reveals itself as such to the reader until near the end of the book. This latest production of the writer, who began his career in the seventies by the rollicking satire of *The Little Tin Gods on Wheels*, and who has written a goodly number of more or less telling books since then, is chiefly remarkable for the masterly presentment of the central female figure; a figure as new to fiction as it is, unhappily, true to fact. Mr. Grant's heroine, Miss Selma White, marries a prosperous tradesman in a fast expanding Middle Western city, — chiefly to escape the drudgery of school-keeping. She is a very pretty girl, with a delicacy of feature and of coloring that strangely belies the essential commonness of her mind and hardness of her nature. Yet that mind is a busy and aspiring one, and she is informed by a delightful conceit of herself as a typical American maiden congenitally superior to social distinctions, though fitted to adorn any station. The duties and constraints of married life soon become quite as irksome to her as those of the provincial schoolroom. Her capacity for affection is curiously small, — an irritable and overweening vanity being the motive of most of her actions; and she is fain to lull the unpleasant feelings excited by the unexpected discovery, even in Benham, of a presumably worldly and wicked upper circle of society into which she cannot penetrate by becoming the inspired reciter, in *bourgeois* parlors, of — "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" and the fluent exponent at women's clubs of advanced views upon subjects of which she knows next to nothing. When her baby — the only child she ever bore — has died of croup, owing to her preoccupation with a club-meeting, and when her husband has sought to console himself for his disappointments as a husband and father by a rueful return to the coarse dissipations of his bachelorhood, Selma

¹ *Unleavened Bread*. By ROBERT GRANT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900.

snatches at the pretext afforded her for obtaining a divorce on the ground of unfaithfulness, and begins life anew as a journalist. She will henceforth be that "representative woman, independent and pure," who lives gladly by her wits rather than submit to marital degradation; and the leaders of the emancipated sisterhood receive her with open arms. But newspaper work proves hard work too, and Selma soon escapes from its bondage by a second marriage with a refined and honorable, but over-susceptible, and surely rather weak young New York architect. This abrupt second marriage of the heroine is the weakest point in an otherwise inflexibly straight and mainly convincing story. The real Wilbur Littleton would not thus have married the young *divorcé* out of hand, and sprung her as a bride, almost without warning, upon the sympathetic and high-minded sister who had hitherto presided over his modest apartment, and quietly but incalculably furthered his promising professional career. Howbeit, Pauline Littleton accepts her sudden displacement with impeccable good breeding, and Selma enters upon her New York life which proves to be but a repetition upon a broader stage of her early experience in Benham. The careless magnificence of the inaccessible caste is even more obvious and offensive here than it had been in the lesser city, and Selma, while denouncing with all the acrid eloquence, of which she is now a ready mistress, the frivolity and treachery to "the American idea" of millionairessdom generally, treasures every real and fancied affront for explicit vengeance, in that coming day of her own social ascendancy which the self-righteous and soulless little schemer plainly foresees. Her second husband presently dies of pneumonia complicated by a broken heart, whereupon she shakes the dust of naughty New York from her impatient feet, and returns to Benham; a young and handsome woman still, with

the aplomb of a widow, and having the five thousand dollars of poor Wilbur Littleton's life insurance wherewith to begin fresh operations. These culminate before many months are over in a third marriage, to the Hon. James O. Lyons, a rising politician and a reputed capitalist, with a serious and pompous mien, and a large following in the Methodist connection. How Selma furthers this man's ends that she may gain her own; how she flatters all his meaner instincts and helps him to strangle the vague outcry of his elementary conscience, deriding his dim perception of the point of honor and the sacredness of a pledge by impious appeals from the "religion of this world" to the supposed sanctions of a disembodied state; how at last she sees in the ill-gotten victory which has landed him in the United States Senate an indubitable sign that Providence has ranged itself on their side, — all this may be read and studied with profit in the grim pages of *Unleavened Bread*. The portrait, whose lines are bitten with so corrosive an acid, is almost worthy to be hung beside Becky Sharp; yet not for one moment do we suspect it to be a personal sketch. In its deep vulgarity and startling verisimilitude it is still the picture of a type; a sort of combination photograph. This unfeeling, unlovely, uncultured, and self-bounded being is only too truly what she exulted to describe herself, — the representative woman of a wide social section in our commonwealth. The point and sting of the whole sordid history lies in this: that that graceless travesty of a statesman, James Lyons, is not merely "one of our conquerors," but the most potent of them all in the hour that now is, and that Selma is the conqueror of him.

The title of our next book, *The Voice of the People*,¹ would seem to suggest that we are still in the region of types,

¹ *The Voice of the People*. By ELLEN GLASGOW. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1900.

tendencies, and social problems. Yet except for its underlying thoughtfulness, and for the condemnation implied rather than pronounced, in the closing chapters, of some of our prevalent political methods, — the latest work of Miss Glasgow has little in common with *Unleavened Bread*. For this is a true romance, a simple, and wholly probable, yet admirably wrought and deeply affecting story. It actually essays, for a wonder in any novel of the year 1900, to portray a grand passion; the tyrannous and consuming passion of a great man of low origin for a bright, alluring, but, as the event proves, quite ordinary woman in a rank of life above his own. The *Voice of the People* comes to us from the latitude whence we get all our best imaginative work in these days, the region along Mason and Dixon's happily obliterated line, — that most hotly contested and grievously devastated battleground of the great civil war. Surely there must have lurked in the ashes of that burning — *tot funera!* — a wonderful enrichment of soul and enlargement of vision for the generation that was to grow up there after the fight was lost and won! The best of the apologues they bring us are so broadly based upon the final certainties of life and morals, so clear of all bookish affectation and sophistication, so lightly encumbered by material flummery! Not that the optic nerve is by any means "starved" in Ellen Glasgow's tale. The scenery of her drama is always vividly present to the writer's mind, and she manages with a few strokes of a skillful brush to make it equally clear to the reader. Strictly speaking, there is too much landscape in the book; yet it is hard to quarrel with pictures where the color is as discreetly and delicately applied as in this of the old shire town of Kingsborough in Virginia, where the action of the piece begins and ends: —

"A board was nailed on the brick wall (of the court house), bearing in black

marking the name of the white sand street which stretched like a chalk-drawn line from the grass-grown battlefields to the pale old buildings of King's College. The street had been called in honor of a Duke of Gloucester. It was now Main Street and nothing more; though it was still wide and white and placidly impressed by the slow passage of Kingsborough feet. Beyond the court house, the breeze blew across the green, which was ablaze with buttercups. Beneath the warm wind, the yellow heads assumed the effect of a brilliant tangle, spreading over the unploughed common, running astray in the grass-lined ditch that bordered the walk, hiding beneath dusty-leaved plants in unsuspected hollows, and breaking out again under the horses' hoofs in the sandy street. . . . On the hospitable thresholds of 'general' stores, battle-scarred veterans of the war between the states dealt in victorious reminiscences of vanquishment. They had fought well, they had fallen silently, and they had risen without bitterness."

The period of twenty years or so covered by the story embraces the youth and early maturity of the first generation born and bred in Virginia after Lee's surrender, and comes up with the present time. The survivals from the ante-bellum era, — testy old General Battle, the judge who "had not spoken an uncivil word" since the close of the civil war, and who "from having been, in his youth, one of the hopes of his state, had become in its age one of her consolations;" the stately widow of a fallen Confederate warrior, Mrs. Dudley Webb, impenitent and inscrutable; and all the foolish, fond old negroes, whose wool is white, and their elementary speech racy with memories of "dem good old slavin' times," — each one of these obsolescent types is tenderly and reverentially depicted; their personal oddities and anachronisms hit off with wistful, caressing, half-unwilling wit. But if the writer's heart is in the past, her faith, albeit

stripped of illusions and forlorn, is fixed upon the future. The long and groveling agony of the poor white trash, from which her hero springs, is portrayed both with unflinching realism and unfailing sympathy; all the harsh contrasts of the situation softened, and its more cruel aspects half disguised by the curiously pensive and subdued but all-pervading humor which plays over the surface of the narrative like the ruddy twinkle of veiled sunshine upon still waters in a smoky autumn day. The career of the protagonist, Nicholas Burr, is at once a triumph and a tragedy. The ladylove who had fired and fed his young ambition, and who had promised in the ardor of one exalted hour to wait for his victory, forsakes him in the moment of ordeal for a man of her own caste; yet he is governor of the Old Dominion when he meets his untimely end. The lesser actors in the history all fall back before the catastrophe arrives, leaving the rugged figure of the hero outlined in lonely grandeur upon the steps of Kingsborough court house, where he dies by the shot of a fellow townsman, in the vain attempt to defend from the violence of an infuriated crowd the criminal confined within.

A faint reminiscence of the end of Beauchamp's Career is almost the only suggestion of direct influence by any other author which occurs in *The Voice of the People*. The work is not quite a masterpiece, but its noble and impressive dénouement makes it one not easy to forget.

Utterly dissimilar, in tone and intention, to the two novels already mentioned, is *The Touchstone*,¹ by Edith Wharton, of which, however, there can hardly be higher praise than to say that it fully answers the expectations excited by a collection of short stories from the same hand published less than a year ago. The rather enigmatical title of that exceptionally refined *recueil*, *The Greater*

¹ *The Touchstone*. By EDITH WHARTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900.

Inclination, explained itself in the course of the book as a scientific metaphor. It meant the slight but conclusive deflection by incalculable circumstance of a trembling and all but equally hung balance of principle and motive. The sketches in question were all fragmentary; episodes or studies in a transient light, never the complete history of any one of the *dramatis personæ*. They were very clever, very subtle, very urbane; quick, too, with the trained and polished wit of a woman of the world. But the author's extreme fastidiousness, her almost morbid fear of overlaying and overworking, prevented her from finishing anything. One or two of the stories ended, and ended effectively enough, in the middle of a sentence. The characters were all taken from the *milieu* of clubs and ballrooms; but within these conventional limits, the novelist found material for the most serious and searching psychological study. She is indeed no mean psychologist, and all the rare qualities of the earlier essays are seen to even heightened advantage in the new book. *The Touchstone* is a more sustained effort than any one of its predecessors, and it is well sustained. The analysis of the hero's mental struggle goes deeper; the ethical conclusion is more unhesitatingly drawn. The simple story need not be repeated here. It was plainly suggested in the first instance by the publication of the *Browning Love Letters*. If *The Voice of the People* is incredibly and almost amusingly innocent of extraneous literary influence, *The Touchstone* is replete with echoes, reflections, reminiscences from the lighter literature of many lands and languages. There is one distinguished contemporary writer, indeed, whose influence is too plain to be overlooked. Mrs. Wharton has sat at the feet of Henry James, and in the way of her art she has unquestionably learned much from him. But she would now do well to rise from her deferential attitude. Better things than

he can inspire are, we believe, within the scope of her still widening possibilities.

The American city whose high life the author of *The Touchstone* has depicted without a trace of vulgarity (no common feat!) is New York; always with fond and respectful reminiscences of Philadelphia. Boston is but a byword there. Turning over our triad of novels yet once again, — the Bostonian's Western tale, and the Southern tale, and the tale of what was once only the chief city of the Middle States but is now the metropolis of the Union, — we are freshly convinced that the Puritan vein and the transcendental vein are both worked out. Let us close the mouth of the echoing shaft, and heartily salute the young workers in less thoroughly explored and apparently richer mines. The life of the Northeastern states is too settled, circumscribed, and safe, it has been too long fat, and "set," and prosperous, to afford the best of dramatic material. If Spain had had the will or the power to bombard the cities of the New England seaboard in the summer of 1898, we might have had some strong novels of New England life in the next generation. As it is, we must wait a little longer.

Let it be said at once that Mr. James Lane Allen, in his latest novel, *The Reign of Law*,¹ has maintained that tone of high seriousness and idealism which marks him off from the knowing and sophisticated brothers of his craft. It is something to have still a writer who is not afraid to "let himself go," in Southern abandon, with "Oh, the roses!" Mr. Allen frequently yields himself to this simple emotional overflow, without once stopping to consider whether it be literary "good form," or whether some smart penman, survivor of all illusions, will laugh at him for an innocent estray. And in the matter of close and interpretative study of nature, which, when

all is said, is Mr. Allen's chief note and distinction, his mastery in this volume is as convincing as it was in *The Choir Invisible*. "When every spring, welling out of the soaked earth, trickles through banks of sod unbarred by ice." "The fall of the hickory nut, rattling noisily down through the scaly limbs and scattering its hulls among the stones of the brook below." One is tempted to quote a thousand such sentences of a poet *manqué*. For all this, and for Mr. Allen's firm and vivid rendering of life in Kentucky field and farmhouse, there can be nothing but praise. Direct methods, a pathos unafraid, a fine ideal strain throughout — such things are not so common in an age delighted with its own cleverness as not to make us grateful to a man who can blow Mr. Allen's "thrilling summons."

And yet! From the standpoint of art, what an odd thing is Mr. Allen's proem, or overture, or whatever he calls it! Twenty-three pages about Hemp (his sub-title is *A Tale of the Kentucky Hemp Fields*), for all the world like disparate notes swept together and so got off his hands. Here are history and trade statistics, a farmer's annual and shipping records, the decay of an industry and the decline of the American merchant marine, all jumbled together and shot through with touches of exquisite description of nature. It is a daring novelty, and one feels like urging Mr. Allen never to venture it again. To any other writer the critic would declare that it meant instant wreck. Even from our lofty natures, our prose-poets, we demand something like wholeness of structure, continuity of texture; and these we certainly feel to be imperiled in *The Reign of Law* at the very start.

The theology in Mr. Allen's book (and there is an infinite deal of it) has anachronism written on its face. Darwinian before Darwin, the author shows us *The Descent of Man* read and working havoc in Kentucky some three years

¹ *The Reign of Law*. By JAMES LANE ALLEN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1900.

(for he realistically sets down the date) before it was actually published. This is but a hint of his violent reading backwards of later theological conditions into the decade following the civil war. At that time evolutionary theory had not got beyond the stage of being laughed at as ridiculous, even among our most bustling *intellectuels*. The later stage — you remember Archbishop Whately's *not*, of being read out of the court of reason because contradicted by the Bible — surely came years later in Kentucky. But we must not press this, inasmuch as Mr. Allen's publishers have in his behalf loftily disdained the idea of pinning him down to dates! Unluckily, he began the pinning to dates. There are other indications, however, of his wandering in a theological world not realized. He tells us of "ministers of the gospel" who "read in secret in their libraries" the "new thought of the age," and who "locked the books away when their church officers called unexpectedly." This is pure mistake. What would really be done with the books would be to hold them up, with the triumphant cry, "None of these things move me!"

Mr. Allen is apparently unacquainted with that numerous class of the clergy who boast themselves immune to every microbe of unbelief that stalketh in darkness; who go to German Universities and return proudly unscathed; and who, far from locking up Darwin and Huxley and Renan, carry them boldly into the pulpit for purpose of triumphant "refutation." Many and strange theological professors have winged their mysterious flight in fiction, but none so weirdly unnatural to us as Mr. Allen's. Theological love-making has been essayed before, but his David's discoursing to Gabriella is of a fearful and wonderful kind, which certainly shows that she loved him else she would have fled screaming with laughter.

Yet even this, Mr. Allen is able to carry off. Pick out absurdities as you will, the total impression remains wholesome and beautiful. We can but close as we began, with thanking Mr. Allen for having, when all deductions are made, revealed himself once more as a novelist who, for nobleness of conception and delicacy of execution, stands head and shoulders above his fellows.

TO ROBERT AND ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

O MATED souls, that through the blissful deeps
 Of heaven on heaven wing your ethereal way,
 Know ye how Love on earthly shores to-day
 For your true sake his feast in triumph keeps?
 Know ye how all the world of lovers heaps
 Its garlands on the living words that aye
 The holy passion of your vows shall say
 Till Song itself to gray oblivion creeps?
 The alpha and omega of the heart;
 The perfect scale, to its first note returning;
 Each fond detail, each jot of life or art,
 Touched with the fire upon the altar burning!

While Genius smiles, a happy prisoner, caught
In silver iterance of one sweet thought.

II.

Our modern Muse hath fever in her veins ;
Her lips, alas ! have known the tainted springs ;
We turn afresh to where your fountain flings
Its crystal challenge to all droughts and stains.
Your white ideal, crowned with the truth, remains
Steadfast amid the shock of baser things ;
Your love the golden seal of witness brings
To Nature's charter pure, whereto man strains.
Ah, if the mighty quests that now possess you
Permit one pause of earth-revealing sight,
Surely the blessing ye have wrought must bless you,
A keener glow inform the heavenly light,
Some finer echo of our praise must ring
In those infinitudes where Love is king !

Marion Pelton Guild.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MIST.

THE Mystery of the mist is calling me
Across the marshes' silvery solitudes,
By phantom inlets and gray bordering woods
To surging silence of a hidden sea.

Swathed in a twilight haze of amethyst,
Beyond the salty sedges lies the verge
Of immemorial oceans' endless surge,
Entranced by the still Mystery of the mist.

Her hair, fog-woven, gleams across my gaze,
I touch her garment by the silent sea,
And would behold the face of Mystery,
Close-clouded in the tender purple haze.

Low whispered voices of her wildering spell
Allure me softly to the tremulous brink
Of waters wide and strange, where souls may sink
In waves mist-mantled, arms invisible.

If I could sway the curtain of the night,
And pierce the vapory darknesses that rise
To hide the revelation in her eyes,
Soft quivering on the very marge of sight ;

The Quiet.

If I might disenchant the spellbound space,
 To see beyond the veil that may not move
 For mortals; if my soul and sense could prove
 The beauty of her mist-enfolded face;

Perchance her loving penalty would be
 To lay a darkness on my earthly sight,
 And lead me forth to lands of other light
 Far out beyond these marshes by the sea.

Katharine Coolidge.

THE QUIET.

Now the roads, hushed with dark,
 Lead the homeward way,
 I will rest; I will hark
 What the weeds can say:
 Wondering in the afterglow, —
 Heart's-ease of the day.

One day more, one day more;
 Ay, if it were new! . . .
 There the city smoke goes soft,
 Melting in the blue;
 And the highways, vexed with dust,
 Heal them in the dew.

Am I wise, — am I dull
 To put off despair,
 But because the mist floats up
 From the pastures there,
 Like a fellow breath of toil,
 Warm upon the air?

One day more, — one day more.
 Ay, and what to come?
 Nothing answers, though I doubt,
 All the trees are dumb:
 But the primrose stands alight,
 And the flocks are home.

Underneath the little moon,
 Sharp and sweet to see,
 All the warm, listless herbs
 Send a breath to me;
 And the fields bide in peace,
 Harvest-time to be.

Still the shadows close and come,
Like a tranquil herd,
And the summer twilight broods
Steadfast as a bird;
And the brook tells her quest,
By the silver word.

Still the murmurs overflow,
Fold me with a spell;
And the distance sends a call,
Dimly, in the bell: . . .
When to pipe, — when to weep,
Do I know so well?

I have seen drought and dearth,
Yet the Spring's secure;
And the work was lone and long,
But the past is sure.
And the hilltops see beyond,
And the stars endure.

Often when the thing I wrought
Wore not as I would,
When my need had left me bare
To the season's mood,
Yet the heavy heart in me
Saw that it was good.

I have seen Joy take leave
In a bitter guise:
Griefs have had a smile for me,
When I met their eyes.
Shall I know with what new gift
Life may make me wise?

Be it savors of the dusk
Soothe my care in me,
Or the trees, that bid me wait
What the hills foresee,
There the fields bide in peace
Harvest yet to be.

O, the wiser way of them!
Doubt has nought to say:
Shall I reason deeper, I,
Moulded from the clay?
Rather will I trust the dark,
Heart's-ease of the day.

Josephine Preston Peabody.

PRAIRIE TWILIGHT.

AUTUMN winds o'er a prairie floor,
 Waving wheat, as the sea,
 Wide peace, part of the Evermore,
 Limitless sky, and Thee.

A drowsy stir, a call afar,
 Somewhere a birdling dreams.
 Then pink in the twilight, one lone star —
 And, oh, how near God seems!

Mary Baldwin.

OF LIBERTY.

WHAT magic have our shores, that men repair
 Hither on every ship that threads the seas, —
 The Russian from his snows, the Piedmontese,
 The dweller by the banks of Po and Ayr?
 Are not the stars as bright, the skies as fair,
 That glass themselves in Volga's wave and Dee's?
 Hath spring no singing flocks? Doth not the breeze
 In summer evenings waft sweet odors there
 As it doth here? Ay, but a spirit dwells
 Within our land that long ago hath fled
 Those ancient countries. Liberty! 't is she
 That paints with wonder all our woods and dells,
 And with an aureole rings each mountain's head,
 And writes a morning freshness on the sea.

Within this land a spirit sleeps of might,
 And will not wake, though it has slumbered long.
 Would it were mine to rouse it with a song!
 Alas! not such my hope, to touch with light
 That darkened brow, to win those eyeballs sight.
 For more melodious tongues and souls more strong
 Before those listless ears have suffered wrong,
 And vainly sung and vanished into night.
 Yet men in former days, remembered well,
 Beheld those orbs as with twin lightnings glow,
 And that great brow illumed, when Sumter fell
 Or Lincoln spoke. Dear God, what voice must be,
 What iron trump of war or hate must blow,
 To wake again the soul of Liberty?

William Prescott Foster.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

ONE of the great American magazines, not so very long ago, in discussing the relations between editor and author, took as a text the following sentence: "There never was a time in the history of American literature when it has seemed more needful to insist upon Art and always Art as a requisite to the only 'success' worth having." All must say Amen to this pronouncement. Why then is this insistence so necessary, so imperative? May an outsider, who is not an editor, and but barely an author, bring forward a few questions bearing on the subject? It is mere justice to preface remarks on this matter by an explicit recognition of the intelligent, steady, and high-minded support, moral and material, which a few of the better magazines have given to the cause of true art and of true literature from the very beginning, and to note that this support is more freely given year by year.

Instead of dealing with wide and hence vague general principles let us begin with a few specific instances.

How is it, for example, that we do not possess, in America, a magazine which will accept an article, no matter how important, which contains as many as fifteen thousand words? I suppose the statement to be a fact. Is it not true that St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians would be found too long for such a magazine, and returned to the writer for condensation? Is it not also true that some religious, artistic, and literary questions absolutely require for their adequate treatment at least fifteen thousand words, and moreover absolutely require to be read at a single sitting in order to preserve their literary value?

Is it not a fact that the policy of our magazines is, in this respect, modeled rather on the non-literary newspaper

than on the literary review? Do not our leading periodicals actually shut their doors upon all articles which are too short for a book and "too long for the magazine"? And, in just so far, do they not discourage literature by prescribing a rigid form — a limit — by turning an hourglass?

And the next question is why is this limitation set? Is it for artistic reasons? Is it not, rather, that commercial success is supposed to be endangered by printing long articles? that it is taken for granted that the average reader must be supplied with literature of a certain type — or length — that his food must be cut up into convenient morsels? Does the author, in fact, have artistic freedom? Can an American writer find a magazine which will print for him articles of the length (supposing them to have the quality) of those regularly accepted by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for example? Ought he not to have the freedom of his colleagues in Europe?

So much for the comparatively unimportant matter of the trammels set upon literature by arbitrary prescriptions as to mere length. There is very much more to be said (though I shall hardly do more than to suggest it) as to the freedom of the author to choose his own subject and to treat it in his own way. Here, perhaps, the motto of the editor may be "*L'art pour l'art*," but his practice is widely different. It is beyond a doubt that, on the Continent, there is great freedom in the choice of subject and great latitude allowed in the manner of treating it; that in England, almost any subject may be discussed provided the manner is conventional; that in America the choice of subject and the choice of method are more restricted than in any other country.

It seems to be clear, however, that if American writers were free — or more free — as in England or on the Continent, we should obtain more manuscripts; that what was offered would be far more original and valuable, being untrammelled; that while some of it would unquestionably be of an undesirable sort (and hence to be rejected), yet the mass of the manuscripts offered would be of a higher, more veracious, more original and intrinsic quality; and finally that there would be likelihood of finding among them those masterpieces for which, to-day, we sigh in vain. The writings of to-day are, in general, only pale reflections of what the author remembers of experiences previously told in books; they are not the children of experience in living, but the weak progeny of one book by another.

"Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room"

because they are tired of too much liberty, but does not the breed of authors fret, and is it not because they have not and have never had freedom, — freedom to be themselves and to express themselves?

In one word, is not an author to-day more or less in the position of a musician to whom it is prescribed that he shall write in $\frac{4}{4}$ time, in the key of C major, in sonata form, on one of a set of themes selected for him by others?

The problem of providing the freedom that seems to be needed is immensely complex, but it should not be given up in despair, or solved by merely conventional rules, as at present. It seems, however, to be beyond question, that even our best magazines do not allow sufficient liberty in these matters, and that, in this respect, they are now hindering the development of American literature and of American life, greatly as they are helping them in other ways. If the facts are as stated, why are they so? Do not these and other limitations depend finally upon merely commercial considerations? Is not Art, in fact, put to one side to serve Mammon?

I know a periodical which counts its subscribers by hundreds of thousands which will not risk the loss of a hundred by printing an article, otherwise pronounced to be wholly satisfactory, in which the doctrine of Evolution is assumed as true. The editors, the directors, the very office boys, admit that doctrine, but there is a haunting fear of some shadowy subscriber in the middle West who might be offended. "The policy of the office" is to be colorless. But to have literature or art you must have a basis of belief (whether the belief is right or wrong), and belief has color. It has been found — we have brilliant instances of it among our great magazines — that astonishingly useful work may be done inside of the most restricted limits. The editor feels the pressure, and decides that the articles which he prints must fall within these limits. When so much can be done and has been done within these safe walls why risk influence and power he says — for mere circulation is an immense power — by going beyond them? The writer feels the pressure also, and he, too, respects the limits; and literature suffers, and art, for art's sake, becomes a mere formula, — honored, perhaps, but not observed.

This "safe" view is not one which is calculated to foster literature in its widest, or in its best sense. To get the best we must grant more freedom, and admit much writing that is not conventional. We must permit — yes, encourage — experiment if we look for improvement.

Is there a remedy for this state of things? I see only two possible exits from the situation. One of them is to add to the established magazines an "Independent Section" (as in the Westminster Review) in which the editor permits any proper person to say any proper thing, without, however, holding himself responsible in the least degree for anything more than mere propriety.

The other is to found a subsidized magazine which is prepared to pay no dividends and to lose large sums monthly for the sake of printing any really good work, no matter whether it is long or short, conventional or not. Such a journal would require much more careful editing than the best magazines which we have now. It should by no means be a refuge for rejected MSS., but it should be ready to print those things to which all of us listen with delight now and then, although we never see them in print. It might take a dozen years of commercial failure to train our writers out of their adherence to the conventions, but in the end it would succeed. I can see the smiles of the stockholders at this suggestion of throwing good money away for an idea. They may be right. But if I were the next millionaire who means to found a college I would stop, and found this subsidized magazine instead. If I were a competent editor, young and robust, I would risk my youth to found it; as I am a mere on-looker I can only engage to subscribe for it when it appears, and to pray for its speedy coming.

It is a feeling, or a fancy, common to **Song, Youth, and Sorrow**, many men in all ages, that unhappiness in love and the divine yet fatal gift of song doom the lyric poet, more often at least than other men, to an early death. We like to believe that this is foreshadowed even in the Homeric Achilles, who, alone of the heroes, sings to his own lyre the "glories of men," — and is so soon to fall, at the very gate of the city he thought to capture singlehanded, tricked by a promise of wedlock and peace, slain by Apollo and Paris, who are the eternal types of treachery to love and friendship, and of the lyric gift itself.

The mere fact of early departure from the stage of life, apart from harrowing circumstances or year-long agony like Heine's, need not appear to us altogether cause for repining. A death like Keats's,

indeed, seems bitterest tragedy, the very mockery of human destiny : —

"The Fates shall but reveal him to the world,
Nor longer suffer him to be,"

as Virgil sang of the boy Marcellus. Keats had but trilled his early morning note, assured us that his lute was truly strung : his hand attained the master's firmer touch, — and straightway was relaxed forever.

In less degree, the mourning for Clough was embittered by the same truth : unless the fond confidence of friendship magnified the possibilities of the song he had never sung. And yet, what true lover of the Muses, whether himself voiceless or already blessed with the boon of self-utterance, might not eagerly barter away mere length of days, and time for slow decay, would divine Apollo grant him the power worthily to respond, though but for a single flight of breathless song, to the clear call of Clough's Come, Poet, Come !

And certainly Shelley, a stranger always among men, still a dreamy-eyed and fragile boy at thirty, as he sinks, beaten down by stormy billows, into the deep blue Midland waters he had loved so passionately, the Endymion of his gentle brother minstrel thrust with open page hastily into his bosom, is no occasion for despairing tears. In his verse "he has left his soul on earth." Perhaps he even had an instant in which to realize that the noble words he had uttered of Keats were no less prophetic of himself : —

"He is made one with Nature. There is
heard

His voice in all her music."

Even Körner, at twenty-two, lying dead upon the field of battle, is but one Sword less for the roused Fatherland ; and who can doubt that the tones of his patriotic Lyre were glorified and echoed a thousandfold by the tidings of his martyrdom ? Over him we can repeat the words Tyrtaeus set to a Spartan harp twenty-five centuries ago : —

"For the young man all is becoming,
While in his lovely prime bright is the bloom
of his youth.

Gladly beheld of men is he, and longed-for of
women,

Living: and beautiful still, slain in the van of
the fight!"

More sad, surely, is his lot, who outlives all the illusions, the dreams, the world-wide hopes of youth, — a fate we almost feared for our Taliessin, "our fullest throat of song," as we listened to the wailing tones of Locksley Hall Sixty Years After.

And saddest of all, ghastlier even than they who fall like Keats, smitten by the shining archer just as their fingers find the magic string, and who "die with all their music in them," — infinitely sadder, I repeat, is the sight of the divinely dowered son of the morning, utterly astray in the paths of this world's wilderness, dim-eyed and paralyzed from the flame of that earthly passion that scorches without purifying, tortured by the agony and shame of sin, and ready to dash down in his despair the gift of song, and life itself, a no less bitter gift.

Such a wasted existence has left most men in doubt whether Poe ever truly heard Apollo's call. Such sin and misery darkened many a day the skies of Ayr above the sturdy peasant singer. Such a tragedy of glorious failure, I suppose, was the brief feverish struggle of De Musset, caught in the maelstrom of the world city. Some who love Heine best would set him, however unwillingly, in the same wretched group. Yet I doubt if in all the ages a sadder, a clearer, a more fearless voice ever spoke to men out of the depths of despair than the voice of Lesbia's lover, the proud Roman boy, Catullus.

But sometimes there arises among men a nature so full of vitality that it can outlive, seemingly even outgrow, the evil which poisons unto death a spirit equally sensitive and of less abounding strength. Such mortals appear not

merely to "suck up sweetness from a sorrow's root," — he is indeed hopelessly weak who never learns *that* lesson, — but even to gather renewed vigor from their own degradation, to see life steadily and see it whole at last.

This is the problem over which, in Hawthorne's romance, the thoughtful sculptor pauses half in awe, while Hilda, the faultless type of Puritanic girlhood, turns from it in horror. "Sin has educated Donatello, and elevated him. . . . Is sin, then, like sorrow, merely an element of human education, through which we struggle to a higher and purer state than we could otherwise have attained?"

It is this dangerous doctrine which would enable us to see in all the wayward impulses of Goethe's earlier life only a necessary progress through the full cycle of human experience and development. But perhaps here as elsewhere the myriad-minded poet offers the most perfect illustration. The later sonnets, especially such confessions as

"Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,"

reveal, all too clearly reveal, that both woman's love and man's friendship had brought to Shakespeare every bitter lesson which treachery without and a gnawing conscience within could enforce. And yet we might well hesitate to look with unmixed regret upon any lessons which may have gone to the shaping of Hamlet and Othello, Lear and Macbeth. Shakespeare, it would seem, passed steadfastly on toward his artistic maturity, from the very same bitter experience which broke the heart and cut short the days of Rome's clearest singer.

A CLEVER man of the past generation had a standing rule to read nothing later than the time of Queen Anne: "because," he said, "there are quantities of good books — enough for me — before that time; and if anything important has happened since some one will be sure to tell me." What with the daily newspaper, morn-

Wanted—
A Retro-
spective
Review.

ing and evening, the magazines and reviews, and the multitude of new books of to-day, one is tempted to follow his example and to make a rule of the same sort for one's own reading, and, still more, for the reading of one's children.

The great sayings of one generation have to be repeated for the next. It is in this way that the world's wisdom is transmitted. The great books have to be reprinted, the great music repeated, the great pictures seen again and again.

Why should we not have a monthly or a weekly magazine devoted entirely to the literature, art, and history of past times? Such a review would do systematically what is now done more or less at random. Ask the young men of the entering class at Harvard if they have read *The Spectator*, or any part of it, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Plutarch*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Bacon's Essays*. If these books have not made a part of their school work it is more than likely that they have not been heard of, much less read. Fancy an English-speaking lad who knows nothing of *The Pilgrim's Progress*; there are thousands upon thousands of such lads, sons of intelligent families, too. A few inquiries will convince the most skeptical.

One use of the *Retrospective Review*, then, would be to reprint from time to time the great books of the world that every American child should know. It is not necessary to reprint the half dozen volumes of the *Arabian Nights*, for example; but the greatest of the *Tales* can be given as an earnest of the rest, — *Hassan of Bussorah*, *Sindbad's Voyages*, *Aladdin*, and the like. Time is short, and I suppose that even *Ivanhoe* can be somewhat abridged without losing the slightest flavor of the original, if the abridgment is done by a skillful hand. Mr. Andrew Lang in his *prismatic Fairy Books* is supposed to have gleaned all the *Fairy Tales* of the world, but there are treasures yet untouched by him in *Oriental literatures*, — and there

is no harm in reprinting an old story if it is going to make a new child happy.

But there are books to be reprinted for the fathers, also, books in foreign tongues as well as in English. *Voltaire*, for example, is almost unread nowadays, and what a loss! There are a half dozen of his romances that ought to be as familiar to Americans as they are to educated Frenchmen; if they are printed at all they must be given in French, as well as in the best translation one can obtain of his sparkling, crystal-clear style. A hundred other foreign writers could be named whose names are on every one's tongue, but whose works are only read by chance as it were, not regularly and as a matter of course, — *Cervantes*, *Goethe*, *Pascal*, *La Bruyère*, to name only a few. It would be the business of the *Review* to present these in translation; and in the original as well, in many cases. Beside the very greatest names there are hundreds of less famous ones that ought to find an intellectual hospitality in such a magazine, — *Alfred de Vigny*, *Stendhal*, *Le Président des Brosses*, *Madame de Staël*, *Vauvenargues*, for example. What novel of to-day is as finely romantic as *Corinne*?

It is not only in prose that the *Review* would serve its purpose, but in poetry also. Every one knows that *Sa'di* is a great poet, but how many of us can quote a line from his *Rose-Garden*? or from *Ronsard*? or *Villon*? or *Camoëns*? Who would not be grateful for a poem by *Dr. Donne* to fill up the space at the bottom of a page? Who would not be the better for it? There should be a place for all the fine poetry of the world as well as for all the prose. And after it is so presented there should be a place for critical essays to say why it is fine and how. In essays of the sort the literature of to-day could be taken for granted, and such essays would be the connecting link between actuality and retrospection. Many great essays of this kind already exist, and there will

always be a place for more. History can be treated in the same way, and biography.

In the field of art the Review would be most useful. Let us begin, once more, with the children. Every child ought to be familiar with the great pictures and statues of the world, and there is no child so young that it cannot be interested in the Pallas of Botticelli or the David of Michael Angelo. Every number of the Review ought to present some great picture, or some famous statue, or some fine building. A few pages of text would serve to fix the place of the artist and of his work in their right perspective. Children would never forget pictures seen in this way. The accompanying text might even be welcome to their elders. All of us would be grateful for such retrospections, even if they came somewhat at random. Once in a way something more systematic might be given. The whole work of a great painter might be reviewed. We might have a paper on the Abbeys of England or the Mogul architecture in India. There would be a place for everything. In music it would not be useful to reprint long symphonies or sonatas, but there are gems of song quite unknown to the ordinary collections, that would be welcome here; and might it not be a very useful thing to present Schubert's *Dank-sagung am Bach* to readers who have never heard anything better than Tosti?

I have proved to my own satisfaction that a Retrospective Review is needed, and that it would be a great success from every point of view. There is not a human being that I know from the children upwards who would not enjoy such a magazine far more than all but the very best of the magazines of today. My Review would, some day, reprint Charles Reade's *Peg Woffington*. I have not read so good a story as *Peg Woffington* in English for twenty years. It would reprint Froissart's *Battle of Cressy*. Nothing that the war corre-

spondents sent from Cuba compares with this. It would reprint Marriner's adventures in the Tonga Islands; Robinson Crusoe is not more interesting. It would reprint Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*. What modern poet has sung the song we need to hear so well as he? These things, and a thousand more, a Retrospective Review would periodically present to all of us. Can we afford to go on a moment longer without it?

THE other day, in walking along a very public road in Ohio, I came upon the most obtrusive cemetery it has ever been my luck to see. I say cemetery advisedly. For the word has something urban and artificial about it; and this half acre of monuments suggested these qualities and another uglier yet. There was no fence between it and the highway. The names were carved on the roadside of the shining granite shafts, ready to strike the eyes of every passing teamster.

As I looked and wondered at the advertisement of death, there arose in my mind — by the law of contraries — the picture of a little graveyard which fascinated many of the days of my childhood. The countryside was rather ashamed of its unkemptness. When we drove by, my family observed it deprecatingly. But to my awakening imagination it suggested unutterable peace, because it testified of oblivion. Is it not one of the bitter-nesses of death that we leave our little fame for even the smallest locality to disport itself with recklessly? Surely we are not quite dead until the memory of us is dead too. And very early I achieved a perception that it might some time be blissful to be quite dead. The lonely little graveyard held not a mark to identify the resting place of anybody who lay there. Not a name defiled its vagueness. The old Quakers, in their horror of ostentation, had rejected tombstones, and the grassy mounds in disorderly array seemed all alike. It was a place of lost selves.

An old meetinghouse which dated from colonial days stood near among the trees. Otherwise there was no sign of life but the sandy, winding road. Up this road I have wandered in all seasons and weathers. In rain-drenched November there was a gruesome charm in the complete desolation. The mounds lay brown and sodden. Or a mist rose up from the soaked earth to make them dim, while dead briars flapped eerily against the fence for only the dead to hear. On summer afternoons it was beguiling to sit in a corner of the little inclosure, watching the shadows play over the warm grass, as the wind swept softly about in the surrounding trees. The fence, gray and lichen-covered, held its boards lengthwise and close together. Here and there one had fallen off, and tall briars pushed themselves through the opening. Ripening blackberries often nodded sagaciously at me over the top. . . . It was a wonderful place in which to dream dreams, that tiny corner of the world, saturated with inarticulate stories. There were a few legends hanging about it, consisting of isolated incidents rather than of connected tales. With a bone or two, as it were, a characteristic here, an occurrence there, I played at resurrection; reveling in the extent of my possibilities.

There had been one young woman whom tradition held to have died of candles. Her hard old father interpreted existence in terms of work. She was kept at ugly farmhouse toil until the extra burden of candle-moulding laid her low. I always saw her as if in the light of a tallow dip in a dim kitchen, wearing a dun gown which her religion forbade to fit, — grace being counted among the sins, — and with an expression of agonized weariness on her face as she measured and moulded, measured and moulded eternally. She was too tired to love the dawn, too tired to care when the twilight fell gently down again over the wide fields. One day she was too

tired to live, and they put her here beneath the sod. Is she rested yet, I wonder?

A very lovable old worthy used sometimes to come out of his grave at my call. He was rotund and imperturbable. He pursued principles and encountered catastrophes. But what were accidents in the face of a theory to be worked out, a matter to be investigated? The meetinghouse still bore the marks of his most incongruous adventure. It happened when the Friends were all assembled. Tall beavers and long gray bonnets had settled into lines of immobility, and that almost corporeal stillness which is the Quaker ritual held possession of the room, when suddenly there came a crash, flying plaster, and my patriarch, from the ceiling, full upon the astonished company. He had been rationalizing the region under the roof. He had not been careful of his steps. Doubtless he was picked up with reproaches. But I am sure that he felt aggrieved rather than guilty.

Of all the forgotten people, however, I loved one quite the best. She was a young girl, very long ago. She delighted in color. She could sing like a bird. Sometimes she would be seen in the old orchard, decked out in brilliant chintzes, acting a little play to herself. It must have been a pretty sight, under the trees. Occasionally she disappeared at the hour of starting for week-day meeting. Once, horror of horrors! she was discovered reading a story when she should have been dusting a room. Clever little maiden! The great world would have made much of her. In Quakerdom her values were no values at all. Sarah, strong and docile; Ann, an able housewife at eighteen; Susan, who could make one dollar do the work of two; these were the admired ones. Fragile, imaginative Rachel seemed a mischance to her practical family. And she was a mischance; for she craved an enfolding love, she craved beauty. Where was she to find

them? Quakerism, with all its prating about the life of the spirit, is wonderfully careful to eschew the things on which the spirit feeds. Without them Rachel starved. One winter consumption attacked her, they said. She faded all through the spring. In June, the month that she particularly loved, she died. When the neighbors came to look at her body, they were astonished to find her arms full of pink roses. There was much shaking of heads, much objecting in subdued tones to this breach of Friendly simplicity. Her sisters explained that Rachel had wished it so, and their mother could not refuse her. She was buried holding the gorgeous blossoms against her heart. In the dimness of the twilight, was I sometimes sure that my gaze could penetrate time and the sod and reach to the form of the little maid as she lay still palely clasping her roses?

I do not know whether the graveyard of lost selves is yet undisturbed. But it was a comfortable place to be dead in. Insignificance did not receive there the last insult of commemoration, nor did importance flaunt itself. If I were not vowed to the clean flame, I should look to lie in its embrace.

NOT long since we were greatly entertained by a Contributor's **The Poet's Mephisto.** account of a friend who was afflicted with "The Malady of Revision." Now if the Contributor be as deeply conversant, as appears, with all the ills that beset the poetic diathesis, he must, at some time or other, have seen his friend when struggling against the immedicable, hypnotic suggestions of the Poet's Mephisto.

I must first confess that I have written verses, and may, therefore, be accredited as acquainted with the methods of this foul fiend who haunts the greenest and fairest spot near the Castalian fountain. I am witness that he can take upon himself many forms, — and

all to the utter demoralization of the hapless muse!

An instance, or two, may serve sufficiently. Not long ago I was contemplating the metrical expression (in easy Wordsworthian stanza) of a charmingly tender and naïve idea, when there was a startling whisper in my ear, — "Is n't that line, in its effect, precisely like

'Mary had a little lamb'?"

The innocent was straightway murdered; nor have I ever been able to detach the idea from its fatal connection with the well-worn juvenile bucolic.

Again, Mephistopheles has a most effective trick of appealing to the literary conscience with, "That phrase you have just used is, to all practical purposes, a plagiarism. Strike it out." Very well. The phrase is stricken out. But nothing is found to take its place; and the entire scheme of the poem goes by default.

The latest fiasco into which this hateful demon of the study contrived to deliver me is of a grievous order. Suffice it to say that the theme which absorbed me (I will cheerfully part with it now to any one!) touched upon the fallibility of human forecast in all matters of destiny. Bravely enough I set out (looking toward sonorous hexameters). My initial line ran thus, in part: —

"Little man knows" —

"Yes, yes, of course," interrupted Mephisto at my elbow, —

"'Little man knows' —

that is to say,

'Little man nose;'

or, better still,

'Little Nose Man;'

in fine,

'Man with The Little Nose!'"

The poem on Veiled Destiny never was — never will be — written by this victim of Mephisto!